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OUR 175th YEAR
OF FREEDOM
An American Album

July 7, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

ime Busting Is Right Up HOGAN'S Alley • "I Predict for Yugoslavia"

By Lester Velie

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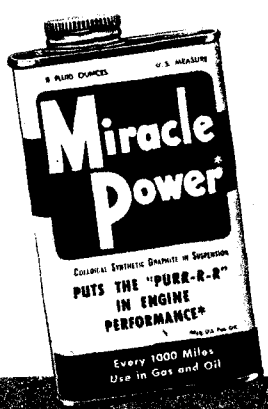

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July 7, 1951

OUR 175th YEAR OF FREEDOM—An American Album

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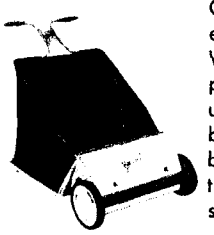

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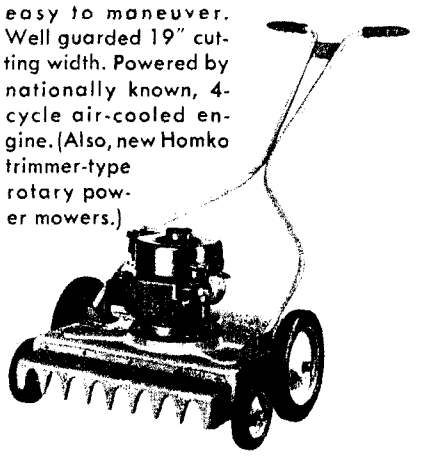

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What you can do about ALLERGIES

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE in our country are affected by some form of allergy. It is estimated that about four million people suffer each year from hay fever alone.

An allergy is a disorder or a *sensitivity* which some persons develop to normally harmless things like pollens, foods and dust. Many other factors may also be involved, such as chemicals, bacteria, etc.

The discomforts that occur when these trouble-makers come in contact with sensitive tissues are believed to be caused by a chemical called histamine. This chemical is apparently released by the body's cells in such large amounts that the tissues themselves are affected and their normal functions upset. This results in sneezing, skin rashes, digestive upsets, and a variety of other discomforts.

Today, treatment for all types of allergy is becoming increasingly effective. There are diagnostic tests which help doctors identify even quite obscure causes. In addition, there are also new drugs which aid in controlling many allergic symptoms.

1. If you have an allergy, ask your doctor about *the antihistamines*. When administered under a physician's advice—as they must be, since they are toxic to some degree—they often give rapid, though *temporary*, relief.

The antihistamines are especially beneficial in those allergies—such as hay fever—which are caused by substances that are inhaled. For best results, however, these drugs should be used along with other measures designed to give more lasting relief.

2. If you have hay fever, the doctor may recommend that desensitizing treatments be given early in the year, long in advance of "the hay fever season."

This helps build up protection and enables many patients to go through the season with little or no discomfort. Prompt and proper treatment is desirable, as studies show that persons with untreated hay fever often develop asthma.

3. If you suspect a food allergy, consult your doctor about diagnostic tests which reveal foods that should be avoided.

Authorities caution against self-prescribed diets to relieve food allergies, because essential foods may be unnecessarily omitted.

It is especially important to follow this safeguard in infants and children who have digestive upsets or skin rashes thought to result from eating certain foods.

Emotional difficulties have been found to play a part in allergy disorders. Consequently, doctors may study the patient's background in an attempt to find and clear up emotional situations that may lead to more frequent or more severe attacks.

Today, through prompt and proper treatment—and *complete* cooperation between the doctor and the patient—most allergy victims can be greatly helped.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 851-C, "Allergic to What?"

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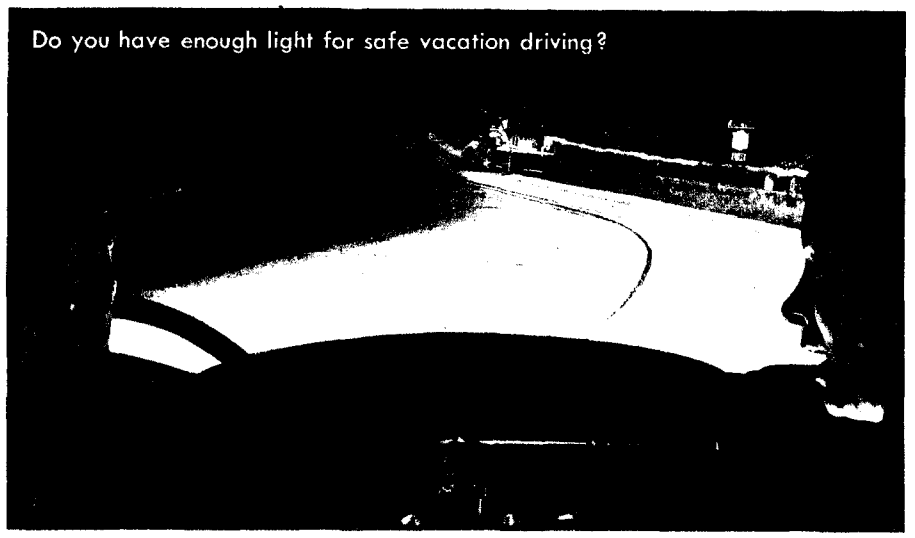

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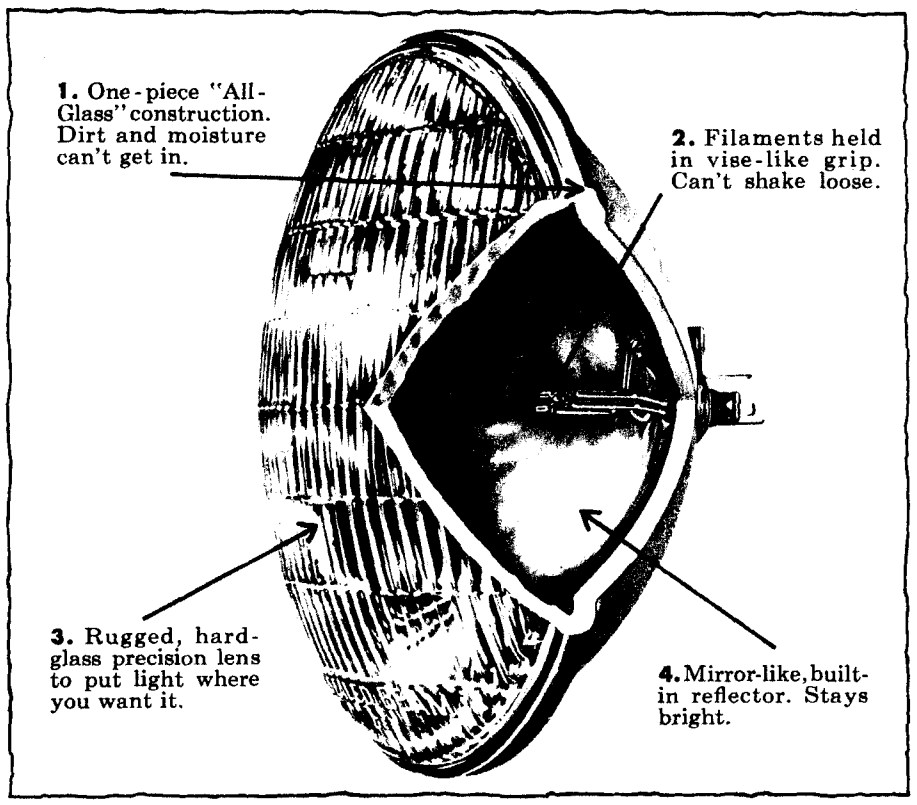
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

New York artist Fred Freeman, accompanied by his wife, traveled to Philadelphia's Independence Hall to research our Liberty Bell cover. He received permission to shoot reference photographs before the customary throngs of visitors arrived. But it took longer than anticipated and the crowds of school children and tourists streaming by were highly amused at the sight of the artist lying on his back, juggling camera and flash bulbs. He got the angle he wanted and this painting is based on the result

Week's Mail

Kefauver's Hatchet Man

EDITOR: Have just finished reading your interesting article on Rudolph Halley (May 19th).

The Maffia is a malignant cancer that has infected our national body for a long time. If, as Mr. Halley stated, we need 200 competent investigators and two years' time to uncover the truth about the Black Hand, it is our patriotic duty to furnish the needed money so that for once, and for all time, that sinister blot will be eradicated from our national life. ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . In regard to Lester Velie's article on Rudolph Halley—since when is bringing the gangster right into the living room a great contribution to anyone? The idea was apt, but the phrase was rather poorly turned, at least in my estimation.

JANE L. GIBSON, Morgantown, W. Va.

Halley in action during the Kefauver Committee hearings

. . . Lester Velie, in his fine article on Rudolph Halley (May 19th), seems to have given gangland overlord Paul Ricca a new avocation. Isn't Ricca known as "the Waiter"—not "the Tailor"? The men who ply their trade with the needle and thread might well take affront at this oversight.

WILLIAM L. DALTON, Urbana, Ill.

Our apologies to the garment industry—and also to the country's waiters. Reader Dalton is right.

Dying Comes Dear

EDITOR: Thanks and praise to Collier's for carrying Bill Davidson's excellent and comprehensive article The High Cost of Dying (May 19th). It is well written and lacks a sentimentality which might go into such an article easily.

As a clergyman, I am troubled by the paganism of so many funerals. However, I am happy to say that the leading funeral establishments in New Bedford, Massachusetts, offer good, reasonable service and are willing always to co-operate with the churches. REV. PHILIP DOUGLAS, Grace Episcopal Church, New Bedford, Mass.

. . . A great educational service was performed by Collier's in publishing an assigned article on The High Cost of Dying by reporter Bill Davidson. As a life insurance agent I am daily aware that the loved ones of a family left behind have a need far greater than undertakers for money to pay bills and buy necessities of life. The charges made in city after city by angry people that undertakers had tailored funeral bills to fit the amount of life insurance policies are easy to believe. But I can promise you that no undertaker will ever learn from me the amount of a policyholder's policy.

J. WILSON HARRISON, Spartanburg, S. C.

. . . I have been a subscriber to your magazine for over 16 years and have always found you 100 per cent right.

But your article on the High Cost of Dying was 200 per cent right.

RICHARD W. ROGERS, Fort Worth, Texas

. . . MY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FORTHRIGHT COURAGE IN PUBLISHING THE EXPOSÉ IN MAY 19TH COLLIER'S ON THE COST OF DYING. YOU EXPOSED A DIFFICULT PROBLEM WITH SOUND FACTS, HONESTY AND CONSTRUCTIVE SOLUTIONS. AS A PASTOR WHO HAS SEEN THIS SITUATION GROW FOR MANY YEARS AND WHO HAS NEVER ACCEPTED MONEY PERSONALLY ON PEOPLE'S GRIEF, MY HEART WAS THRILLED THAT COLLIER'S HAS SO SERVED THE NATION'S COMMON PEOPLE. MY THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELPFUL EXPOSÉS WHICH INDICATE BOLD JOURNALISM STILL HAS A STRONG PLACE IN THE U.S. PRESS. REV. HAROLD L. PATTON, Trinity Methodist Church, Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I've decided to go to England when I feel myself slipping. I could have that lovely trip and have enough left to bury me there on what it would take to just plain bury me here. Happy thought.

AGNES JUST REID, Firth, Idaho

. . . An article such as Bill Davidson's naturally results in a tremendous influx of letters from indignant readers, and from that cheering section which automatically forms when any muckraking piece is published.

The Order of the Golden Rule is composed of funeral directors. We admit without hesitation that we are prejudiced. We also admit that funeral directors are human

(Continued on page 48)

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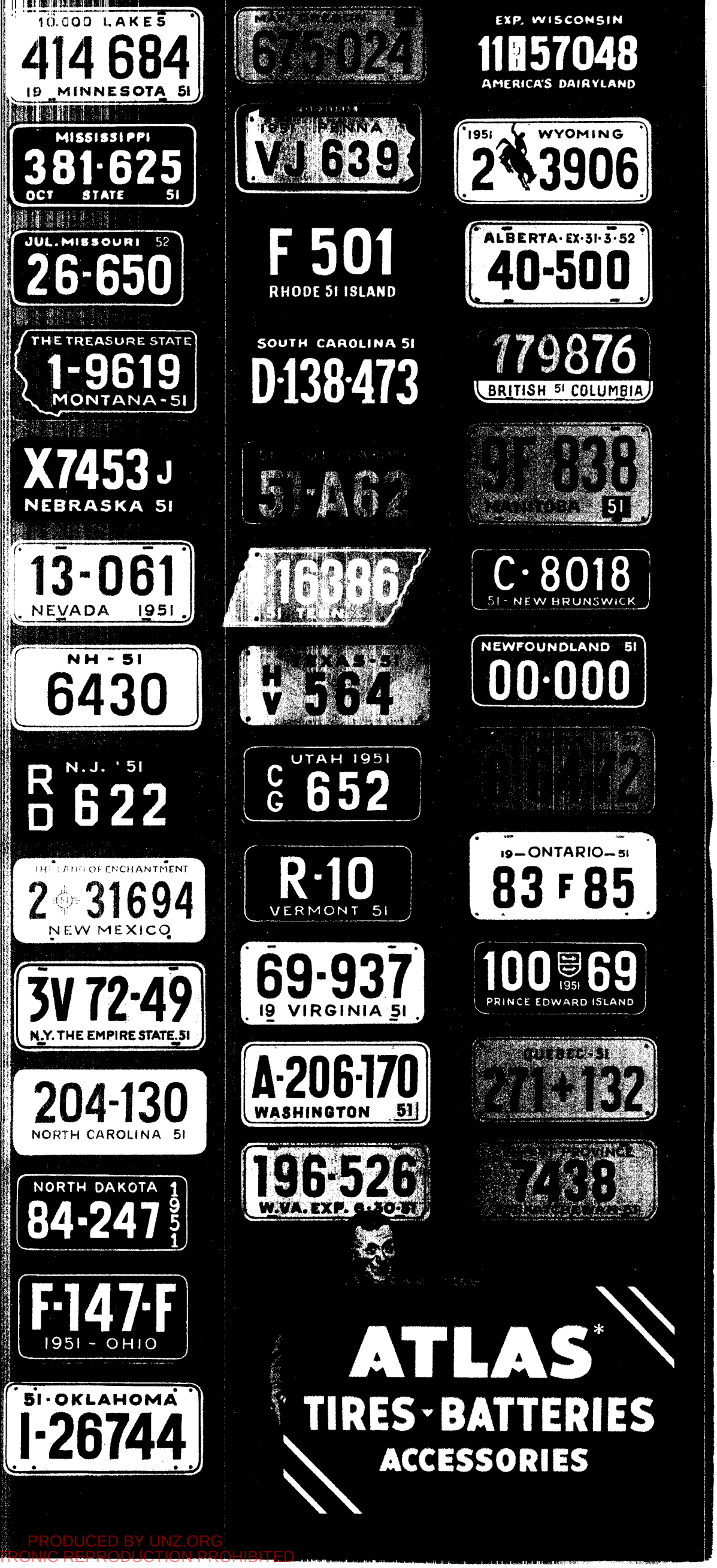

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"So she ups and kisses me!"

"Wives, my friend, are unpredictable."

"What happened, George. Have you and Marge had a spat?"

"Nothing like that, Bill. But last month, when I tried to bring up the subject of life insurance, she pouted a little and said, 'Let's not think about your not being around.' Yet, I felt that in times like these we *should* think about it."

"Right, George. No telling when we'll be back in uniform."

"That was my angle. And it seemed so important that I decided to go ahead with my plans for a Mutual Life INSURED INCOME program. It will support Marge and Sonny and guarantee his college education if anything happens to me."

"How'd you put that idea across?"

"Simply bolstered up my courage and spilled it. 'Honey,' I said, 'this program provides financial security for you and our son. But it also guarantees money for our retirement, if I *am* around.' Well, she ups and kisses me . . . and I felt so good about it that I took her out for the biggest steak dinner in town."

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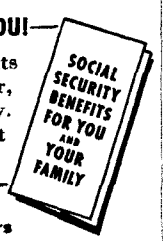
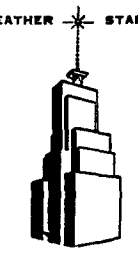


WEATHER STAR ATOP OUR HOME OFFICE — FLASHES OFFICIAL WEATHER FORECASTS



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COUNTY..... STATE..... OCCUPATION.....

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

You will observe that this issue of Collier's is devoted, as it should be, largely to patriotic verse and prose. We've assembled the special Fourth of July section because there is reason to believe too many of us have forgotten the simple and beautiful concepts which have made America and enable us to be Americans. It was our intention to include in this array of deathless Americana the fine, ringing song written almost 50 years ago and sung to fame by the late, great George M. Cohan—You're a Grand Old Flag. (We hum it as we write.) But Mr. Jerry Vogel, head of the Vogel Music Company, custodian of the copyright, refused us permission to reprint You're a Grand Old Flag. Too bad. Too bad. But stick around. As we figure it, the copyright expires in 1962. Then we'll give it to you, regretting only that George Cohan, who would have given it to you now, won't be present to sing it. In the meantime, gather around, kids. Open your mouths—and sing.

★ ★ ★

In making our selections we had the advice and guidance of Mr. Max John Herzberg, author, educator, scholar. He has been closely identified with Town Meeting of the Air, the Museum of Modern Art, the National Youth Administration and the public-school system of Newark, New Jersey. To keep himself busy he has been associated with the Stephen Crane Association, the National Council of Teachers of English, the Teen-Age Book Club, the Association for Education by radio, and so on and on. Betweentimes he has written or assembled shelffuls of textbooks and anthologies, many magazine articles and has been for 30 years Literary Editor of the Newark Evening News. His book Insults is a notable anthology of the bitter retort. Having arrived at the mature age of sixty-five, Mr. Herzberg speaks of retiring—from teaching. Wants to enlarge his other activities—such as the writing of six more books.

★ ★ ★

Business is better than brisk in Vermont. Tourist season fetching cityfolk up by regiments, our man reports. "And it isn't war contracts either," he goes on. "But, brother, you ought to see our antique factories turning out old Boston rockers complete with wormholes, early nineteenth-century pewter things, eighteenth-century andirons, warming pans from way back

JACK BETTS

and wrought-iron door knockers once owned by Ethan Allen. Mister, you never knew a man with so many wrought-iron door knockers as Ethan Allen. Must have had every door in the house covered with them. Tell Texas and California and Michigan to keep on with those defense contracts. We're doing fine."

★ ★ ★

The guy next to us at the National Press Club bar in Washington was saying: "Well, all my folks back home seem to think we're afraid to win the war for fear of making Russia sore. The bar was crowded. All the table too. But it was probably an exaggeration to say that all 8,000 government press agents, publicity men, information scientists, public relations expert or whatever you choose to call them were present. Just looked that way. And don't think these 8,000 have soft jobs either. Got to make their bosses look good. Got to try, anyway.

★ ★ ★

In total, government pays them about $32,000,000 a year. The stuff they turn out, mimeographed, is free for the asking. Lot of it piled up on the table outside the bar. Here's one from the Department of Labor. Tells you that as employment increases there will be a noticeable decrease in unemployment. Guy who wrote that was probably an economist. Down the bar a florid man in a rumpled linen suit is saying that the emotional bender we went on when MacArthur returned was perfectly clear at last. He's not a newspaper correspondent. Probably less than half the guys present are Washington correspondents. He's a promoter. Something to do with a mine or two in Central America. Mysterious. However, he's saying that MacArthur's return merely provided an escape valve for long pent-up anti-Truman feeling. He's buying, so his little audience nods in agreement.

★ ★ ★

Guy next to us is asked where a certain map can be found, now that the government has stopped printing them. His answer is: "Dunno. Lost mine. Ask Tass." Tass is the Russian news bureau in Washington. Tass is supposed to know everything. Anyway, knows as much as any other news bureau. Tass sits in at all the briefings from the Pentagon to the newest of the 40 Emergency Defense offices. Tass is everywhere. And we worry about information leaks to Moscow.

★ ★ ★

Guy next to us is asked what's going on in Iceland. Says he doesn't know except that that's one place where the administration is on thick ice.

★ ★ ★

We meet an old friend. He's been working in one of the 40 Emergency Defense offices for a week. Keeping a diary. Showed us his notes on his first day. (To protect him we've changed names.) "Was introduced to boss. Section chief named Frobisher. Big, furtive guy. Didn't look up. Turned me over to assistant named Washlipp or something. Washlipp took me down corridor. Turned me over to girl named Stella. She took me up corridor to Personnel. Told man my name. Sent me

(Continued on page 79)

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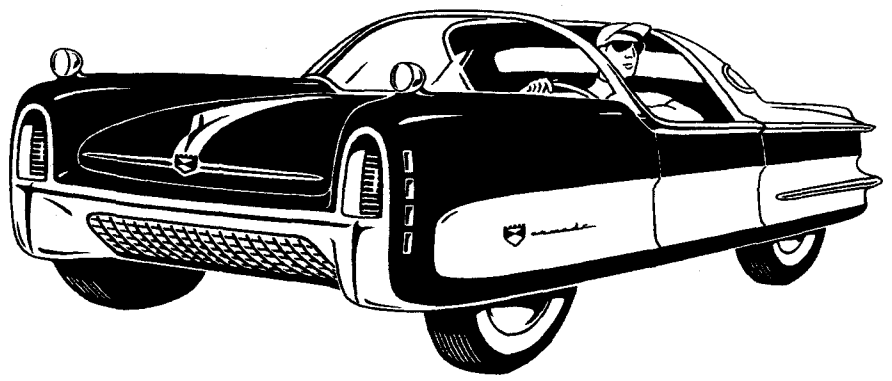

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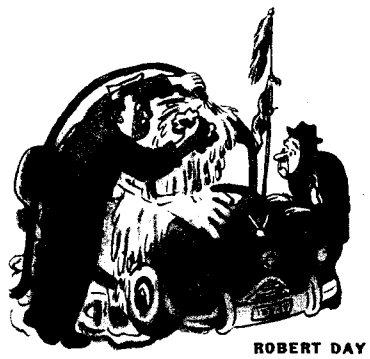
Nowhere Much, Just Away

By W. F. MIKSCH



ROBERT DAY

"Where you get the bus so crummied up?" Fred asked

ONE of the major disenchantments of the vacation home-coming (aside from brushing sand out of the suitcases and smearing ointment on Sister's poison-ivy rash) is being informed by your friends that you have missed seeing all the worth-while sights, have stopped at the wrong hotels, have driven the least picturesque routes, and have botched your glorious two weeks in general.

It is bad enough to fritter away a whole year's savings on such gala holiday duffel as blowout patches, picture post cards, beach clogs, souvenir pennants for the auto aerial, and peanut butter crackers for the glove compartment, only to learn later that—culturally speaking—your safari was a bust.

I suspect even Christopher Columbus had something of the sort to put up with. At least it would explain why he made several return trips to the new world. Each time he got back home, I suppose Isabella or some other good friend would exclaim: "What! You don't mean you didn't go on to Havana? Or to the Charleston Azalea Festival?" Then off he'd have to sail again to see what he had missed.

My wife and I recently returned from a happy motor junket through Connecticut and Massachusetts, spending several days on Cape Cod. We referred to it as "our trip through New England." But not for long.

Our first day home, I took the car around to Fred's Garage for a wash.

"Where you get the bus so crummied up?" Fred asked.

"We took a little trip through New England," I said, trying to make it sound as if it really wasn't much which, as it turned out, it wasn't.

"New England, eh?" Fred brightened. "Hey, what do you think of those big rocks around Ogunquit?"

"Around where?" I asked.

"Ogunquit, Maine." Fred's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Don't tell me you didn't get to Maine?"

"No, not quite," I said lamely.

"Then you didn't see New England," said Fred.

When I got home I told my wife if anyone else asked where we'd been we'd better just say, "Through *lower* New England." She tried it out that afternoon when Clara Wasser phoned to ask how we enjoyed our trip.

"Wunderbar," said my wife. *"Lower* New England is so lovely."

"Yes, isn't it," Clara agreed. "The Berkshires are grand this time of year. I hope you didn't miss Tanglewood?"

"I'm afraid we did," my wife apologized.

"What a shame! Then you might just as well have stayed home!" Clara was plainly distressed. "Well, at least I hope you saw the John Quincy Adams House and Newgate Prison?" she said. Since we somehow had missed both these historical musts, my wife tried to interest her in our visits to Walden Pond and Bunker Hill. But Clara hung up soon afterward, no doubt firmly convinced that we couldn't have seen less of lower New England had we ridden through it in a boxcar with the doors closed.

Then and there we decided to tell our friends we simply had toured "a bit of Massachusetts and the Cape." But after the milkman tricked us into admitting we had failed to see The House of Seven Gables, we spoke only of "our trip to the Cape."

This was still overrating it, however, as I learned the next day when I went back to my job in the laundry. Consuelo Schultz, the dark-haired girl who runs a mangle, brought a pile of sheets to my wrapping table.

"Whereja go on your vacation, Moth Ball?" Consuelo asked.

"To the Cape," I carelessly replied.

"Why I had a boy friend used to go up there to paint pictures of boats. 'Sea escapes' he called 'em. He was crazy about Cape Ann."

"This was Cape Cod," I said.

"Oh, *that* cape. Too bad," she said.

"But we saw lots of boats at Provincetown," I went on. "And some very big ones in Boston."

Consuelo was unimpressed. "Whereja eat in Boston?" she inquired.

"I think it was called Sophie's Sandwich Shop," I said.

"Never heard of it. Next time try Durgin-Park."

By now my wife and I refer to the whole thing as "The time we were away." We don't mention where, as we ourselves no longer are sure. Many of the places we saw we've already forgotten, but our friends won't let us forget all the wonderful places we failed to see. They keep urging us to go back and do it over and to do it right the next time.

But I'm afraid there isn't going to be a next time. Not unless the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce first agrees to give us a signed affidavit stating: "THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE BEARER OF THIS CARD HAS SEEN AND DONE EVERYTHING WORTH SEEING AND DOING IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS."

I want something to bring back to show we were alive. THE END

"They keep urging us to go back and do it over right"

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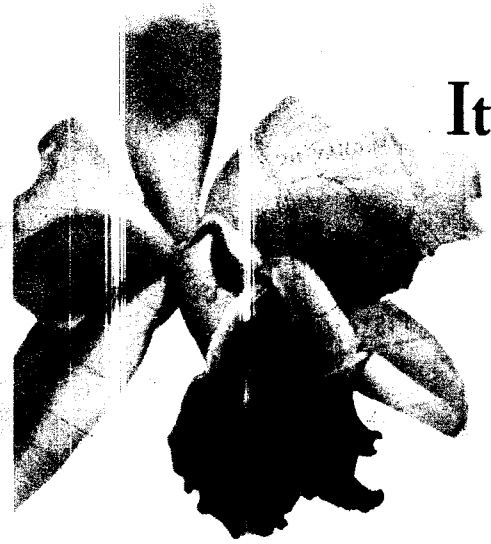

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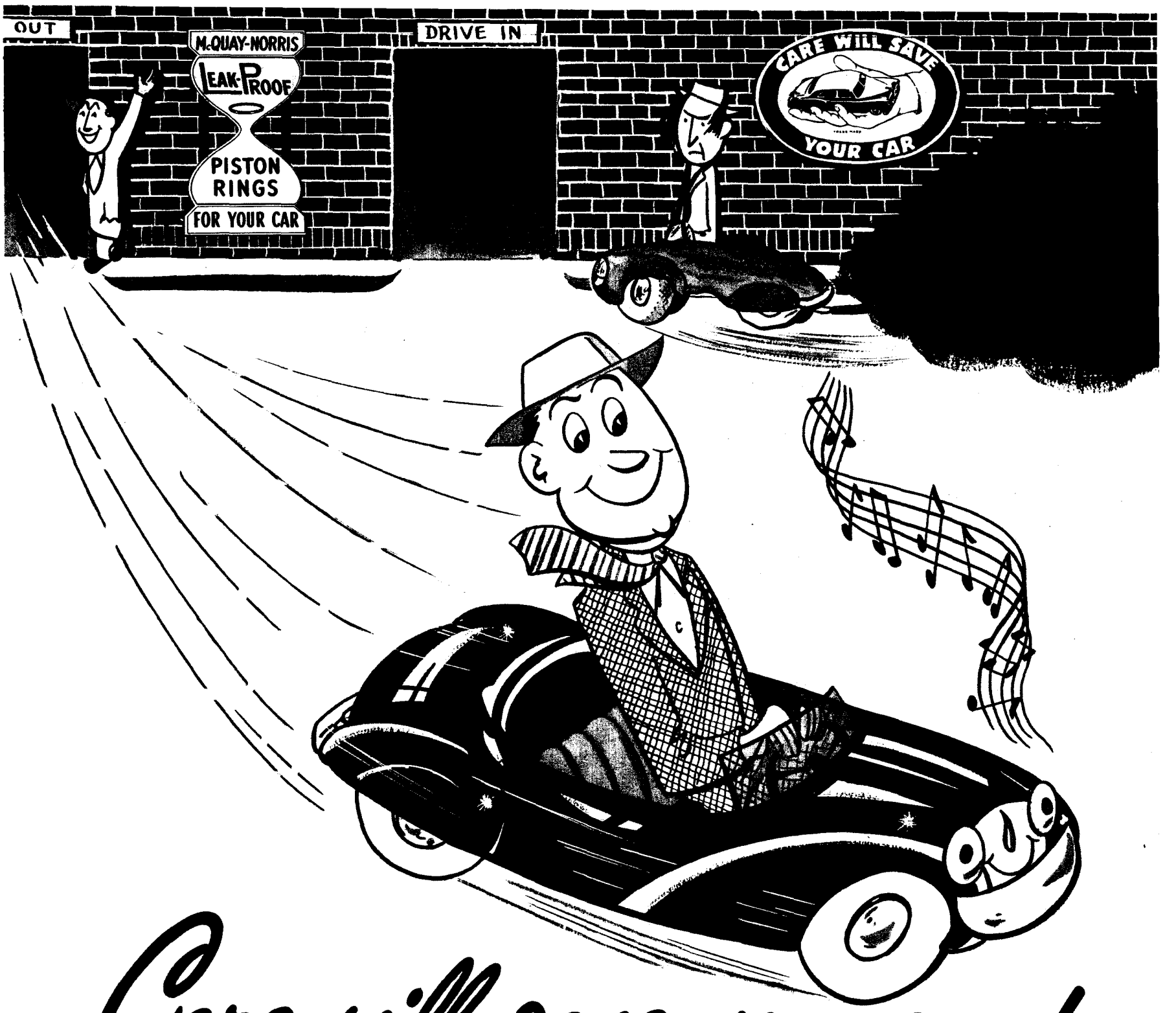

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JULIAN BLOCK

No Hand Trembled

By DR. JULIAN P. BOYD

Dr. Julian P. Boyd has been, since 1940, Librarian of Princeton University. He is a member of many learned societies and of the Advisory Committee of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. He has edited many historical papers and documents, among them the Indian treaties printed by Benjamin Franklin. His study of The Declaration of Independence, published in 1945, is the most thorough examination ever made of the various drafts and versions of that great proclamation

LATE in life Thomas Jefferson declared that "no hand trembled in affixing its signature" to the Declaration of Independence. It is clear what he meant. But there were some hands that hesitated, were restrained by constituents, or refused to sign. And Stephen Hopkins' signature reveals such a tremor that Sanderson, compiler of the Biography of the Signers, felt it necessary in 1826 to state that this arose from "the shaking palsy," not fear.

This trivial fact is symbolic. It suggests that nothing connected with the Declaration is too insignificant to notice; that simple facts may give rise to dubious legends or deliberate distortions; that even the author of the great document could be wrong about it. "It is a singular fact," a distinguished historian, Charles Warren, wrote recently, "that the greatest event in American history —the Declaration of Independence—has been the subject of more incorrect popular belief, more bad memory on the part of the participants and more false history than any other subject in our national life."

Consider the day we celebrate as Independence Day. "This Day," the Pennsylvania Evening Post announced on July 2d, "the Continental Congress declared the United Colonies Free and Independent States." There was no error, July 2d was indeed the day Congress adopted the resolution declaring that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." This was the decisive act of independence. The decision of July 2d was one of the turning points of world history. But the people chose to celebrate the announcement of the act rather than the act itself. And their choice was unquestionably right.

Consider the title of the Declaration itself, adopted two days later. Jefferson called it "A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled." This was the title that Congress approved on July 4th. Fifteen days later Congress changed this to "The unanimous *(Continued on page 80)*

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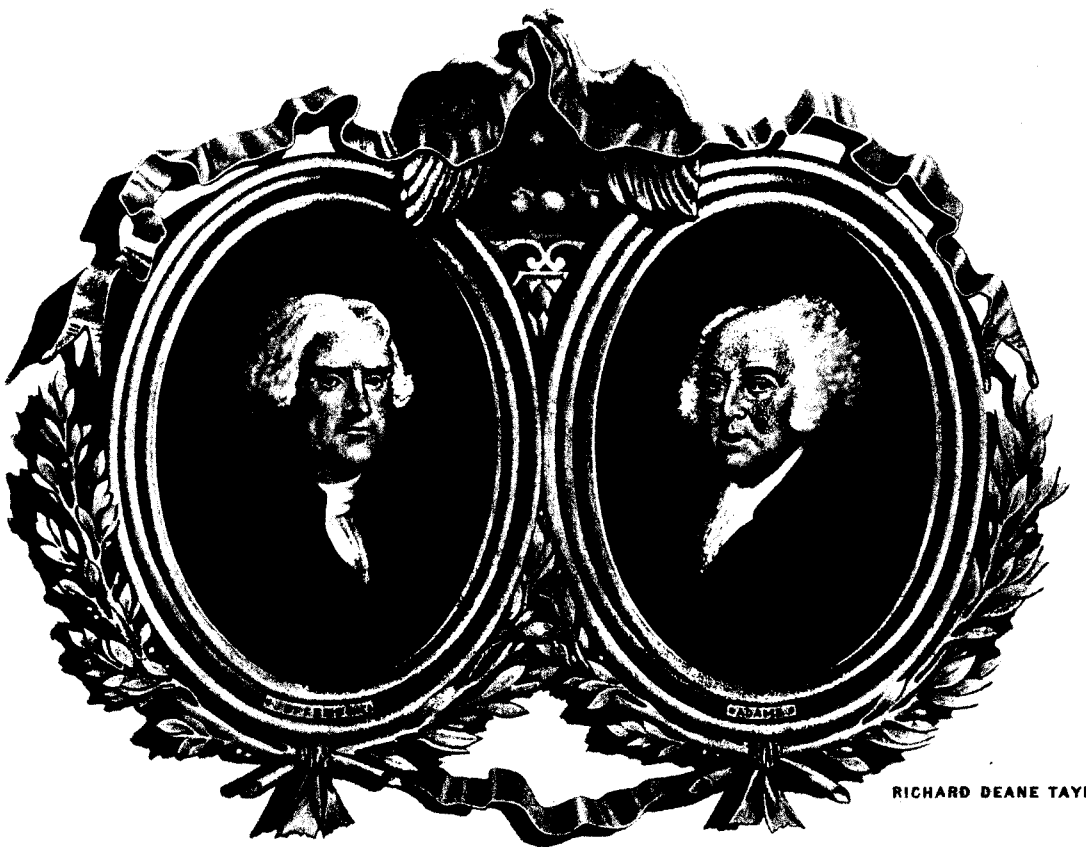

RICHARD DEANE TAYLOR

"Independence Forever!"

By F. VAN WYCK MASON

July 4, 1776

FROM Independence Hall chimed forth the great phrases that have become the watchwords of liberty-loving men and women all over the world since 1776. John Adams wrote that the day the resolution for independence was adopted would be "the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore." William Whipple of New Hampshire wrote: "The Declaration has had a glorious effect. It has made these colonies all alive." In their houses, exultant Americans turned the king's portrait to the wall and would not accept the half-penny with his image on it as worth more than a farthing. They repeated the Declaration's immortal conclusion: "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor." Every King Street changed its name to State Street. James G. Blaine once said, "The United States is the only country with a known birthday." To Jefferson the Declaration became "the holy bond of our Union."

F. van Wyck Mason is one of America's most widely read historical novelists. Among the thirty-odd books he has written since 1930 are sagas of high adventure from many turbulent periods of our national past. His latest volume, published this April, is Proud New Flags, a dramatic, action-crammed story of Civil War naval operations

THE hollow, reverberating boom of a cannon fired down in Charlottesville, Virginia, caused Dr. Robley Dunglison to glance quickly at the red silk-curtained bed on his right. Upon it lay propped the long, gaunt figure of America's third President.

Had yonder cannon's report penetrated Thomas Jefferson's consciousness? Dr. Dunglison thought not. Those bold, craggy features, sharper etched than ever by age—the patient was eighty-three—remained immobile a long instant then, uncertainly, the velum eyelids began lifting and the faintest imaginable smile curved pale, lavender-tinted lips drawn rather tight across the dying man's generously wide mouth.

Like some giant's bowling ball rumbling along the softly green valley, a second report rolled up to the lovely, white-domed mansion reposing on that little mountain which in Italian would be called Monticello. Dr. Dunglison, pulling out his watch, crossed to the bedside and bent to peer into his friend's fading gray eyes. Praise God, he still could read vitality and comprehension in their depths.

Last night Mr. Jefferson, rousing from *(Continued on page 73)*

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Patrick Henry's Call to Arms

WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Most famous of all Patrick Henry's fiery addresses was the speech which he delivered in St. John's Episcopal Church in Richmond, Virginia, on March 23, 1775. He advocated the immediate arming of the colony, on the ground that a state of war already existed; and at the close of his address delivered the passage that is given below

IT IS vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

1776–1801

IN THE quarter century that followed the adoption of the Declaration, the Revolution was fought to a successful close, the Articles of Confederation were tried and found wanting, a Constitution was constructed that proved to be the most solid political creation in the history of mankind. Then, Washington selflessly and tirelessly served his country as President and left to his successor, John Adams, a massive structure of government. Among Adams' most momentous acts was the appointment of John Marshall as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It was in 1801 that Adams was succeeded by Jefferson. These great rivals were the only two of the 56 signers of the Declaration who were ultimately elected to the Presidency. In his inaugural address, Jefferson stressed "the authority of the civil over the military authority" and urged "economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burthened." In all his activities Jefferson showed still the spirit of the Declaration, and he affirmed, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Only the year before his accession to office there had come into being a new seat for the federal government—the lovingly planned city of Washington, D.C. The second decennial census showed our nation had grown more than 35 per cent since 1790—to a total of 5,305,937; about 95 per cent of the population lived in villages and the open country. A treaty of friendship was concluded with France and led shortly to our acquisition of Louisiana.

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The Man Without a Country

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD A. WILSON

1801–1826

WHAT Lincoln called "an extraordinary and remarkable event in our history" occurred on July 4, 1826—the semicentennial of the signing of the Declaration. On that day both Jefferson and Adams passed away; "Thomas Jefferson survives!" were the last words of Adams, who did not know that Jefferson had preceded him in death by a few hours. The two men, long inveterate and violent rivals, had become friends again in their last years and had exchanged many animated letters. During the quarter century since Jefferson had become President, many great changes had taken place, many great dangers to the Union had arisen. We had fought a second war with England and displayed our might upon the seas, but the British had burned Washington. Congress had passed the Missouri Compromise at the pleading of Henry Clay; the Monroe Doctrine warned European aggressors not to intrude on the Western Hemisphere. The territories of the United States continued to expand, and there was a westward movement in two great waves—one from Europe to this continent, another across the continent itself. Alexis de Tocqueville spoke of "a deluge of men, rising unabatedly, and driven daily onward by the hand of God." In these years, the U.S. Military Academy at West Point was opened—on July 4, 1802. Aaron Burr ran his spectacular career—killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel, fleeing to the West, suffering arrest for treason, standing trial before John Marshall and winning an acquittal. Robert Fulton made his steamboat trip up the astonished Hudson; the Erie Canal was opened; Lafayette visited the 24 states of the Union he had helped to forge.

This story, condensed and edited, is fiction, but stems from fact. After the Louisiana Purchase, Aaron Burr, who had been Vice-President under Jefferson, attempted to found a new nation west of the Mississippi. The plot discovered, Burr and his accomplices were tried for treason—and acquitted. Fifty years later, Edward Everett Hale spun this account of what might have happened to a young American who succumbed to Burr's influence

I SUPPOSE very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner among the "Deaths," the announcement: "Nolan. Died on board U.S. corvette Levant, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on May 11, Philip Nolan."

My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan.

There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus:

"Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was Nolan or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the Navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also.

I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when the English general Ross burned the public *(Continued on page 76)*

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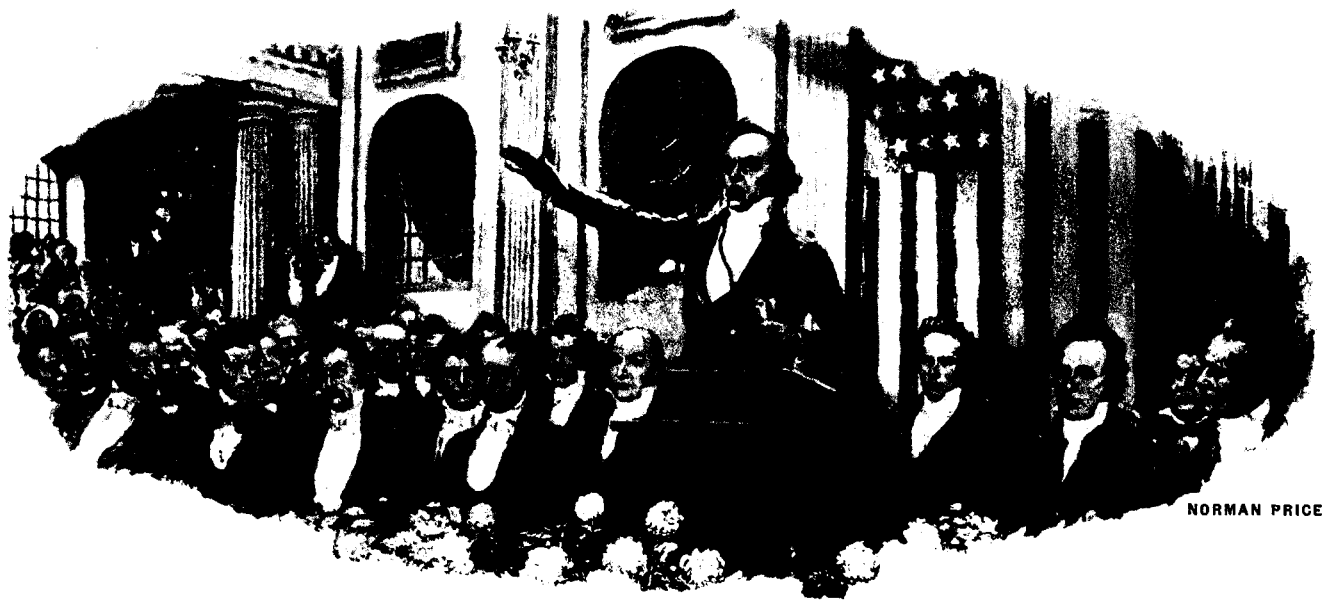

NORMAN PRICE

"That Day Shall Be Honored"

By DANIEL WEBSTER

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, by an awe-inspiring coincidence, passed away on July 4, 1826, the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The Boston City Council set apart August 2d of that year for a meeting in Faneuil Hall to commemorate both men. Naturally, they chose the most eminent orator of the day—Daniel Webster—to deliver the chief oration. Inspired, he went back in imagination to the momentous days when the Declaration was being debated at Philadelphia in Independence Hall; and he re-created for his auditors some of the speeches that might have been delivered at that time

LET us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and careworn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration.

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England—for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for *(Continued on page 72)*

1826–1851

IN THIS quarter century, Andrew Jackson brought the West and its men into the center of government and established doctrines of democracy that deeply influenced the future of the country. He himself was called by biographer James Parton "the most American of Americans—an embodied Declaration of Independence—the 4th of July incarnate." The war with Mexico and the acquisition of additional territory during Polk's administration hugely enlarged the boundaries of our country, but also helped to emphasize the controversy that led to the Civil War: the question of slavery. The efforts of two men, who sought in vain to prevent the tragic rift from widening, were outstanding. One was the Southerner, Henry Clay, whom Lincoln called "my beau-ideal of a statesman." The other was the Northerner, Daniel Webster, of whom English essayist Sydney Smith said, "Good heavens, he is a cathedral all by himself." In the controversy over slavery the Declaration, as Lincoln once remarked, was "assailed and sneered at and construed, hawked at and torn, till, if its framers could rise from their graves, they could not at all recognize it." To Lincoln himself is attributed the remark that "none but a fool or a knave could misunderstand the statement (in the Declaration) about all men being equal." The noted lawyer Rufus Choate referred to the "glittering and sounding generalities about natural rights." Lincoln, again and again answering such attacks, spoke of "that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of Independence"; and of "that sacred instrument." In this quarter century, Massachusetts set the pace for American education when it opened the United States' first public high school. Samuel F. B. Morse sent his first message over the telegraph ("What hath God wrought!"); the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis was opened; the first adhesive U.S. postage stamp was placed on sale.

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1851–1876

THE 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration saw the United States closer to the ideals for which Jefferson had striven. For the country, after a terrible fratricidal war, had under Lincoln established the principle of the unbreakable unity of the nation; and it had abolished slavery. The nation's population continued to move westward in great numbers, and from Europe came steady recruitments of immigrants. In 1860 almost one person in eight was foreign-born; and American culture became increasingly a blending of the contributions of many lands and diverse peoples. Sometimes the prosperity of the rambunctious young country suddenly slumped, as on the "Black Friday" of September 24, 1869, and in the disastrous "panic" of 1873. But, with recovery from these financial crises, the prosperity and wealth of the mass of the people steadily increased. To celebrate the centennial of the signing of the Declaration, a great fair was opened in Philadelphia.

Guilford Flag—1781. For North Carolina's militia

Bennington Flag—177 For battle in Vermo

Naval Union Jack—1775. Now it has 5-point stars

Star-Spangled Banner—1814. Inspired Key at Ft. McHenry

DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP

Perry's Ensign—1813. Legend says he flew it on Lake Erie

DONALD F. MOSS

Donald F. Moss

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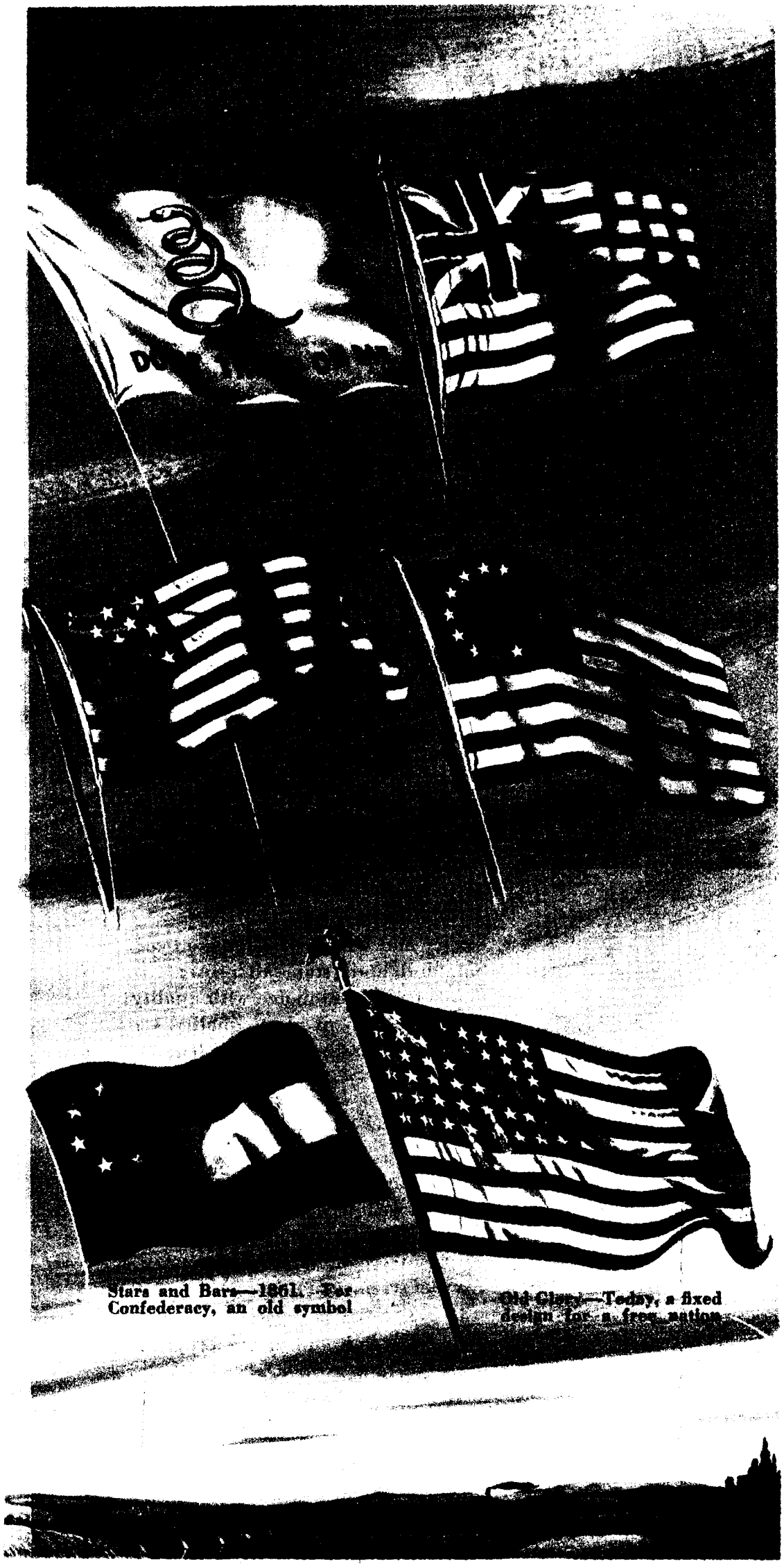

Stars and Bars—1861. For Confederacy, an old symbol

Old Glory—Today, a fixed design for a free nation

Old Glory's Story

THERE is no easy history of the Flag of the United States. It did not come into being as a fully formed entity. Before 1776, the Continental Army flew all manner of pennants, from the pine-tree flags of New England to the rattlesnake banners of the South. But the most persistent design was the Grand Union, which bore the British Union Jack in its upper left-hand corner, and had 13 red and white stripes. George Washington raised this flag over his headquarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 1, 1776.

Seven months later, independence was declared at Philadelphia. The colonies, loyal to England until then, now broke with the mother country. The British Jack could no longer find a place in the flag of the new nation.

War became the business of the day, and there was little time to think of flags and flagmaking. It was not until June 14, 1777, about a year after Betsy Ross, according to legend, made her ensign, that the Congress of the United States settled upon the design of a flag for the Union. On that day, approaching the first anniversary of independence, the harried legislative body, assembled in Philadelphia, was in no mood to celebrate. The war was not going too well. With the air of men getting rid of petty matters before coming to big ones, Congress passed a simple resolution which read in total: "Resolved that the flag of the United States be 13 stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

In this casual manner, with only the barest hint of inspiration, the flag was born. No word was said about the arrangement of the stars, or the size of the blue field and the red and white stripes.

But somehow the notion of a flag with stars and stripes took hold. Men on the field of battle made flags for themselves, which seemed, to them, to satisfy the vague intent of Congress. They carried flags with five-, six-, seven- and eight-pointed stars, arranged on blue fields in arches, in rectangles, in alternating rows and in circles.

The war ended in victory, but still there was no real design for the flag. Even in 1814, the Star-Spangled Banner which inspired Francis Scott Key during the bombardment of Fort McHenry carried 15 stars and 15 stripes.

There was confusion for many years, and changes continued as the nation grew and states were admitted to the Union. But finally on October 29, 1912, more than 136 years after the birth of the nation, President Taft, by executive order, fixed the flag in its present form, with 48 stars and 13 stripes. Today, as the U.S. grows in strength and spirit, Hawaii and Alaska may join the Union: the flag shall change then, but Old Glory will be recognized forever—wherever men are free.

THE END

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Ode for the Fourth of July

By ROYALL TYLER

Royall Tyler was a wit, poet, dramatist, novelist, newspaperman and, toward the latter part of his lifetime (1757-1826), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont. Since 1776, Independence Day has been celebrated in many different ways in various sections of the nation. Tyler's verse paints an authentic picture of how the birth of American freedom was marked in old New England

H. E. BISCHOFF

SQUEAK the fife, and beat the drum,
Independence day is come!
Let the roasting pig be bled.
Quick twist off the cockerel's head.
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutcakes, fried in butter.
Set the cups and beaker glass,
The pumpkin and the apple sauce;
Send the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy.
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of "swingeing thick;"
Sal, put on your russel skirt,
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
To-day we dance to tiddle-diddle.
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;
Sambo, take a dram of whisky
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and Mother shall make two;
Sal, Moll, and I stand all a-row;
Sambo, play and dance with quality;
This is the day of blest equality.
Father and mother are but *men*,
And Sambo—is a citizen.
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him;
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious Independence day—
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.

. . . . . .

Thus we drink and dance away
This glorious INDEPENDENCE DAY!

1876–1901

IN THE 25 years between 1876 and 1901 we lost two Presidents by assassination—Garfield and McKinley. We fought a war with Spain that, at the time, seemed comic opera; but in reality it thrust the United States unmistakably onto the stage of international affairs. In other ways, too, we began preparing for our present role as the most powerful of all nations. It was also an era of disasters—bitter labor troubles, the Johnstown Flood, the Hoboken fire, the Galveston tidal wave. Pan-Americanism began to make headway, and John Hay proclaimed the doctrine of the "Open Door" in China. Union labor gained strength; immigration of many diverse national origins continued to swell the country's population and resources; the regulation of "big business" by governmental controls began; the conflict between gold and silver as a standard of value furnished a new issue for political parties; radicals offered strange and bewildering cures for economic, social and political evils. In his last public address, McKinley suggested that the traditional high tariff policy of the Republican party would have to be altered; and when Roosevelt succeeded him, he warned in his first annual message to Congress that we should "speak softly, and carry a big stick." The traditional Fourth of July speech was still being made, and, in 1896, humorist Thomas L. Masson, in a nonhumorous mood, pleaded for a "safe and sane Fourth"; the phrase was one he coined. It has been reliably calculated that as many Americans have been killed shooting fireworks while celebrating the birthday of the Declaration as died in battle fighting for it during the Revolution.

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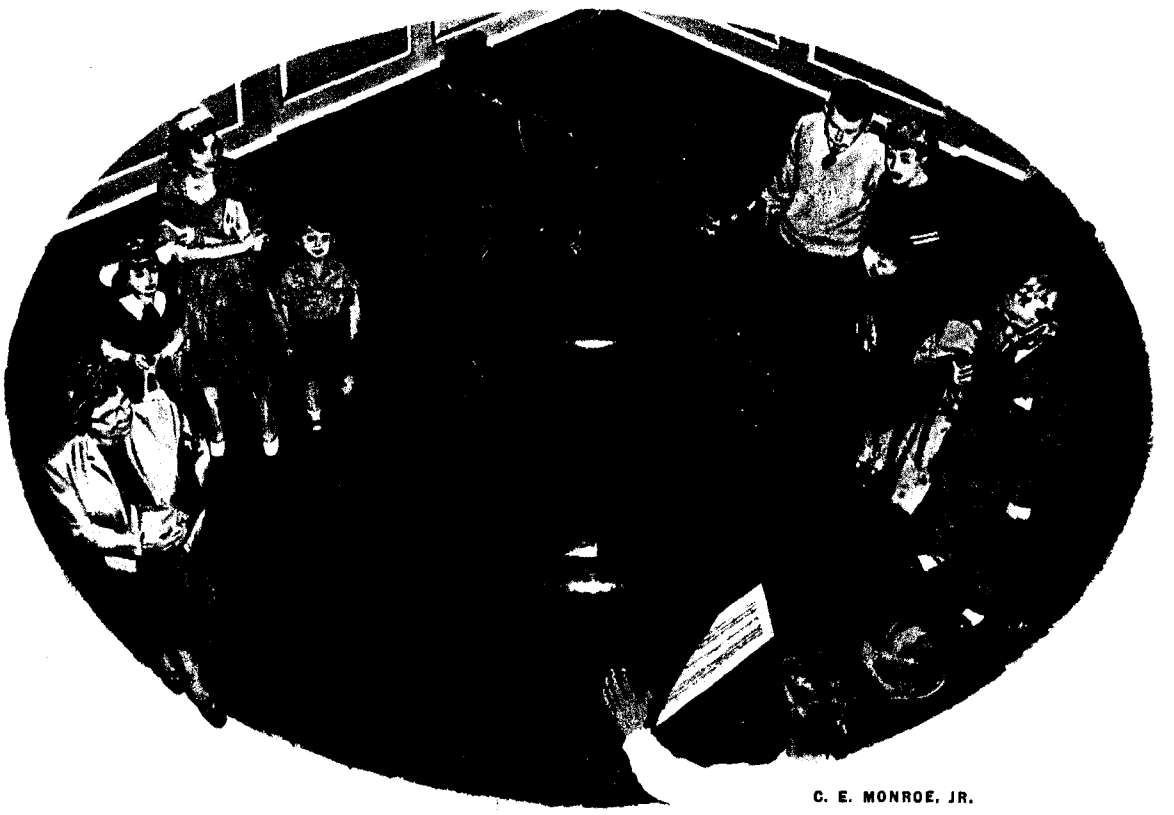

C. E. MONROE, JR.

The Liberty Bell

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Roger Butterfield attained major rank among American historians in 1947 when his political history of the United States, The American Past, was published. A volume of contemporary pictures and warmly human text, the culmination of four years' research, it is now a recognized reference work. Recently Mr. Butterfield has devoted most of his writing efforts to magazine articles, many of which have appeared in Collier's

AT FOUR o'clock one morning several weeks ago a man who was driving a truckload of empty pretzel cans from Richmond, Virginia, to Reading, Pennsylvania, decided to stop off in Philadelphia and see the Liberty Bell. He parked his truck in the downtown district and with the aid of a policeman and his flashlight found his way to the back doors of Independence Hall. The doors were locked, but there were glass panels in them, and just inside stood the Bell itself, brilliantly lighted, with its cracked side turned toward the doors.

The truck driver stood there for a moment or two, studying what is probably the best-known symbol of freedom in the world. Then he turned to the cop.

"Gee," he said with a grin, "it must have been a lot of fun to ring that before we wore it out!"

A great many people experience this feeling of mingled possessiveness and closeness to history when they come face to face with the Liberty Bell. You can see the original Declaration of Independence, in a glass case in Washington, and you can visit the homes and monuments of the men who passed it. But the Bell is a part of our beginnings that you can actually feel and touch. It is an old Bell—it will be 200 years old next winter—and its 2,080 pounds of darkened bronze have no resonance left in them. But its battered lip and familiar jagged crack seem to offer symbolic proof that Americans have used their freedom well.

There is something about the broken Bell which inspires an affectionate reverence in its visitors. A *(Continued on page 70)*

1901–1926

THE most tremendous happening of this quarter century was the World War which broke out in 1914, and which we entered in 1917 and helped bring to an end in 1918. Previous to the war, our occupation of Cuba ended and a republic was set up there; the Panama Canal was opened; the first radio message was sent; the Iroquois Theater fire and the San Francisco earthquake took place; Admiral Robert E. Peary reached the North Pole. In the war, American leadership was ultimately supreme in the person of Woodrow Wilson, who sincerely hoped that we were fighting a war to end all wars. His creed was clear: "Jefferson's Declaration of Independence is a practical document for the use of practical men. It is not a thesis for philosophers, but a whip for tyrants; it is not a theory of government, but a program of action." During the war, Wilson proclaimed the principle of self-determination of peoples, but in the peace settlement this ideal was largely defeated by the bitter rivalries and rapacity of the victorious powers. The League of Nations began to sit early in 1920, but Wilson was unable to win our adherence to it on the terms he proposed. As a war measure, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed in an effort to abolish the sale of liquor. The Sacco-Vanzetti case stirred the entire nation, as did the Scopes Evolution trial. The first motion pictures with an accompaniment of sound were shown, and the Sesquicentennial Exposition, in celebration of the signing of the Declaration, opened in Philadelphia.

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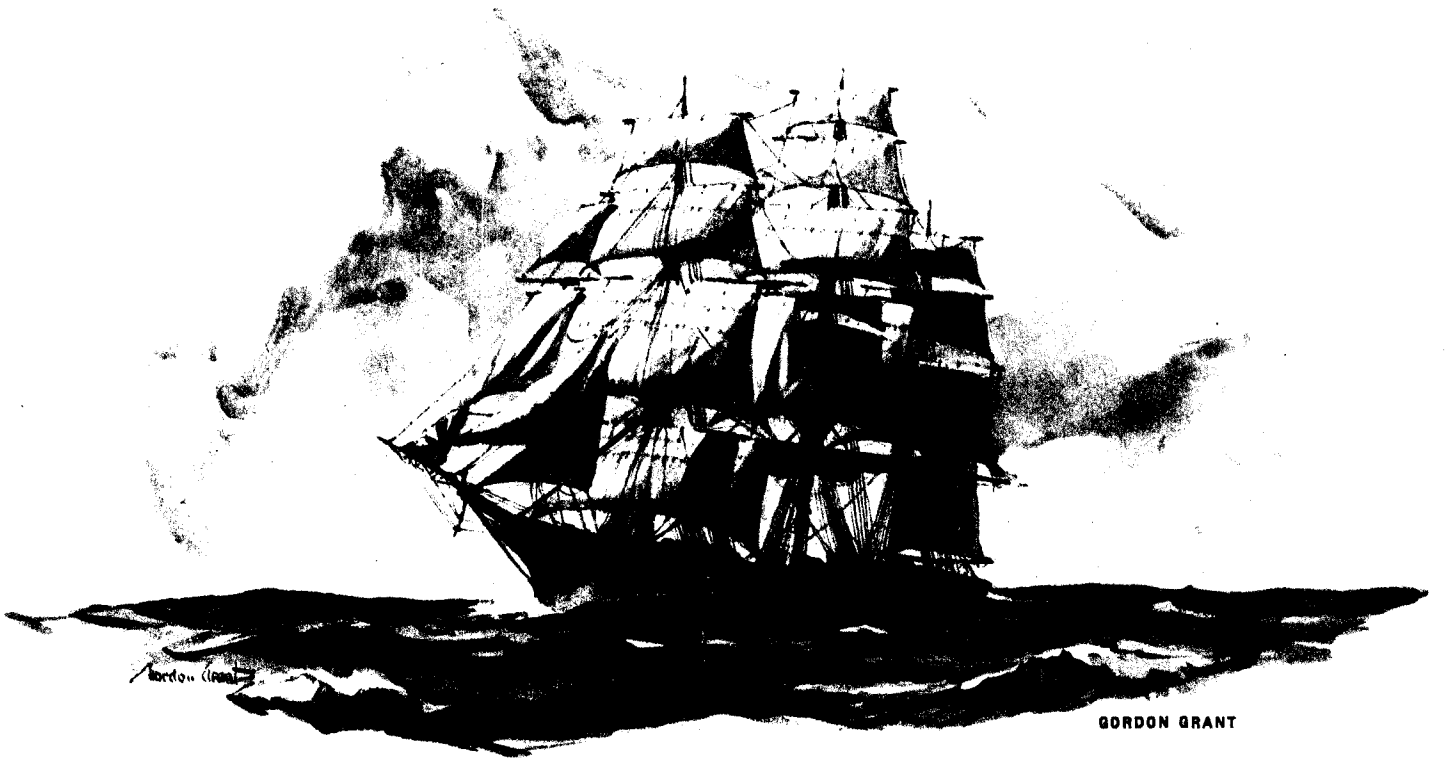

Sail On, O Ship of State!

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1926–1951

DEPRESSION and a second World War summed up this lurid age. Again, an American President took the leading role in the conflict, even before we actually began hostilities. President Roosevelt's utterances showed the influence of the Declaration, and many of his doctrines were a partial rewriting of its most famous sentence. The war, with its world-wide ramifications, took Americans to all parts of the earth's surface; but the attempt to establish peace forever led to the establishment of headquarters for the United Nations, not in Geneva but in this country. Previous to the war, interest was centered on the attempt to enforce prohibition, ended in 1933 when a new amendment abolished the "great experiment." Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic; the stock market collapsed in 1929; Commander Byrd flew to the South Pole; F.D.R. inaugurated his New Deal; the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped; then the war and Hiroshima, where America announced to the world the birth of the Atomic Age; the Philippines were set up as an independent nation on July 4, 1946; and, as our difficulties with the rulers of the Soviet empire increased, Korea.

Today, on the 175th anniversary of the Declaration, we are setting the whole world an example of how a nation grows great and prosperous on the basis of those "unalienable rights"—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In 1849, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow composed and published a great symbolical ode, The Building of the Ship, which concludes with the impassioned lines reprinted below. The ode itself, recited many times on public occasions and printed in hundreds of newspapers, became widely known; the final passage became famous, and is believed by students of the ante bellum era to have had a great influence in awakening many people to the support of the Union

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

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In CONGRESS, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

WHEN in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies: and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

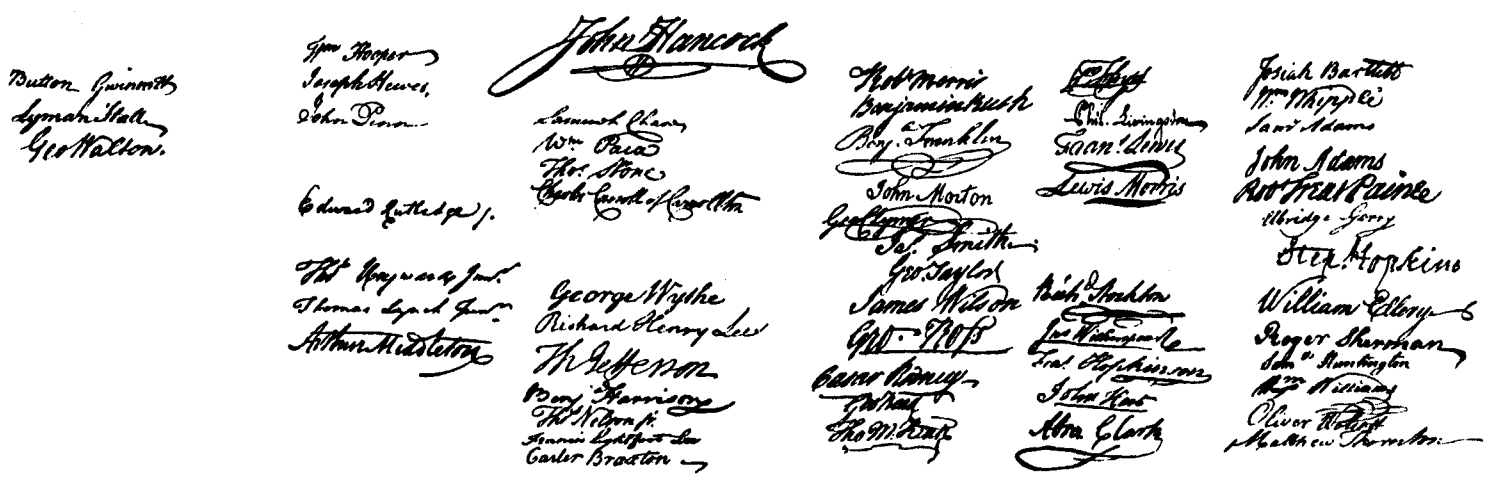
He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

WE, THEREFORE, THE REPRESENTATIVES of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES: that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.



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Fish on Thursday

At first I thought Papa was just a green-eyed, greenhorn fool to be jealous of that old fish peddler. But when I saw Peppino and Mama whispering together, I wasn't sure

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

I CAN understand the part about Mama, who sometimes acts like an ordinary flapper, always looking in the mirror at herself and being happy because all the spaghetti and babies didn't make her fat like it did the other Italian women; but the part I can't understand is why Papa got so jealous over the widower Peppino, who was nothing but a roly-poly fish peddler around the Wallabout Basin, always yelling so much from the top of his wagon about the fresh fish he was selling that he developed a permanent froggy voice.

There was nothing to Peppino, absolutely nothing. He was a clown and all year round, rain or shine, he wore a straw hat that was the twin of his horse's, and just to make his customers laugh, he would swap hats with the horse and pull his long hair through the slits, like black ears, and make whinnying noises; then, still braying like a jackass, he would bury his head in the horse's feed bag and come up with oats tangled in his mustache. That's about how funny he was.

The first time we noticed how jealous Papa got was at one of those Sunday-night weddings at Wallabout Hall, an affair Mama dragged the whole family to because one of the neighbors' daughters got married. Peppino was there too, acting like a master of ceremonies the way he did at christenings and wakes. He was sitting in a far corner of the dance hall, surrounded by a lot of men and women, touching his guitar with spidery fingers and singing double-meaning songs in that raspy voice of his:

E la luna mezzo mare
Mama mia ma maritare—

"There's Peppino," Mama said, pointing and showing off her long white lacy gloves that came up to her elbows like soapsuds. Papa, his suit too tight for him and his collar open under his tie, didn't bother to look where Mama pointed. Instead his eyes searched the hall contemptuously.

A gang of rowdy kids was sliding across the waxed parquet floor and crunching sugar-coated almonds under their shoes; a couple of kids were holding empty glasses over their heads and reeling across the floor, acting drunk, while a bunch of dopey little flower girls followed making fun of them, their white veils trailing after them like ghosts; and at the far end of the hall, a few other kids were raiding the pastry trays on the long table, behind which the bride and groom sat on throne-like chairs, smiling and receiving their *paesani* and relatives and collecting money in white envelopes for getting married. Papa scowled at everything.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go home. We paid our money."

"Go home! But, Patsy, we joosta come!" The excitement of the music and the dancing had widened Mama's eyes and she walked away from Papa, just as the band started a draggy number. A few couples came gliding onto the floor, scraping their shoes in long, elegant strides. My sisters watched enviously as the couples filled the floor. I looked at them, feeling like Papa. Who wanted to stick around a crummy ballroom, watching ushers and bridesmaids making believe they were movie stars in their rented tuxedos and gowns, making out that they were waltzing in Vienna to a big string orchestra and not ballroom dancing to the whiny noises of a four-piece band—piano, drums, trumpet and sax—in Brooklyn?

"I'm fed up—up to here!" Papa cried. Mama's lips closed tighter. "You think I'm blind!" Papa yelled, wagging the envelope at Mama

A second later, the bright lights went out and a revolving disk of rainbow colors began to swirl and the colors dissolved into one another. Everybody said, "Ah!" romantically and the sax went into a dreamy solo.

I looked around for my friend Dominick Bianchi, but I couldn't see him. My two sisters were dancing on the edge of the dance floor, moving their feet clumsily and tripping all over each other, Concetta leading Amelia. I was beginning to wish that both of them were married and out of my life when Amelia left Concetta and came running over to me, grabbing my left hand and lacing her fingers through mine.

"Come on, Joey. Dance with me."

Facing me with a dumb happy look on her face, she began to dip her shoulders from side to side, trying at the same time to get me to put my right arm around her waist. I just stood there watching her waste her energy. She closed her eyes and went to Vienna, and that's when I pulled my fingers out of hers and walked away, not saying anything. Scooping an almond off the floor and eating it, I followed Papa who was walking grudgingly behind Mama toward Peppino's corner.

. . . pesce fritto e baccala.

Peppino was singing about codfish with his mouth, but the lights in his eyes meant something else. Four fingers of a pitcher of wine was under his chair, and at the end of the chorus he reached under for it, took a long drink, and smacked his lips. His fingers started scratching over the strings again and he opened his eyes slyly and comically. Papa stood to the side, blowing smoke at his cigar.

. . . Si ci pigghia 'a fantasia—

Everybody around him began to laugh and as he sang the next line, Peppino moved his eyes innocently around the group, strumming his guitar and fingering for the chord that would carry him into the next chorus when the laughing died down enough. But just as he was about to begin, the band wound up the waltz number and struck up a lively, dancy beat.

"Tarantella!" Peppino screamed, throwing his guitar aside and jumping out of his chair, his arms open for a dancing partner, his pudgy fingers snapping to the rhythm. His eyes raced over the women in front of him. For a second they stopped on Rosina Grosso, who had just stopped wearing the gray of semimourning for her husband, but she was too fat—and his eyes settled on Mama.

Peppino rushed over and before Mama could make a protest, he had swung her out to the middle of the floor and was clogging his heels at her, his hands placed effeminately on his hips. The crowd yelled.

"*Balle*, Peppino!"

"Dance, Maria!"

The dancers cleared a space on the floor and gathered around Peppino and Mama, closing them in a small circle, stamping their feet and clapping a steady rhythm to the high trumpet solo. Mama looked helplessly over the heads of the crowd toward Papa, but Papa wouldn't look at her.

"Come on, Maria!"

Mama was tapping her left foot unconsciously, watching Peppino as he circled tantalizingly around her, his feet kicking out, his shoulders hunched up. Mama's right foot joined the left, tapping. Now you could see that the music and the stamping and the clapping were beginning to take hold of her and, still looking at Papa, she pinched the sides of her dress between her fingers and began to circle uncertainly around Peppino. Mama tossed her head back, and she and Peppino jigged across the floor while the crowd sang some crazy song about a woman named Ciccirinella who had a dog that went around biting people.

Ciccirinella teneve nu cane
Che morsicava le cristiane—

Peppino and Mama were still many yards apart, back to back, as though they weren't dancing with each other. But suddenly, as if from a hidden signal in the music, they spun around at the same time and began to dance at each other, coming together to make a bridged arch of their bodies and then backing away, both of them studying each other seriously, like a couple of boxers in the first round. Papa stood profiled behind the ring of people, half looking at the dance.

"*San Michele!*" the crowd yelled, as the dance neared the end.

Mama shook her head no. She would not perform the *San Michele*, the part of the tarantella where at the end both dancers bump backsides. Papa threw the stub of his Italian cigar to the floor and splattered the tough tobacco under his foot.

"*San Michele!*" the crowd insisted.

Still shaking her head and laughing, Mama came skipping in and hooked her arm through Peppino's and whirled dizzily in a sharp angle off the floor. Then they reversed and spun around together a few more times; and then suddenly Peppino released Mama and sent her whirling far away from him, Mama modestly holding her flaring dress with one hand and covering her shocked mouth with the other.

"*San Michele!*" Peppino shouted above everybody else.

And starting from the edge of the circle with their backs to each other, while the music mounted to a frenzied finish, Peppino and Mama came dancing backward to each other, and when the trumpet hit the last high note, they met in the center of the ring with a bumping crash.

Papa didn't say a word to Mama all the way home.

THE first part of that week Papa smoldered. It took him a few days to cool off, but little by little he began to act normal and it looked like everything would be fine. But that Thursday night the trouble started up again. As soon as he got home from work, his nostrils twitched in and out to catch the cooking smells in the kitchen. He breathed deeply, not believing his nose, and he looked over suspiciously at Mama as he hung his longshoreman's hook on the nail behind the door. Still sniffing, he sat down to unlace his shoes.

"Whatch you cook?"

"Fish," Mama said, opening the oven door to look in.

"Fish—on Thursday?"

"Thursday?" Mama said, *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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Continui

One of the last photographs of a great team: Clayton (center), Jackson (right) and Owens at play at Jim's home shortly before Jack's death.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN SCOPA

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A TEAM IS BORN-
Clayton, Jackson & Durante

The early 20s were golden years for The Schnozz. He married, got his own night club —and turned comedian, becoming central figure of an act showmen will never forget

By GENE FOWLER

James Francis Durante seemed a poor bet for prosperity. His family was poor; he quit school in the eighth grade to work. Then he learned piano—and headed for fame, via a succession of New York dives and night clubs. At the last of these, he met a girl

II

JIMMY DURANTE met Maud Jeanne Olson, who was to become his wife, when they were both in their late twenties and both making their living as entertainers. Their first encounter was not a very auspicious one.

When she entered the Alamo Club in Harlem, where Durante was playing piano and leading a small band, she announced that she was a lyric soprano who had been sent to the Ritz Club for an audition. Besides mistaking the Alamo for the Ritz, which was located nearby, she hit Jimmy on another sore spot, because he had never liked sopranos. "Sopranos and violins always seemed a little bit sissy," he explained some time later. "We wanted noise—brasses and drums, and piano."

Then, when he proceeded to audition Miss Olson anyhow, she complained about his technique as an accompanist. "Whoever told you *you* could play the piano?" she asked.

His retort became a Durante classic in later years. "Them," he said, "is the conditions that pervail."

"She didn't make me mad when she panned my playing," he once told a friend. "I had to laugh."

That laugh apparently broke the ice, for he hired her, and began to court her soon afterward. "When we finished work, we used to have a little bite to eat, and I'd drop her off at the door of her rooming house. I was really crazy about her."

As for Jeanne's feeling about Jimmy, her friend Jenice Werner said recently: "Jeanne said he walked funny. She used to fall in behind him and imitate him, but he didn't know about it until years afterward. Yet she was mad about him."

Jeanne was born in Toledo, of Swedish, Scotch and French-Canadian ancestry. The Olson family moved to Detroit during Jeanne's childhood. She got her early experience as an entertainer in Midwestern vaudeville houses, singing under the name of Maudie Jeanne. Early in 1918 she went to New York to seek a higher place in the show world.

Her first job was as a singer and dancer in a Shubert production, but she lost that when she sprained her ankle at dress rehearsal.

It was then that she chanced to meet a sympathetic restaurant owner and booking agent named Sigmund Werner, who was to prove a real friend. A jovial Hungarian, Werner supplied talent for famed Broadway restaurants and large hotels in Atlantic City. It was he who gave Rudolph Valentino his first job as a dancer; until then Valentino had been a porter at Bustanoby's Restaurant.

At the Werner restaurant on Thirty-ninth Street, Maudie Jeanne got a job singing. Almost immediately, she lost her voice temporarily because of a cold. Instead of discharging her, Werner made her a cashier, but she showed no skill as a balancer of figures. So if Jeanne was short in her accounts, Werner would conspire to find out just how much, and the proprietor or a friend would surreptitiously drop the right amount in the till.

Almost every night, Werner escorted Jeanne to her rooming house on Fifty-sixth Street, for he did not want her to be molested by mashers. In addition, she was often invited to join Werner, his wife Lillian and daughter Jenice at Sunday dinner, at their home at 150th Street and Riverside Drive.

Jenice Werner remembers Jeanne as a pretty young woman, with large light-brown eyes, reddish brown hair, tiny hands and feet and a shapely mouth. "She had the most beautiful eyelashes you ever saw, and a very sweet way of speaking."

She could also speak very pointedly when the occasion demanded, as Jimmy swiftly discovered. One afternoon she agreed to go with him to the Hippodrome Theatre, famed for its "spectacles." They were to meet at the corner of Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue; when she arrived, she found him wearing a cap and a turtle-neck sweater.

"Are you going to the show with me?" she asked.

(Continued on page 56)

Maud Jeanne Olson—"Toots" to Jimmy—as she looked at the time she married Durante

The Durante troupe in action. Singer Eddie Jackson at left; Jimmy in the center; dancer Lou Clayton at right. Pianist Harry Donnelly and drummer Jack Roth stayed with Jimmy for years

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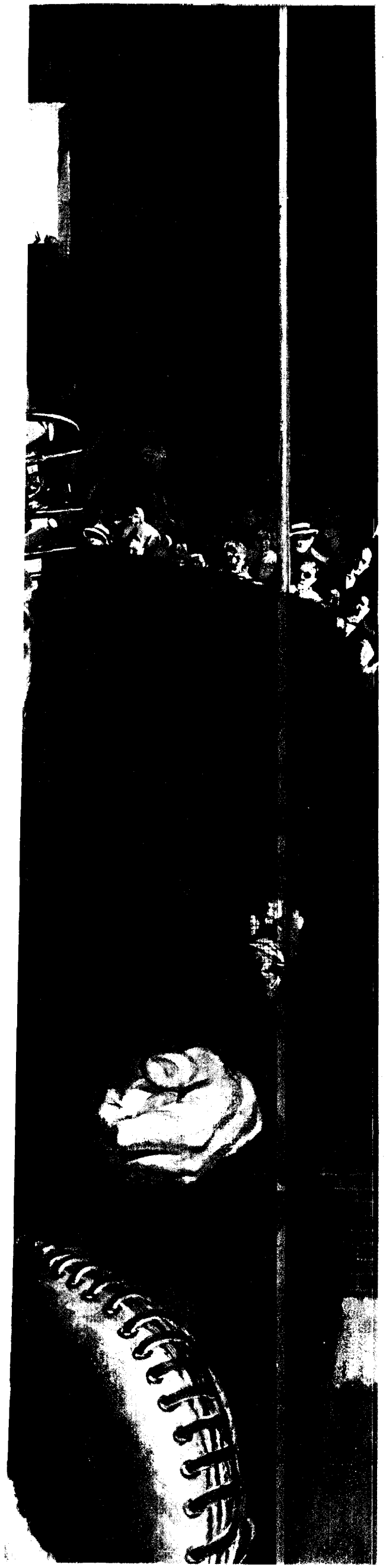

The PINCH HITTER

I was thinking of myself, in some ways, but I was thinking of Bob, too. He needed a hero, and I couldn't be one much longer

By SCOTT YOUNG

I LAY in bed in the hotel room that morning in June and watched the sun creep across the carpet and flicker on the blowing curtains. Ham Davidson, the rookie who'd taken first base away from me in May, was still asleep. I should have been, too; but you know how sometimes the first thought you have in the morning jolts you awake so fast you can't sleep any more? That's how it was with me.

I swung my feet over the side of the bed and looked at my watch. Eight o'clock, and their train wasn't due until ten—Belle, my wife, and Bob, my son, on their annual school's-out trip to see the old man ply his trade. And I wasn't even in the line-up.

I remembered a day we'd talked about this trip. February, and a dirty day outside, and we were in the breakfast room of the big white clapboard house we bought the first year I made thirty thousand. We were having lunch—spaghetti and meatballs—and I was leaving in an hour for the South and spring training. Belle sat at one end of the table, fresh and fetching, wifely and motherly, acting as if she were trying to forget that spring was here again. I was at the other end. Bobby was in jeans and a plaid shirt and his blunt nose worked up and down as he chewed, and then he was finished. A kid was whistling outside for him to go back to school and he got on his mackinaw and then stood around, a little embarrassed. I thought it was just at the prospect of saying good-by.

"See you in June, pal," I said. "Look after your mother."

He half grinned, a sort of shy grin; then he spoke loudly, as if he'd been thinking about this speech for a long time. "I'm really looking forward to the trip this year. Heck, when I was little I hardly knew what it was all about. You and all those guys."

"You mean," I said, "when you were little, away back last June, when you were only seven?"

He grinned wider. "Yes."

It sounded screwy even to him, but we both knew that he was right: he had grown up an awful lot since last summer. Last year he'd been just a kid enjoying himself on a trip to see his dad, almost as interested in the peanut-boys as he was in what went on in the game, but now he was a first-class American-boy baseball nut. As simple as that. I thought, that day back in February: This is the year he'll ask me about my batting stance, and ask me what kind of a pitch I hit, and how heavy a bat I use—all that. And I guess I'd been waiting for that for quite a while, because I even indulged in a little bravado when I hugged him good-by.

"I'll save a big hit for you, pally," I said. "A real good big fancy one." He was so excited he almost forgot to yell good-by to his mother, and I could see through the window that he was talking a blue streak when he and the other kid walked down the street.

I remembered how I used to step up and sock by instinct, and here I was now trying to outthink a pitcher—it made me feel old because I knew this was the only chance I'd get

Sitting now on the hotel bed, I wondered how he'd taken it when he found I was out of the line-up. Belle had told me on the telephone one night that he'd asked why, and when she explained that baseball was like that, always making room for the young men coming up, and that I'd had my share of good years, and more, he'd asked no more questions. All very logical on her part, and sensible on his part, but it didn't do me any good. I kept seeing his face that day he let me know that this year he was really hep, really on to the game, and I thought now of the times when the pitchers used to walk me so they wouldn't have to pitch to me, and he was in rompers; the years when I'd been up there day after day clobbering every pitcher in the league, and he was too young to know that the great Marty Cunningham was his very own old man. And now I didn't have it any more.

I stood up and slipped out of my pajama top, and Ham, in the other bed, opened his eyes. He stretched, grinned and lifted himself on one elbow, a dark strong kid with big shoulders. Twenty-two.

"Up early," he said.

"Meeting a train." I thought I might as well finish. He'd find out sooner or later, anyway. "My wife and kid are coming in to see the game," I said on my way to the bathroom. "Sort of an annual event." I didn't look at him as I said it. He was a good kid. He worried about things like this.

I SHAVED. I didn't look old. Hell, I wasn't old for anything but baseball. Thirty-three. My hair was as black and thick as it had ever been, and I was flat down the front. But my batting average was .265 and for ten years it had never been below .300, and what my brain knew my legs could no longer do, and that's all there was to it.

When I was dressing, Ham said, "With your family coming, and all, I sort of wish you were playing today, instead of me."

"I don't belong in a game like this," I said. "Don't be a dope."

He didn't say anything more. He knew I was right. There's no room for sentiment in this game; not on the playing field, anyway. We were half a game behind the Blues, and the Blues were in first place. If we beat them today we'd be in first, and we needed guys out there who could hit and field today, not last year or the year before. I ate downstairs before any of the others got down. I had lots of time, so I walked to the station through the bright crisp June day, a great day for baseball.

For a minute or two after Belle and Bob walked up the ramp toward me that morning, everything was all right. I'd fallen in *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

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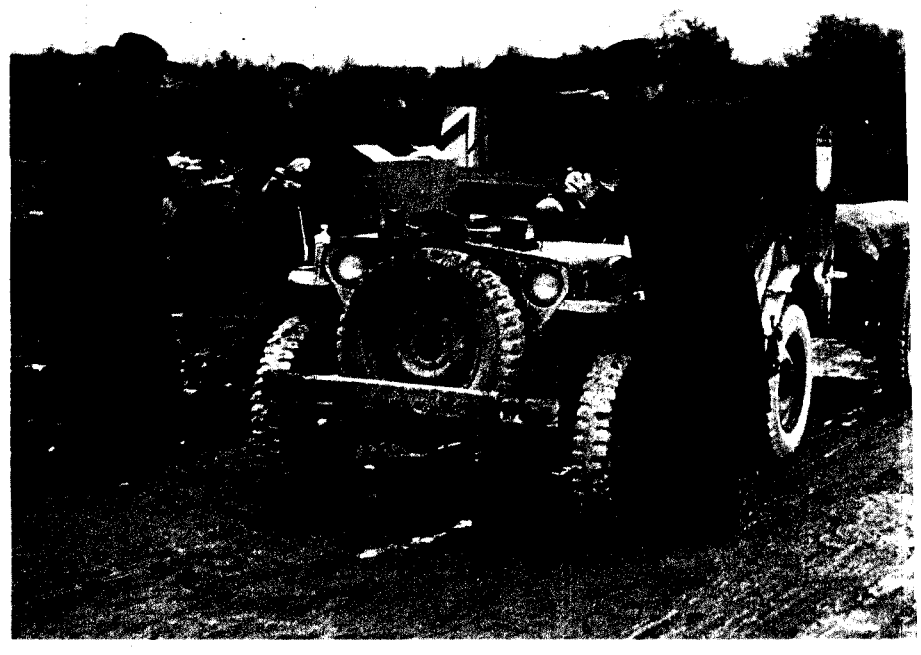
Children of Vitamoritza, one of three villages Pearson built while directing relief after World War I. It was originally named Pearsonavatz

"I PREDICT FOR

Communism in Tito's country is doomed, the columnist says, and a loose form of Socialism

Pearson (extreme right), his brother-in-law Dan T. Moore, Pearson's wife Luvie and natives in the town once named in the writer's honor



The Pearsons eat C rations with George Trett, an ECA food observer, who accompanied them on the columnist's sentimental journey "home"

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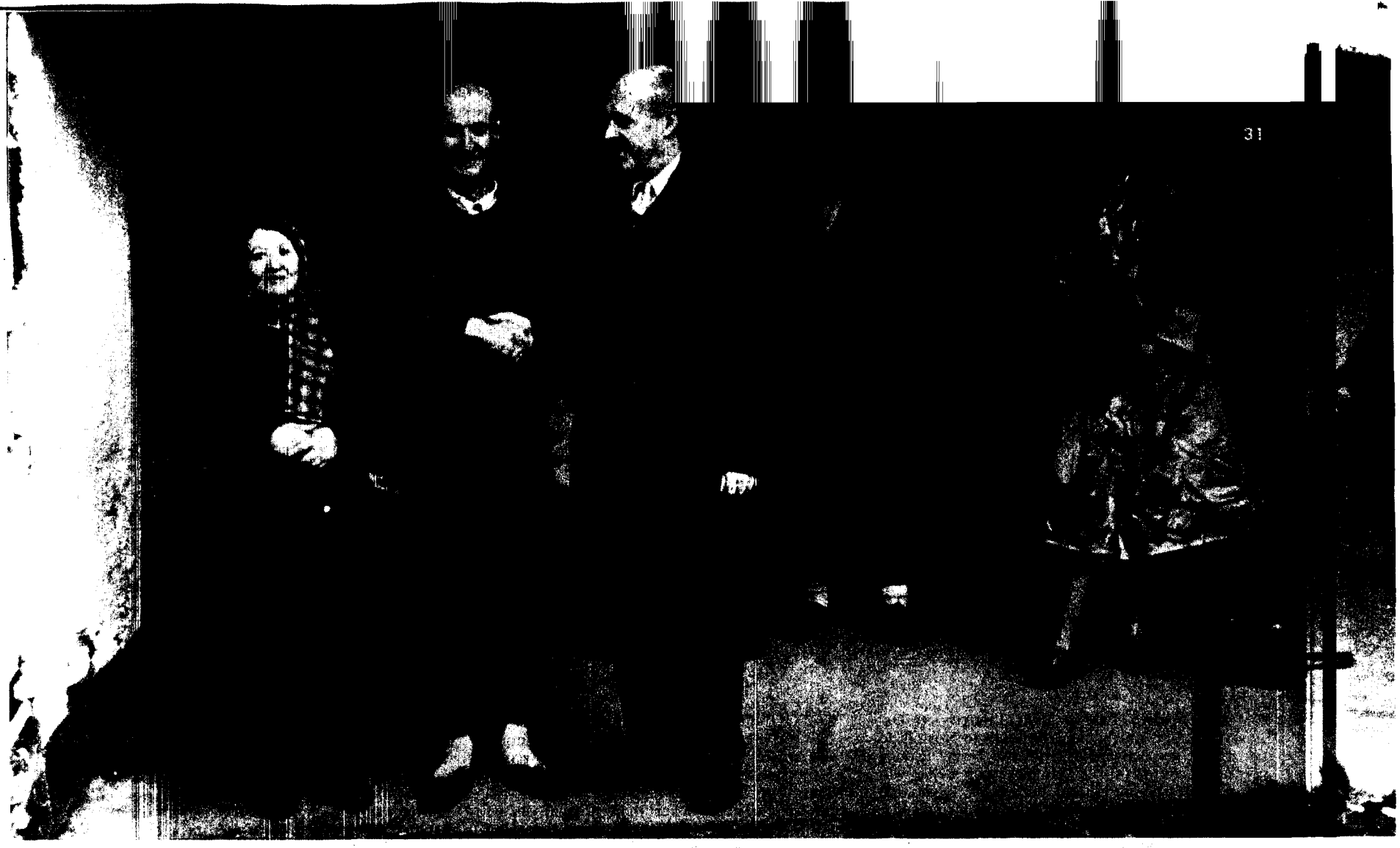

Reunion in Pec: **Pearson stands beside 80-year-old Nejib-Beg, the only person the columnist could find who remembered him from 30 years ago**

YUGOSLAVIA..."

ike England's, will take its place before long

By DREW PEARSON

MY WIFE warned me that the Yugoslavs were bound to change the name of Pearsonavatz. After all I had written about Tito, she said, they would consider it an insult to have a Yugoslav town continue with a name like that. In my heart I knew that she was right. However, I wanted to go back just the same. I wanted to see the Yugoslav village once named after me. I wanted to go back to Pec, that city tucked away at the foot of the Crna Gora mountains where Serbia, Albania and Montenegro meet, and which has inherited all the troubles and hatred and jealousy and racial strife of the three countries that claim and fight for it.

I wanted to go back purely for sentimental reasons, to see what had happened to an area which I had helped to rebuild after World War I. But also I wanted to see whether Yugoslavia had really gone Communist, whether the country could hold out against Russia, and whether the United States had a chance to get along with a pro-Communist anti-Kremlin state.

Finally, I wanted to see whether all the food and money we were sending Yugoslavia was going down a rathole, or whether there was a chance to build up a nation which would serve as a magnet to draw other Communist satellites out from behind the Iron Curtain, away from the grip of the Kremlin.

So I spurned my wife's advice. But, just so there would be no hard feelings in the Pearson family, I persuaded her to come along.

There was a time about four years ago when there was no more chance of my getting a passport visa for Yugloslavia than of John L. Lewis being made a Morgan partner. I had predicted that Marshal Tito was certain to be assassinated and the Yugoslavs, naturally, were furious. Times have changed since then, however, and without any red tape whatsoever we found ourselves with passport visas, traveling from Salonika, Greece, across Macedonia toward the Yugoslav border.

By pure accident, this happened to be the first through train between Greece and Yugoslavia in about 10 years; also, the first train carrying American flour from the convenient seaport of Salonika —a port hitherto barred to Communist Yugoslavia.

Up until this train, there had been about as much friendly intercourse between the neighboring countries of Greece and Yugoslavia as there is between the State Department and Senator McCarthy. For four years Belgrade had been the funnel through which Communist arms and ammunition had trickled, sometimes poured into northern Greece—thereby keeping Greece in constant bloody turmoil, and thereby increasing the cost to the United States taxpayer of feeding, training and equipping the Greek army.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all is now peace and brotherly love between capitalist Greece and Communist Yugoslavia. It isn't. But the relations are so much better than before that it seems like brotherly love, and it is also salubrious enough so that in crossing the Greek border it is no longer necessary to get off the train at 2:00 A.M. and trudge, suitcases in hand, five kilometers through the dark and in the teeth of a chill Macedonian wind, to the train which leaves at 6:00 A.M. from the other side of the line.

So, on that first train, we lumbered north through Macedonia, past fields which once supplied the poppy seed and opium for much of the world, along the meandering Vardar River down which two German armies had advanced in 1915 and 1941, and up which the Serbian army had advanced in 1918 with such speed that they outran their own supply wagons and lived on the bread wagons of the Austrians. For they were going home!

I had traveled this route scores of times in 1919. And in the three decades between then and 1951 it had not appreciably changed.

There were still the blown-up railway bridges rusting in the Vardar. And the gutted freight cars along the tracks. And the big American locomotive half covered by sand washed up by the river as it was caught by a bomb in the very middle of a bridge. I do not know whether it was a locomotive blown up in World War I or World War II, or in the Turkish war of 1912, or the Bulgarian war of 1913. I only know it looked about the same as the locomotive I used to see lying in the Vardar when I convoyed supplies up from Salonika 30 years before.

American locomotives had helped to haul the freight of the Balkans in those days. "Amerikankas" we called them, meaning "American ladies." Amerikankas could be identified by two distinguishing features—a low, bass *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN T. MOORE

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Mask for Danger

By DONALD HAMILTON

"I'm going to let you be a hero, honey," Elizabeth said. "When you wake up, call the FBI. Tell them it's tonight. Tonight . . ."

The Story: Late at night, LIEUTENANT DAVID YOUNG was hitchhiking south to Norfolk to report for active duty with the Navy. Young never got to Norfolk. He picked up a ride with a man who introduced himself as LAWRENCE WILSON. Wilson showed Young a picture of a sailboat he'd designed for a girl called BUNNY. Young leaned forward to see it better, and then something struck him on the back of the head. He came to, much later, in a Maryland hospital, with his face and head in heavy bandages. He had been found in the wrecked car, dressed in Wilson's clothes. A DR. BOB HENSHAW came into the room, greeted him familiarly as "Larry," and had him carried to a car outside. The driver was Wilson's wife, ELIZABETH, and she said, "I reckon you must feel like you're being kidnaped, Mr. Young."

He woke up next morning in Wilson's bedroom, overlooking Chesapeake Bay. Bunny forced her way in to see him, but she didn't reveal to Elizabeth that she knew he wasn't Wilson. After she'd gone, Elizabeth told Young that Bunny's full name was BONITA DECKER, and that she was Wilson's girl friend.

Dr. Henshaw, who was obviously deeply involved with Elizabeth, told Young she hadn't seen Wilson since he was fired from his government job for security reasons a year before. He threatened to expose Young as a Navy deserter, and offered him money to go on masquerading as Wilson. "You must impersonate Mr. Wilson for a while," Henshaw said, "because he is dead." He said Wilson had visited Elizabeth after he had left Young for dead and that she had shot him when he refused to leave the house. Then Henshaw had disposed of his body.

Now Henshaw threatened to frame Young for Wilson's murder. That night, Young thought his chance to escape had come. He tricked Elizabeth into taking a sedative, and left the house. A man shot at him—a man he identified as Wilson. He woke up the next morning, back in Wilson's bed. A nurse from the hospital, MISS PETERS, had become suspicious that he wasn't Wilson, and demanded to see him. Young cut the bandages from his face, insisted he *was* Wilson, and sent her away. Then he told Elizabeth that it was Wilson who had shot at him. He told the same thing to Henshaw, and Henshaw admitted he'd known it all along—that Wilson had come to in the boat when the doctor had taken him out in the Bay to bury him.

Young went into the kitchen to fix himself some breakfast. Suddenly he realized that someone was standing behind him.

IV

YOUNG had stopped near the center of the big, light, modern kitchen that contrasted so markedly with the older parts of the house. The person behind him was silent, but he could hear the whisper of breathing a little faster than normal, as if with anger or excitement, or just pleasurable, sadistic anticipation of what was about to happen. Young did not even attempt to tell himself that Elizabeth Wilson might have slipped downstairs without his knowing it, or that the maid she had sent away on his first morning here could have come back to work unannounced. He knew with absolute certainty who was standing behind him; and he waited without breathing for the shot or the blow that would finish, for him at least, the crazy nightmare of events into which he had unwittingly plunged himself by accepting a lift on the highway a few nights ago—he was surprised to realize how few.

It seemed as if the greater part of his life was contained in the time—much less than a week—that had passed since he had wakened painfully in the hospital, swathed in bandages, to hear the nurse call him Mr. Wilson. Although he was seeing the kitchen for the first time, it seemed to Young as if he had lived in this house for years. Yet it had been only a couple of days; and he had lived them as a kind of ghost, a man without a name or a face: it was as if he had started to die that first night, as it had been intended for him to die, as he was going to finish dying now, in the clothes and identity of another man, to be buried under the name that was not his, leaving the real owner of that name, behind him, free to go on with whatever desperate conspiracy—

"Well!" a voice said, a little impatiently, "don't just stand there!"

It was several seconds before he could move. He had to learn how to breathe all over again. Then he turned himself stiffly about to look at the small, red-haired girl standing by the dining-room door.

"What the hell do you think you're doing in here?" he whispered. The sound of his own voice shocked him.

"I could ask you the same thing," the girl said calmly. For a moment he could not even recall what her name was; then it came back to him: Bonita Decker. "I've got as much right here as you, I guess," Bonita Decker said. "You're no more Larry Wilson than I am!"

There was a gun in her hand, a .22-caliber automatic target pistol with a long, slim barrel. The weapon remained steady as she stared at him curiously. Her expression reminded him that although he knew quite a bit about this girl, he had only spoken to her once and seen her a few times from a distance. She had never before seen him without his bandages. It occurred to him that if there had ever been any question in her mind about his being an impostor, it was now answered.

The fact that she was pointing a gun at him did not, he discovered, frighten him at all. She could have been armed with three machine guns and a bazooka and he would still have been shamefully glad to see her instead of the man he had expected to see.

"What do you want?"

Again his voice came out quite wrong, so that the girl looked at him sharply. He licked his lips and tried to speak again; but he found himself trembling violently. He turned away and made his way to the leather-upholstered breakfast nook in the corner, and sank onto the end of one of the seats and put his head well down between his knees, fighting off the waves of dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. It seemed as if he were flying completely apart inside, his whole being rebelling against the terror of a moment ago.

He thought: I should have beat it last night. There was no point to this. What was the use of dreaming about hunting down a dangerous adversary if you were going to dissolve into quaking panic whenever you thought you heard his voice on the telephone or his footstep behind you?

Presently he became aware that the red-haired girl was standing in front of him. He did not raise his head.

"I'm sorry," she said. There was more than a trace of contempt in her voice. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you—Lieutenant."

"You know . . ."

"Yes," she said. "I know who you are. I know everything about you except how you got into this and what you're trying to accomplish by pretending to be Larry Wilson."

"How . . ." *(Continued on page 38)*

Young paused halfway down the stairs to wait, with the pistol aimed at the door. Bonita Decker came forward into the hall. "Larry," she said, "where are you?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

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Crime Busting Is Right Up Hogan's Alley

New York's district attorney, who heads the world's largest prosecuting office, jails mugs who laughed at the law for years. He's modest—but tough and smart

By LESTER VELIE

IN NEW YORK'S Sing Sing State Prison sits Joseph S. Fay, a labor boss so powerful employers still come to his cell to "straighten things out" with the union he once bossed and betrayed (International Union of Operating Engineers, AFL). For 26 years, Fay, "Mr. Labor in the East," coerced bosses and men alike, extorting the wealth that made him a millionaire. Frank S. Hogan, district attorney for New York County, put him in jail.

In New York City's Rikers Island penitentiary languishes Frank Erickson, America's ex-No. 1 bookmaker. Untouched during 30 years of racketeering, Erickson thought he had a legal gimmick. He took bets in New Jersey, paid off in New York. Safe from the racket busters, he rolled up millions. Hogan put him in jail.

Joe Adonis, the Brooklyn and New Jersey gangster, was often arrested during 25 years of operations, but never served time. Protected by the "right people" in New Jersey, Adonis thought his gambling casinos there could never get him into trouble in New York. But Adonis used limousines in New York to haul customers to New Jersey. To Hogan this was a conspiracy in one state to commit a crime in another. Now Adonis is under a two-to-three-year sentence in New Jersey. The material Hogan had gathered in New York was used almost bodily to convict him in the neighboring state.

These are only a few of Frank Hogan's feats in an office so spectacular that from it other men have reaped great fame.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, when he held Hogan's job, launched himself to national prominence and two cracks at the Presidency. Hogan, who has won a higher percentage of his cases than even Dewey, has remained virtually unknown. Even in New York City, few know his name, and fewer still know what he looks like.

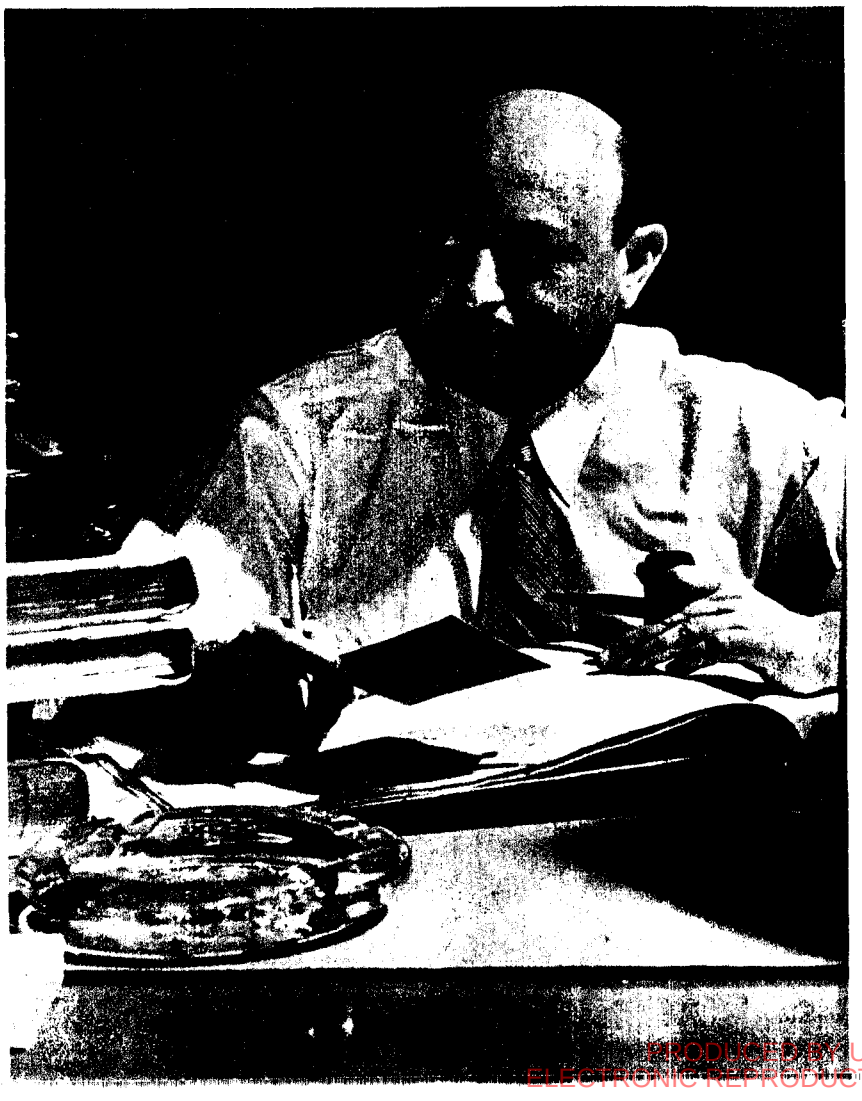
So packed with drama is the raw material of Hogan's job that Senate crime probers under Senator Estes Kefauver, borrowed some of the reports Hogan had unearthed in grand jury investigations and elsewhere and with them held millions spellbound at their television sets during the New York hearings.

It was Hogan's material that stole the show and helped make the Senate crime investigation a smashing success. Yet it was typical of Hogan that he sat quietly watching his television set along with other nameless millions—while the crime probers basked in a national spotlight that turned their names into household words.

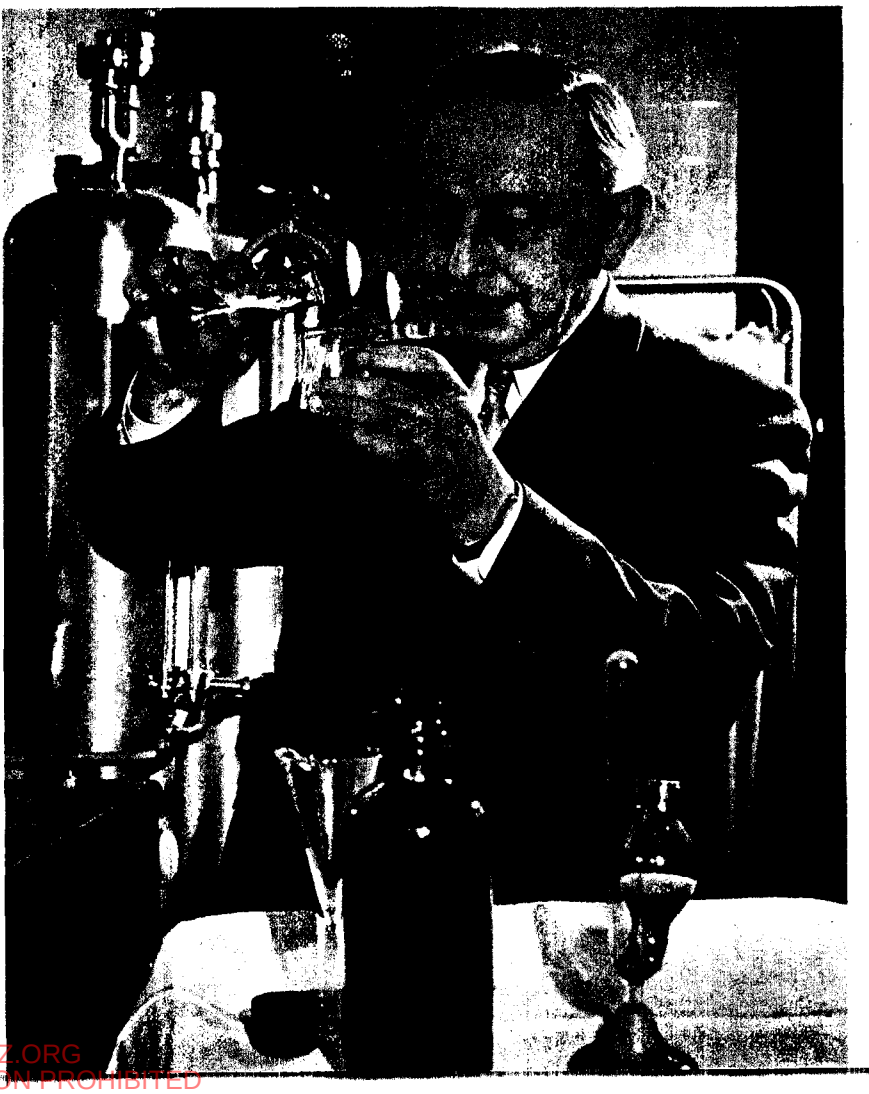
In Hogan's bailiwick, New York County (Borough of Manhattan), swarm 2,000,000-odd cliff dwellers. The number is swelled by another million who pour in for work from New York City's four other counties: the Bronx, Kings (Brooklyn), Queens and Richmond (Staten Island). A further 200,000 visitors elbow their way in from all over America.

The killing-a-day and other crimes in Manhattan require the checkrein of the biggest criminal law office in the world—including 72 lawyers. The man who heads it is America's Mr. District Attorney—

Joseph Gasarch directs eagle-eyed ledger-sleuths who scan business files for clues showing concerns which pay graft to city inspectors



Dr. Perry M. Lichtenstein, a combination psychiatrist, lawyer and physician, is famed for studying the workings of the criminal mind



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Frank S. Hogan and staff dug up most of material which made Senate Crime Committee New York hearings a sensation. He saw them on television

and the world's busiest prosecutor. Through his mill in a year grind 15,000 pieces of criminal grist, channeled through Hogan's Chief Assistant, Joseph A. Sarafite.

Frank Hogan, forty-nine, is a man of medium height, neatly packaged in suits and ties of conservative blue, with medium good looks. He has no surface characteristics either of voice (his is soft and tired) or manner that hint the nature of his prosecutor's job.

The first quality that shines through Hogan's reserve is an ingratiating warmth which—oddly enough—has won him some of his most notable successes.

When Sherman White, the Long Island University basketball star, was questioned in the recent game-fixing scandal, Hogan's aides could get nothing from him. Alone with White, Hogan explained with great earnestness and kindness why the boy should talk. White burst into tears. As Hogan watched the lad's six-foot-seven-inch frame heave with great sobs, he too began to bawl. After the accused and the accuser had had a good cry together, the basketball star told all.

When Hogan was a green aide in Special Prosecutor Dewey's investigation, he had to quiz some 200 prostitutes whose stories were needed to link gangster Lucky Luciano to the vice racket. The girls—known by such names as Cokey Flo, Gas House Lil and Jenny the Factory—so warmed to the thirty-four-year-old assistant D.A. that they were soon calling him "Papa Hogan," and telling him everything.

Another quality erupts out of Hogan. It is a geyserlike moral indignation.

The mention of Frank Costello's name sends Hogan pacing like a caged lion at feeding time. For years, Hogan's detectives have tailed Costello and tapped his wires. Since the racketeer has his illegal business in Louisiana, nothing indictable has been uncovered in New York. So Costello eats unmolested in New York's finest restaurants, hobnobs with some of the city's highest-placed citizens—and outrages the frustrated Hogan.

"If I had the men," says Hogan, "I'd give Costello a rough tail (a detective who is known to and annoys the suspect).

"I'd have him stop every man Costello speaks to, take down his name, and ask him if he knew whom he's been talking to. I'd have him given a subpoena to talk to the grand jury."

Hogan's righteousness gets a mixed reaction.

To some lawyers about town, including old friends who have served with him, "Hogan is too rigid," and his probity borders on the stuffy.

"This watchdog-over-our-morals thing can be carried too far," said one friend. "Hogan looks for things he can't prove. There's too much arm's length in dealing with the defense side."

Some regard Hogan's sense of duty as downright eccentric.

When Hogan's aides *(Continued on page 65)*

Hogan's salary is $28,000 a year, but he and wife Mary live simply, pay $124 a month rent

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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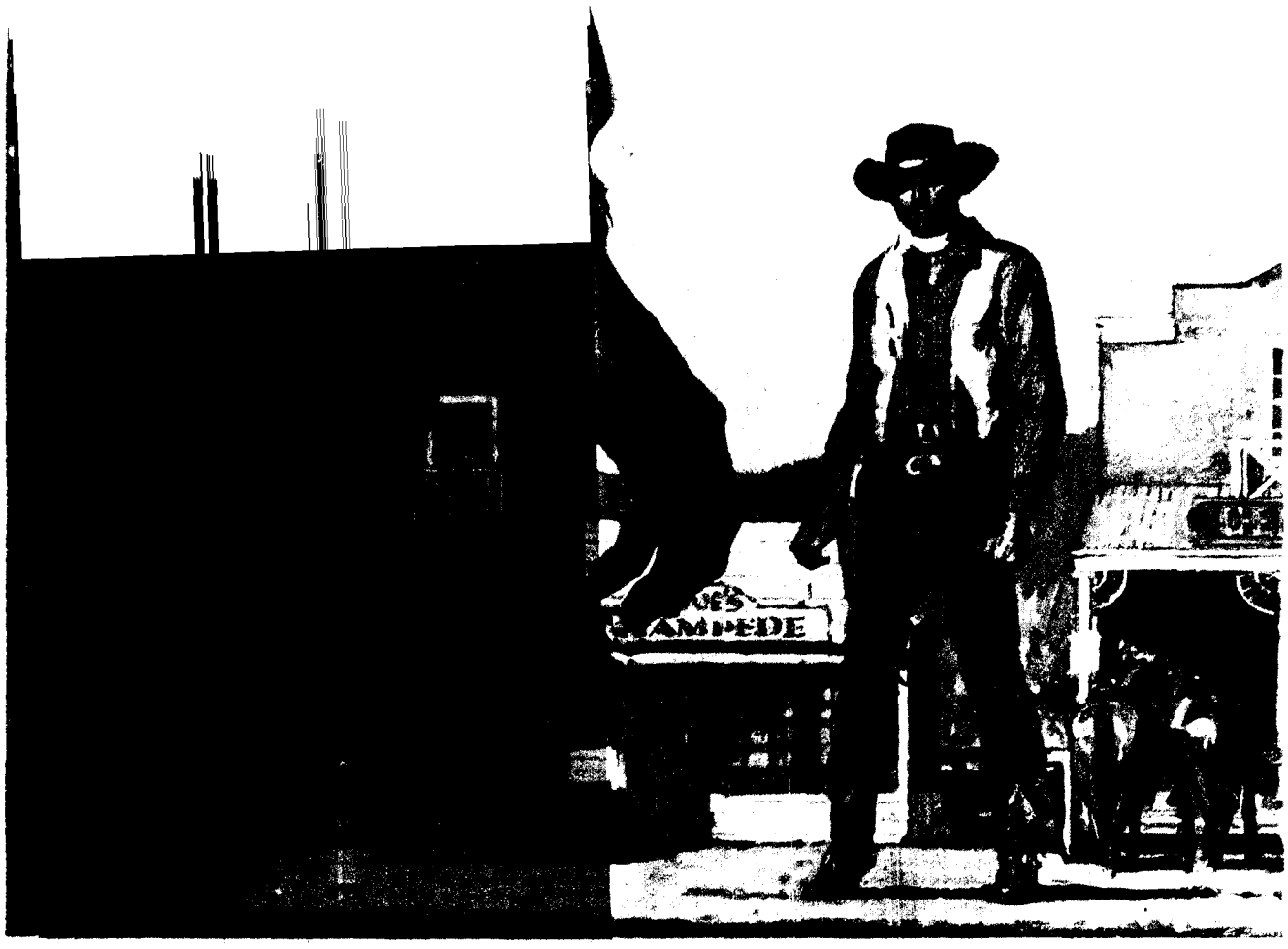

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

The news got around. "Gun fight," the whispers echoed over back fences and polished bars

Winter Sun

By C. HALL THOMPSON

I TOLD Darby about it. The stranger had come that morning, riding slow and stiff down the narrow street of Carrizozo, under a cold March sun. He pulled his tired pony up outside the hotel, and the tiredness showed in him, too, showed in his tight lips and red-rimmed, expressionless eyes. He studied the string of adobe buildings, then turned to me.

"You know this town, Mister?"

I nodded.

"You know a man called Darby?"

Lots of folks came hunting for Darby, mostly cattlemen who wanted to talk business. But I noticed the rider's Colt, holstered low and thonged to his right thigh. It didn't have the look of cattle business.

I said, "I ramrod for Darby."

His black eyes didn't flicker. "I want to see him."

"He's not in town."

"I'll take a room in the hotel. He'll come to town," the stranger said. "Today."

"He'll want to know your name."

"Call me Waco," he said. The lobby doors swung shut behind him.

Darby sat in the old rocker, with his boots propped on the ranch-house porch rail. His pale eyes stared too hard. But when I finished, all he said was, "The name don't mean a thing."

I wasn't sure. Three years ago, Ross Darby had ridden into Carrizozo and bought up the old Penell spread. He'd hired me and for three years I'd worked beside him. You think you know a man. Then one day, something happens and you see a change in his eyes and you don't know him at all.

Without looking up, Darby said, "What'd he look like?"

"Middling tall. Thin, black-haired," I said. "Seemed damn' cocksure."

Darby stood up.

"Who is he, Ross?" I said.

He turned away. "The name don't mean a thing." He crossed to the screen door. "Do me a favor, Frank. Saddle the dun." He went into the house.

You live with a man for three years. You think you know him. But he's twenty-nine. He lived twenty-six years before you met him.

I dressed the coyote dun and led it up to the kitchen dooryard. Darby came out. He had buckled on a gun. We cut south along the dusty rut of the Carrizozo road. Darby rode silently, his hat low over his eyes. His right hand rested on his thigh, close to the holster.

The hotel lobby was full of worn red plush and worn green carpets and had a glass chandelier imported from New York. The pasty-looking clerk said Waco had 213.

We climbed the stairs. I was on Darby's left. I thought his right hand moved—like when a man loosens his gun in the leather.

The upper hall was dim and dusty. Darby walked straight to 213. He knocked, and a thick voice said, "Come in."

The room was a box with heavy oak furniture. There was a bottle on the table and a glass in Waco's hand. I saw the gun belt and Colt looped over the carved bedstead and I breathed easier. Waco sat by the window, smiling at Darby. Darby didn't smile back. "You wanted to see me."

Waco's lips kept smiling; his bloodshot eyes didn't. "Ever hear of a man called Zwing Sutton?"

Darby didn't answer.

"It started four years ago, in January." Waco looked up from his glass. "I got good reason to recollect the date, Mr. Darby."

"Get to the point," Darby said.

Waco said, "An old boy ran a spread down Pecos way. Zwing Sutton was his foreman. That January, they had trouble; a big mountain cat slaughtered nearly twenty calves."

He stopped, and it was very quiet in the room. Darby stood rigid, watching him.

"So, one morning they headed for the Sacramentos," Waco said. "Sutton was for waiting; there was too much snow in the sky. But the old boy was bound he'd get that cat."

Waco refilled his whisky glass. His eyes were bright. "They were in the upper reaches when the storm broke. The old boy misjudged a drift and tripped; his Winchester went off. There wasn't a whole bone left in his foot." Waco frowned. "Sutton had a choice: he could stick with the old boy and maybe freeze before rescue came, or save his own hide. He lit out."

Darby's face was gray.

Waco said, "The old boy's son found him five days later. The cat had got to him. The body wasn't nice to—"

"I've had enough of this," Darby said.

"There's more," Waco said. "There's the way the son swore he'd get Sutton; the way Sutton lived from then on, beating trail from one fleabag town to the next. Sometimes he thought he'd run far enough." Waco's eyes turned to the window. "He'd start all over; live at peace in the sun. But it was always a winter sun. A sun that couldn't warm a man; a sun that went down too soon."

Abruptly Darby turned to the door.

"Mr. Darby, how far can a man run?"

Darby let go of the latch. "All that's done. It's all over."

I stared at him. You never know, I thought. Nobody ever knows anybody. I felt sick.

"Not all." Waco looked at the gun belt hooked over the bedpost. "We'll meet at sundown, Mr. Darby. Sort of fitting and proper—the last setting of a winter sun."

"You're out of your head."

"At sundown, Mr. Darby."

They looked at each other. Darby's lips parted, but no words came.

I followed him out. In the hallway, he turned. His face was troubled. "Listen, Frank—"

I didn't listen. I had heard too much already. I didn't even look at him. I turned away and got out of there.

THE news got around. "Gun fight," the whispers echoed over back fences, along polished bars, down through the bordello district. "Yeah. Darby and the stranger. At sundown."

The side lanes were quiet under naked willow branches and kids didn't play on the main street. Blue shadows stretched east across the rutted street. Somewhere a dog was barking.

I saw it all from a window of the Palace saloon. Darby started at the north end of the Street. He walked with a loose, easy stride, his right arm hanging free, and his black shadow keeping pace like a silent partner.

Waco looked smaller and thinner coming on to meet Darby, but he walked easy, sure, like a man with some crazy laughter in him. He reached the Granger's Bank, passed Millard's Emporium and then, sharply, his gun hand dropped a fraction quicker than Darby's. I heard the blast and saw Waco fold at the middle and stomp back on his heels. He fell face down. The dog had quit barking.

Then I was running. Men were pushing through the hotel doors, and I was beside Darby, standing over the body.

"Ross, I thought he had you. He—"

I stopped. I followed Darby's stare. Waco's Colt hadn't even cleared leather.

I shook my head. "But he had the drop . . ."

"He always was faster than me."

"I don't get it."

Darby lifted Waco's gun and handed it to me. It was a beautiful piece. Someone had burnt initials in the bone grip. Z. S. Zwing Sutton.

"He thought I was after him," Darby said. "I was, at the start. Later, I realized it wouldn't help my old man if I killed Zwing Sutton. But Sutton figured I'd never give up. First off, I thought he came to settle it his way, to finish me. He was a better shot. Then I saw his eyes. I heard that crazy talk . . ."

Darby holstered his own gun. "Like he said, Frank, how far can a man run? He saw too many winter suns. He had too much of running—from me *and* himself. Funny," Darby said. "He never came to kill. He came to be killed."

People began moving in the quiet street. A couple of grangers had picked up the body. They headed slowly for old Biddle's Funeral Parlor. The sun was nearly gone. It should have been colder then. But I don't know. The last rays had turned red now. They lay warm and peaceful across the dust. As we headed for the Palace bar, I had the notion that spring was moving in on the evening air.

THE END

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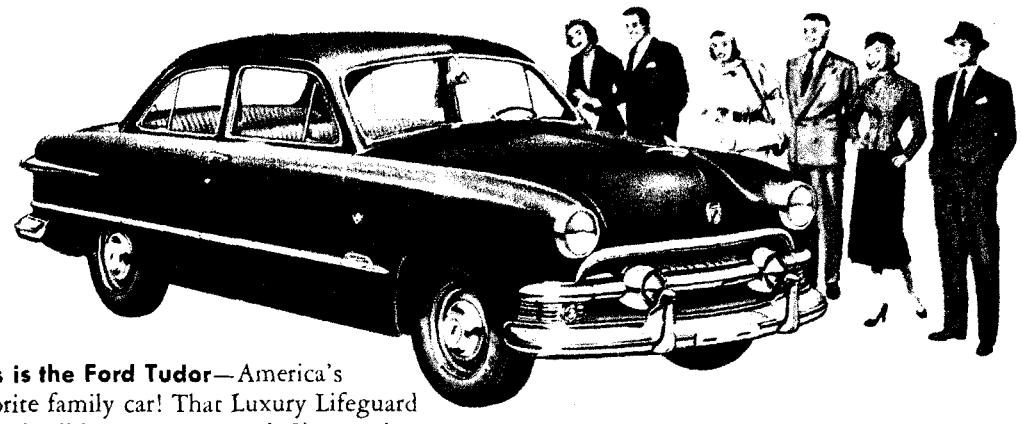

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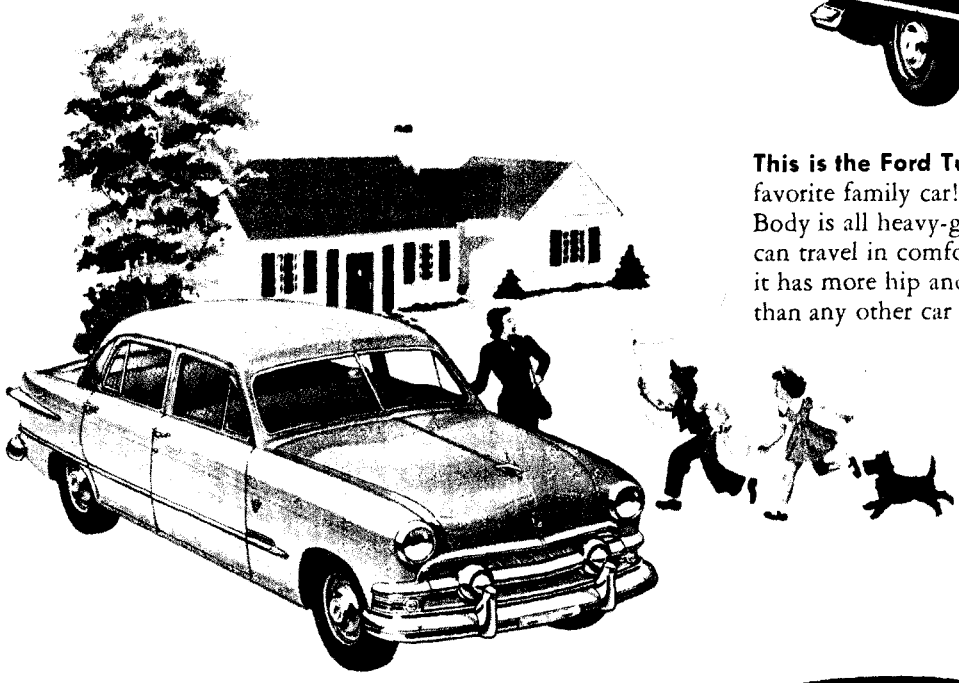

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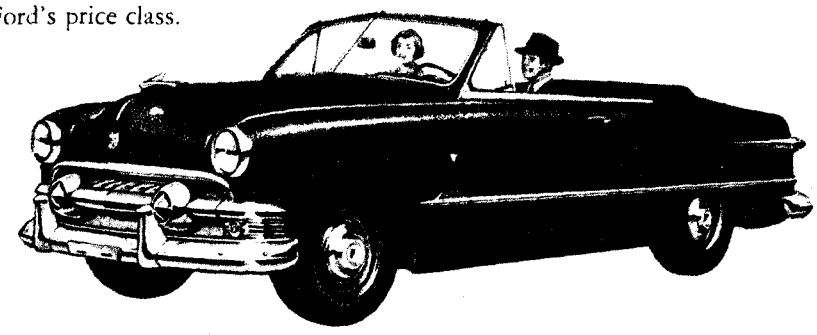

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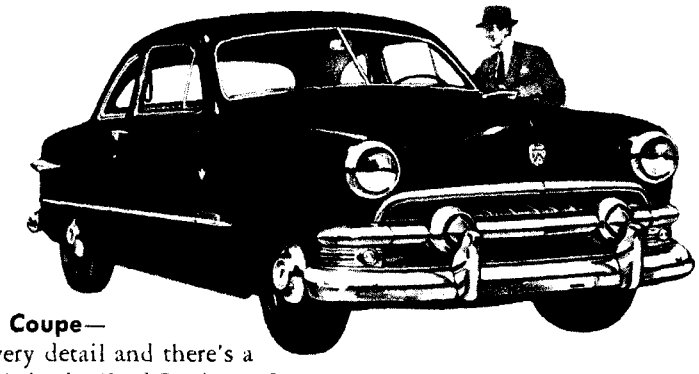

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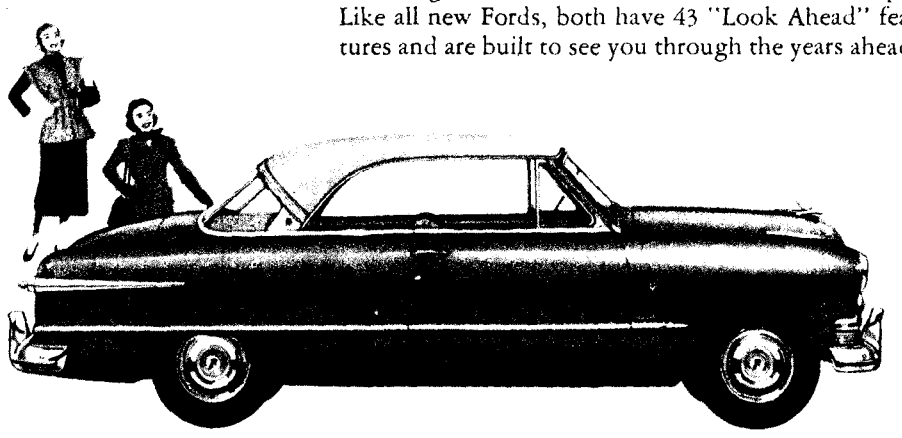

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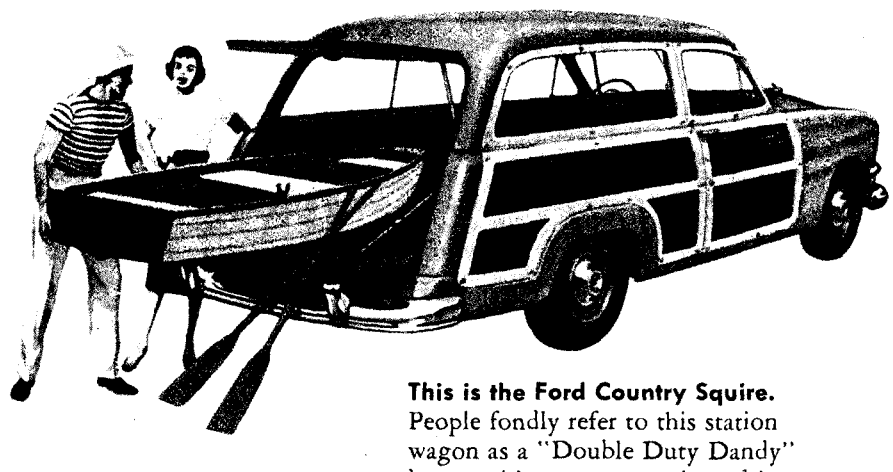

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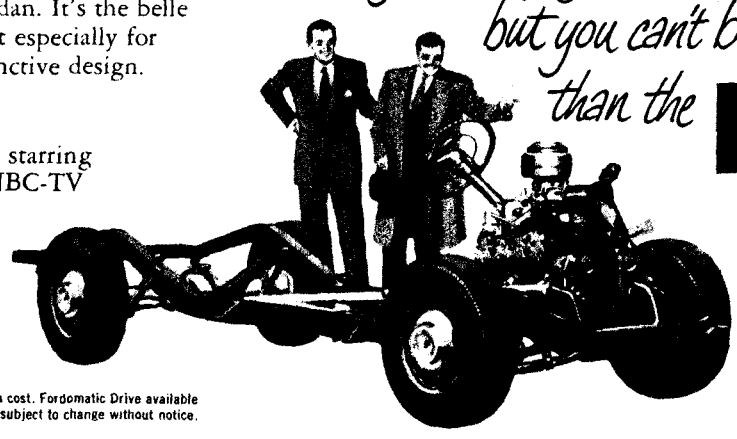

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Mask for Danger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

She said quietly, "I was listening below your window yesterday when you were talking to Dr. Henshaw. Remember, you saw me before I could slip away? I couldn't hear much, but I heard him calling you Lieutenant Young. I didn't know what branch of the service but there are a lot of Navy people around here—as a matter of fact, Dad was Navy. Class of—"

He stirred a little. "Let's skip that Academy routine."

"All right," she said. "Anyway, it was easiest to start with the Navy, so I called Captain Hall in Washington. He was a classmate of Dad's; he's over at BuPers now. He found your records right away. You're David Martin Young, Lieutenant, USNR. You're qualified as a deck officer and you were supposed to report to duty at Norfolk days ago. Which makes you look pretty much like a deserter, Mr. Young."

He lifted his head to look at her. "You seem to know a lot," he said. "Is BuPers supposed to hand out information about Navy personnel to any Navy junior who happens to ask?"

The girl said, "I don't think you're in a very good position to criticize anybody else's behavior, sailor."

HE SENSED a threat in the words and looked at her again, noting that she had, as might have been expected, changed from the wet jeans and shirt in which he had seen her bringing in her bedraggled boat earlier this morning; bringing it in, he reminded himself, from some unexplained nocturnal mission it would be well not to forget about, as it would also be well to keep in mind that she was Lawrence Wilson's girl friend—rather more than a friend, according to Wilson's wife. Now she was wearing slacks and a yellow sweater and brightly colored raffia sandals. She looked small and clean and quite young. Something about the way she looked made him uncomfortable without knowing exactly why.

"What's so hot about yours?" he demanded.

"What?"

"Your position," he said. "I can't see where you're in such a hell of a fine spot to criticize people's behavior, either."

"I don't understand."

He got up and walked past her to the stove and picked up the coffeepot. There was stale coffee in the bottom of it. He poured it out into the cluttered sink, rinsed the pot under the tap, filled it with fresh water, and set it back on the stove. All the while he was conscious of the girl still standing where he had left her, the gun still in her hand. It gave him a certain pleasure to challenge the authority of the weapon by seeming to ignore it.

"They give you a little time," he said. "I doubt if I'm technically a deserter yet, Miss Decker. But even if I were—" He frowned at the row of shiny plastic push buttons that confronted him from the stove's instrument panel. He selected one and pushed it. The element beneath the coffeepot began to crackle, heating. He noticed his hand; it was far from steady. "There are worse things than desertion," he said harshly.

"What do you mean?" She looked genuinely puzzled.

"Desertion is simply refusing to fight for your country," Young said. "Maybe, if I'm—if I've been tempted to desert, I've got reasons. Maybe I know I'd be a liability on any ship they put me on. Maybe I just don't trust myself to—" He checked himself, aware that he was saying more than he had intended. He was trying to defend himself and it sounded like hell. "But at least I'm not working *against* my country," he said.

Bonita Decker frowned. "Why," she said, "you sound as if you thought I was!"

"Aren't you?" he asked. "Aren't you at least trying to help a man who is?"

Suddenly it came to him what it was that bothered him about her. The answer was that she looked innocent. He did not like it; not in this place, under these circumstances. Nobody involved in this mess had any business looking innocent. This was for people with dirty minds and cheap motives; for little people without much guts or honor or decency. It was for sexy female opportunists like Elizabeth Wilson. It was for a doctor like Henshaw, who could betray his profession because of an infatuation for a woman twenty years younger than he; and who could then lose his nerve and double-cross the woman. It was for ruthless people like Wilson himself, who had at least skirted the edges of treason, who could cold-bloodedly plan to murder a complete stranger to save his own skin.

Yes, Young thought, this was just the place for people like Lieutenant David Martin Young, USNR, a guy without the nerve either to desert like an honest-to-God coward or report for duty like a man.

But this girl looked innocent in a way that did not belong here. It wasn't that she seemed stupid or naïve: she was clearly a bright kid and she had undoubtedly heard all the current dirty jokes and learned the slick answers to all the sly questions. But she looked as if they had not really touched her. She looked as if, without making a production of it, she still believed in love and loyalty and thought people were fundamentally nice even though you met a stinker now and then. She made him feel old and cynical and unclean when he looked at her; and he hated her for it because he knew it was a trick.

It had to be a trick. She was Lawrence Wilson's girl; not only on Elizabeth Wilson's testimony but on the man's own. She was the girl for whom Wilson, a married man, had designed a boat on which, after it was built last summer, the two of them had spent considerable time together. She was the girl whose picture—dedicated to him with love—Wilson had carried in his wallet and proudly displayed to his intended victim a moment before attempting a brutal, unprovoked murder.

Even her own actions betrayed her. She was the girl who, incredibly, had managed to keep her mouth shut in the face of learning that her lover was being impersonated by another man. She had come sneaking back to investigate alone, where an innocent person would have brought the police. Her own behavior condemned her as a cheap phony like the rest of them; and it was almost indecent of her to look like a nice, well-scrubbed little girl being allowed, as a special privilege, to sit in on a grown-ups' party.

She was still frowning at his accusation. "Larry?" she said. "Oh," she said, "I see. You think I'm— You're hinting that I—because I'm trying to help him?" She sounded rather startled at the idea.

Young said, "If everything's on the up and up, why didn't you call the police yesterday when you saw I wasn't Wilson?"

"Why, I—I wanted to find out who you were," she said. "Naturally, I wanted to find out what had happened, before— I wanted to talk to Larry first, if I could find him. I thought . . ."

"What?"

"I thought that if he was alive he'd come to me for help," she said a little defiantly. "I didn't want to do anything until I heard from him, or could prove that something had happened to him. The chain was missing," she said.

"Chain?"

"Yes, Amberjack's mooring chain. I helped Larry pull the mooring last fall. He never got it set out again this spring. The chain's been lying on the dock down there, but a few nights ago it disappeared. When I saw you weren't Larry, I couldn't help wondering—" She shivered a little. "It seemed incredible, but I was right, wasn't I? Almost right, anyway. I heard you talking to Dr. Henshaw on the telephone just now: Larry *was* hurt, wasn't he? And they *were* taking him out in the boat with the chain on him to—get rid of him, only Dr. Henshaw came to his senses in time."

Young said, "All the more reason why you should have called the police immediately, wasn't there? If Wilson wasn't doing anything he shouldn't, and you had reason to think he might have been hurt or even killed, the obvious thing to do was call the authorities right away."

"You don't understand—"

Young said, "I think I understand, all right. You figured if he was dead, another day or two wouldn't matter; and if he wasn't, well, you had reason to believe your boy friend wouldn't welcome a police investigation, didn't you, Miss Decker? You didn't want to take a chance of gumming up the works for him. Before you notified anybody, you wanted to be sure Mr. Wilson wasn't going to be inconvenienced by a lot of nosy cops snooping around!"

The red-haired girl studied him for a moment and started to speak; then checked herself and came forward. Without looking at him she laid her gun aside and picked the top of the coffee maker out of the sink. She looked around for a place to empty the grounds that were in it. She spoke without turning her head.

"Please tell me the truth. Do you know where Larry is now?"

"No."

"You told Dr. Henshaw over the phone that—that you saw him last night."

"Uh-huh," Young said. "He took a shot at me."

"I don't believe it."

"You can check. The bullet's still in the woodwork by the front door. I can show you what's left of the flashlight he hit."

"Then he was shooting at the flashlight, not at you. Larry wouldn't—"

"No?"

She glanced at him. "I don't think you're being quite fair, Mr. Young. You seem to take for granted— You're assuming that everything Larry does—everything I do to help him—must necessarily be from the worst possible motives. You're prejudiced against us because you've only heard one side of the story. From *her*. No, let me finish!" she said as he started to interrupt.

"I'm sure the picture Elizabeth paints of—of Larry and me is a dreadful one; I can just imagine the story she's told you! But it isn't like that at all. And Larry isn't like that, Mr. Young. Before—before she got hold of him he was a nice, easygoing boy; why, he taught me to sail when I was fourteen. He was several years older, of course, and I know he thought I was a scrawny, freckled little pest who was always popping up at the wrong time; but he'd take me out just the same and show me how to keep from drowning myself or strangling myself in the running rigging, just because he was that kind of a person, and he knew that Dad had just been killed in the war and I was kind of wandering around like a lost puppy. Of course, he's changed now so you'd hardly know him; he's bitter and unreasonable and he hates *her*, but can you really blame him after the things she's done to him? It wasn't enough that she made him miserable at home; she had to take his work away from him, too!"

Young said, "I see. He claims it's her fault he was fired from the Navy Department?"

SHE started to speak angrily, but checked herself. "Larry never did anything disloyal in his life!" she cried after a moment. "Anybody who says he did is crazy. Oh, it makes me so mad the way they act in Washington!" she cried. "And even around here. You'd think anybody whose name was even mentioned in one of those investigations had been right away tried and convicted of having had personal dealings with Joseph Stalin! Does that seem fair to you?"

"As I understand it, he wasn't just mentioned. He was asked to resign."

"Oh, it's no use talking to you!" Bonita Decker said impatiently. "You've got everything backward; you're so—so hypnotized by her Georgia accent that you're convinced black is white!"

He said, "Look, I didn't get all my opinions from Elizabeth."

"Women like that ought to be shot!" Bonita Decker said fiercely. "Do you know that when they were married Larry had this kitchen fixed up as a special surprise for her? Do you know what she did? She laughed at him! She said she hadn't got

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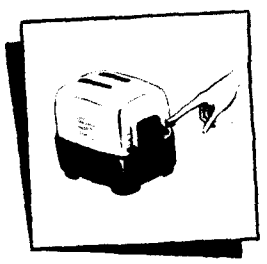

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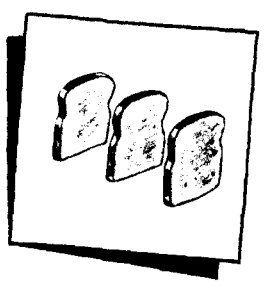

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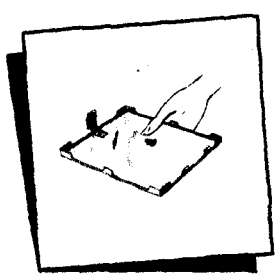

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married to do any cooking. Look at it now! Her maid's been off one day and it's a pigsty in here already."

Working at the stove, she had moved away from the pistol on the counter. He looked at the weapon, but it did not seem the right moment to risk a dangerous scuffle. He said, "All right, let's call the cops and have Mrs. Wilson taken into custody for sloppy housekeeping. You're pretty fond of the guy, aren't you, Miss Decker? And pretty jealous, too!"

She glanced at him again, and shook her head quickly. "It's not at all the way you're thinking," she said. "It really isn't. You don't understand at all. It isn't just Larry, although he was awfully nice to me once when I needed somebody very much. It isn't even the things that have happened to him, although I certainly don't think it should be allowed and I'm certainly going to do everything I can—" She stopped and hesitated, apparently searching for the right words to make something clear to him.

"It used to be *nice* here," she said at last. "Before she came. I'd come home from school or college and—even after Mother married again—it was peaceful and friendly and even if I didn't get along too well up at the house I could always take a boat out and —and kind of feel at home. And then she came, and look at it now! Look what she's done to Larry! Look at Dr. Henshaw; I don't think he's a very good doctor—maybe he couldn't even make a living in a place where people hadn't known his family for generations—but he never did anybody any harm and people liked him, *until she* came along and made him think he was Don Juan with an outboard motor! Now she's almost got him committing murder. And look at you!" she cried, turning to face him. "A naval officer with a fine record and she's got you deserting from the service and hiding here under another man's name to help her! And if you're so sure she's an angel and what you're doing here is all right, Mr. Young, what are you so scared of? Why, when you came into this kitchen and I stepped out from behind the door you almost fainted! Who did you think I was, anyway? The police or the shore patrol or something?"

YOUNG said, "If you were listening when I talked to Henshaw over the phone, you know who I thought it was."

"Larry?" she asked scornfully. "Why should you think Larry would steal into his own house by the back door like a criminal?"

Young said, "Why should he have shot at me last night? But he did."

"I still don't believe it!" Bonita Decker said. "And if he did he probably had a good reason! I was hoping I could talk to you, make you understand. I was hoping you were just a fool she'd picked up somewhere, like Henshaw. But you're no fool, sailor! I think you're playing a tricky, lying game of some kind—you and *her*—and it's no wonder you're afraid of the man whose life she's wrecked! The man whose name you've stolen!"

Young laughed. "Stolen, hell!" he said deliberately. "He gave it to me."

"Now that's a silly thing to say!" she cried. "You certainly don't expect me to believe that!"

"Why not?" he asked. "It's the truth."

"You don't really think you can convince me that you're living here in Larry's house, wearing his clothes, because he *asked* you to? Not after just telling me how he tried to kill you last night!"

"Well, he didn't exactly ask me— No, now you shut up for a while, Miss Decker!" Young said sharply. "I've listened to you telling me what a sweet guy your boy friend is, and how his wife must have told a lot of lies about him. Well, I was prejudiced against Wilson before I ever met his wife, Miss Decker. How do you think I got these?" he demanded, gesturing toward his injured face. "I got them from your nice, easygoing Larry Wilson. He made me a present of his name and his clothes, along with a crack on the head and a couple of kicks in the face and a trip down a fifty-foot embankment in his car that was supposed to kill me."

"Larry?" she gasped. "You're crazy!"

Behind her, the coffee welled up into the top of the coffee maker with a sudden, erupting sound. The girl did not seem to hear it at once; then she gave a start and turned to set the pot off the glowing burner. She switched off the burner and turned slowly back to face Young.

She licked her lips. "Please let me understand this," she said quietly. "You're trying to tell me that Larry attacked you—where?"

"On the highway, in his car," Young said. "About four nights ago; the night he was supposed to've had an accident."

"Where were the two of you going?"

"I don't know where he was going," Young said. "He said he was on his way to Washington. I was trying to get to Norfolk. He picked me up just south of Baltimore." He described what had happened.

"You mean," the girl said stiffly, "he just picked you up and—"

"That's right."

"A man he didn't even know?"

YOUNG shrugged his shoulders. "The next thing I knew I was waking up in the hospital with my face like this and people calling me Mr. Wilson. And so far as I'm concerned, if he wants his name and his clothes back all he has to do is give me back my uniform and my orders and stand still for a minute or two while I take a couple of swings at him with a baseball bat."

"Why didn't you tell them who you were?"

"Well, that," he said dryly, "is the rub. There are two schools of thought on the subject, Miss Decker. One holds that I was just too sick to give a damn; the other claims that I'm just a deserter at heart and saw a swell chance to get out of reporting for duty by turning into somebody else. Take your choice. Then my 'wife' was around to claim the body, and here I am."

"But Elizabeth must have known—"

"Oh, yes," Young said. "She knew I wasn't Larry. That's why she wanted me here. Because in the meantime, that same night, Wilson had come here looking for a hide-out, and she'd had a fight with him and shot him. She thought she'd killed him; she didn't know that Henshaw had managed to revive him on the boat. That was Henshaw's little secret. So she had the bright idea of using me as a substitute to show everybody Larry Wilson was still alive."

"But Larry is alive?"

"Unless he's bitten himself and died of hydrophobia since last night," Young said.

"But you don't know where he's hiding?"

"Not unless Henshaw lied to me and is keeping him somewhere. Or unless you—"

"Me?" Bonita Decker said, startled.

"That boat of yours would be a nice hide-out," Young said, thoughtfuly. "The only thing is, it would be kind of cramped; a guy would have to stay in the cabin all the time at the mooring. But then you could take care of that by going sailing; once you were out on the Bay he could come up for air. You've been pretty busy, haven't you, Miss Decker? Calling Washington, driving over to Rogerstown—"

"How'd you know I'd been to Rogerstown?"

"A nurse from the hospital paid us a visit this morning. Somebody had asked enough questions to make her curious. As I say, you've been pretty busy, Miss Decker. *Yet you found time to go sailing yesterday afternoon; and you were out again early this morning!"* He moved very quickly, he thought; but weakness must have slowed him up, because she almost beat him to it. Her small body crashed into him a moment after his fingers closed on the gun. He threw her aside and stepped clear, waiting for the pain in his bruised chest, brought on by the exertion, to hit him fully. "Tell your boy friend it didn't work," he gasped. "Sending you here with a sob story— He was doing better, last night, with a bullet. What's the matter?"

She was hugging her hand to her chest.

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"Nothing. I just brushed against the hot burner."

"Tough," he said. "Remind me and I'll sympathize with you tomorrow. Well," he said, "what are you waiting for?"

She put the heel of her hand to her mouth, as if to suck the pain out of the burned place; then turned and went slowly to the door and glanced back at him. She started to speak, and checked herself. She went out, and the screen door closed.

Young stood still, waiting. The swinging door to the dining room creaked slightly. He knew who had come in—he had known she was there for several minutes—yet there was time for the chill sense of terror to go down his spine before she identified herself by speaking.

"That was real nice," she said. "I declare, I'm real proud of you, honey."

He turned to look at her. They faced each other for a moment, each with a gun pointed vaguely toward the other; then Young laughed and tucked the red-haired girl's weapon away inside his belt. Elizabeth smiled and dropped her own little gun into the white purse she was carrying. Young was rather surprised to see that she was fully and even carefully dressed. It seemed a long time since he had seen her in anything but a wilted satin dressing gown.

She crossed the kitchen to the stove. "It was nice of the child to make coffee for us," she said lightly. "You should have let her do the eggs and bacon too, honey."

SHE brought their plates to the breakfast nook where he was sitting and slipped into the seat facing him. He watched her pour the coffee. She smiled at him.

"I declare, this is kind of cozy, honey. Like we were really married." She tasted her food and made a face. "I hope you like a lot of salt and pepper on your eggs. I'm really not much of a cook, I reckon."

Young did not smile. He was tired and uneasy and the long-barreled pistol he had taken from Bonita Decker was poking him in the abdomen as he sat there, reminding him—if he needed a reminder—of where he was and of everything that had happened and might yet happen. He sensed that the girl across the table was watching him more closely than she seemed to be; he even had the impression that she was, for some reason, laughing at him just a little.

"Honey, you look real nice, shaved," she said approvingly. "Not at all the way I'd imagined while you were all bandaged up. Or even this morning with all that beard."

"What did you expect me to look like?"

"I don't know," she said. "Older, I reckon. David, what did she want?"

It was the first time he could recall hearing her use his own first name, and it took him a little by surprise. He glanced at her sharply, and was impressed again by the change in her. An hour ago he had helped her to her room, a haggard woman, dishevelled and exhausted from her bout of hysterics. Now, as she faced him across the table, she looked as lovely and serene as if trouble had never touched her. Her shoulder-length dark hair was nicely brushed and her skin had a smooth and glowing look. Her lips were carefully made up in a shade of red just a trifle darker than seemed quite appropriate; it made her look sexy, which, he guessed, was exactly the effect she had intended. She was wearing a summer suit of pink linen and high-heeled white shoes. Young reflected that it was really a screwy situation in which a girl could look more exciting to you fully dressed than she did in a nightgown.

Yes, he still did not like her; and her newfound self-confidence only deepened his mistrust. He could feel that she had reached some kind of an important decision.

"What?" he asked stupidly.

"The Decker child. What was she doing here?"

He found that for some reason it annoyed him to hear her dismiss Bonita Decker contemptuously as a child. "Playing detective, I guess," he said shortly.

"Oh." Elizabeth hesitated; then asked, "For Larry? Do you really think Larry's hiding on her boat, honey?"

"Hell, no," Young said. "She wouldn't be snooping so hard if he were. After all, he could tell her just about everything she's been trying to find out."

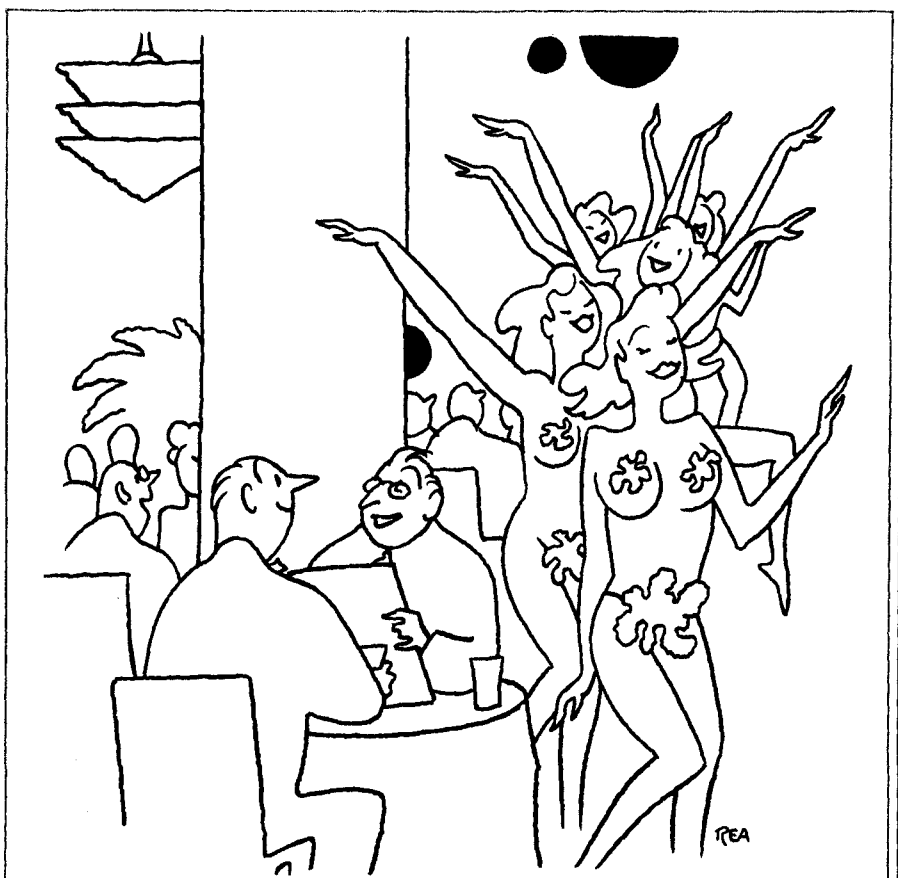
He had succeeded in startling her. "Then why did you say—"

He grinned. "Well, I had to think of an excuse for getting rid of her, didn't I?"

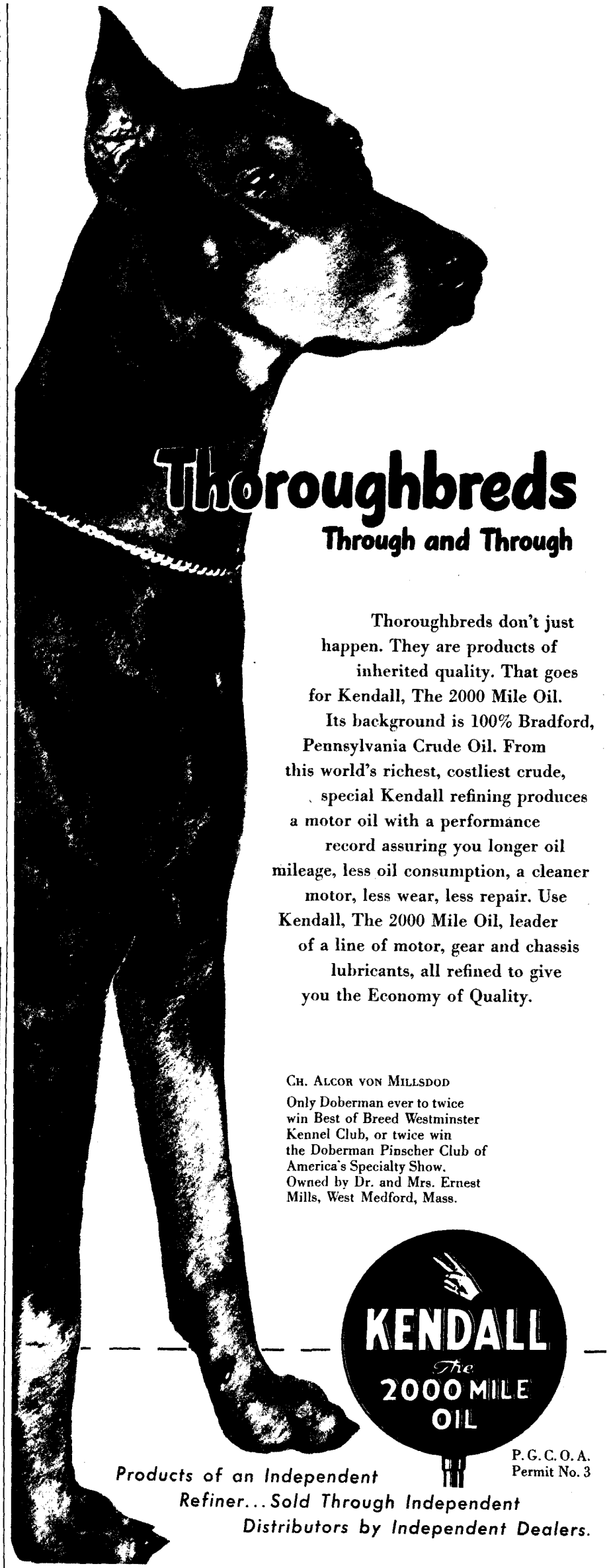
"What do you mean?"

"Well," he said dryly, "I heard you in the dining room, and I could guess you hadn't left your gun upstairs. And the kid had her twenty-two. Well, somebody could have got shot, and it might have been me."

Elizabeth laughed. "Honey, you're cute. But wouldn't it have been—safer to keep her here?"



COLLIER'S "Oddly enough, the food here is excellent" GARDNER REA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"How?" he asked. "And safer for whom?"

"Well," she said, "for you, David. She knows you're not Larry Wilson."

"She's known that since yesterday and hasn't done anything yet," he said. "But thanks for worrying about me, anyway."

"Darling, you don't have to be sarcastic," she murmured. "Anyway, we're all in this together now. Aren't we?" He did not answer, and she set her cup down carefully and looked at him. "Aren't we?" she repeated, a little more sharply.

"Henshaw isn't," Young said. "He handed in his resignation half an hour ago."

THERE was a little pause. She took a small sip of coffee and set her cup down again. "Bob?" she said. "Oh, yes. He called up, didn't he?"

Young said, "Cut it out. You know damn' well he called up."

"But, honey—!" After a moment she smiled. "All right, David. I did hear you talking to him on the phone. But I couldn't make out— Did you tell him you'd seen Larry? What did he say?"

Young told her.

When he had finished, she was staring at him, shocked. "You mean, Bob said he—*knew?* He—*admitted* he'd known all the time that Larry was alive?"

"That's right."

"But why? How could he have let me keep on thinking I'd killed—"

"Can't you guess?"

She glanced at him; then her eyes wavered and looked away. "Tell me," she said. "Tell me what he said, honey."

Young said, "Well, it seems that your husband didn't really appreciate being shot by you, Elizabeth. And when he woke up in the boat and found himself all laid out for a burial, he was sore, according to Dr. Henshaw. He talked. He told Henshaw a few things that must have been pretty disillusioning to a middle-aged guy in love with a girl twenty years younger."

"Things about me?"

"Uh-huh. And the doc has a certain amount of pride, I guess, although it comes out kind of funny at times. He could stand knowing that you'd lied to him, maybe *played him for a sucker from the beginning*; but he couldn't quite take having *you* know that he knew and still couldn't keep away."

"I see." After a while, without looking up, Elizabeth asked, "Did he say what—Did he tell you what Larry had said about me, David?"

"No."

"But you think you know, don't you, honey?" She reached across the table to pat his hand lightly. "You've got me all figured out, haven't you? You believe everything anybody tells you about me, don't you, David? A spiteful old man and a jealous little girl!"

Young withdrew his hand. It was a childish move, born of acute discomfort; and it shattered completely the pretense that they were two people who liked each other having breakfast together. Elizabeth's breath caught momentarily, and a little color came to her face. She lowered her eyes as if in hurt and confusion; but not before he had seen a flash of some wicked emotion that frightened him a little.

"I'm sorry, honey," There was an edge to her voice. "I didn't mean to—"

"He came here," Young said harshly. He felt the need to justify his action. "Your husband. Lawrence Wilson. That night after he thought he'd covered his trail by leaving my dead body in his wrecked car, dressed in his clothes. It was *here* that he came, Elizabeth!"

"I don't understand—"

Young said, "According to you, he hated *your guts*. You hated his. He had a willing little girl friend with plenty of money. Did he go to her? No, he came to *you* for help! To his wife, who was supposed to have kicked him out because he'd got himself mixed up with some nasty Communists! Does that make sense to you?"

She shook her head, not in denial but just as if to say that it was all unimportant. "But—"

Young said, "I'm thinking that you and your husband have been taking everybody for a nice ride, Elizabeth; particularly that redheaded kid and Dr. Henshaw. You were working together right along, weren't you? Only your husband got himself noticed somehow, didn't he? He was investigated and asked to resign from his government job. That was tough; he was spotted, the finger was on him, his usefulness was at an end. But yours wasn't; not if people could be persuaded that you detested everything he stood for, that you'd even refused to live with him any longer when you learned what he'd been doing. And Bonita Decker made a nice decoy for him; he started making up to her with some story about being innocently persecuted. She fell for it; and that attracted attention to her and took the heat off you, so that you could—"

"What, David? What could I do?" Her voice was cool now, and a little amused.

"I don't know, exactly," he said. "But it's got something to do with boats, I think. Like that powerboat that was anchored in the cove yesterday, that pulled out in the middle of the night, a little after the time you claim to have been down aboard the Amberjack necking with Dr. Henshaw. How did you get wet sand on your shoe, just going down to the dock and coming back up again? It looks like a pretty dry path to me. I think you took a walk along the beach and somebody came ashore in a dinghy and met you."

"Bob will tell you I was with him!"

"Oh, I haven't any doubt you met Henshaw, too," Young said. "Sure. Everybody on the river probably knows about you two; you've made damn' sure they would, haven't you, Elizabeth? Having the doc come here at night in his little outboard motorboat and meeting him down at the cruiser. You were kind of using Henshaw the way your husband was using the Decker kid, weren't you? You knew that everybody in the neighborhood would be so busy tittering about Mrs. Wilson's clandestine affair with a man old enough to be her daddy that it wouldn't occur to them to notice what else she might be doing nights."

She started to speak and stopped. After a moment she stood up, picked up the empty plates, and carried them over to the sink. She spoke without looking at him.

"Honey, you're a real clever boy," she said. "You ought to take up writing books, the way you can figure things out."

"I'm right, aren't I?"

"No," she said. "No, honey, you're wrong as hell!" and there was a little crash as something dropped from her hands into the sink. She was leaning against the sink, gripping it with both hands, and her shoulders were shaking. He got up quickly and hurried across the kitchen. She turned before he reached her and looked up at him, her face momentarily contorted with wild, silent laughter. Then, with an effort that made Young's hands close tightly in reluctant sympathy, she got control of herself, and the crazy amusement went out of her face and, finally, even out of her eyes.

"I'm sorry!" she gasped.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing!" she breathed. "Nothing, honey! You wouldn't—understand!"

HE WATCHED her, puzzled and bewildered and uneasy. She straightened up. "The hell with the dishes," she said. "Let's get out of this mess. Let's have another cup of coffee in the living room."

"*All right,*" *he said.*

Something happened to him as he turned. He seemed to lose his balance a little—not much, but enough to startle him. He recovered and, hoping that she had not noticed, walked carefully back to the breakfast nook and filled their empty cups. She was beside him as he set the coffeepot aside.

"Is something the matter, honey?" she asked. "I declare, you look—sort of funny."

"No, I'm all right," he said shortly. "Just a little tired."

"You'd better go in and sit down," she said. *"You shouldn't be up at all, so soon* after . . . No, I'll bring the cups."

"All right."

He turned away and crossed the kitchen, aware of her behind him; but he found himself concentrating very hard on the act of walking. It was rather like being a little drunk, except for a frightening sense of dizziness; and suddenly the doctor's words returned to him: *There is always a possibility of some minor lesions of the brain. As part of the process of healing, blood clots may form at the point of injury. If these are dislodged, by a shock, or violent activity of any kind, they will be swept into the blood stream and may become trapped in the smaller capillaries of the brain, causing paralysis or even death.* Young's shoulder struck the doorjamb hard enough to hurt. He grasped at the molding to steady himself. Behind him he heard Elizabeth set down the cups she was carrying.

"Honey!" Her arm was about him. "Here, lean on me. Do you think you can make it upstairs?"

"I'm all right," he said. "Just give me a minute. Kind of dizzy."

He had a vague impression of being helped across the dining room; and of fighting his way up the stairs. Then he was in the room that actually belonged to Lawrence Wilson, but which had been his so long that he could not help thinking of it as his. The bed came up to meet him. He was aware of Elizabeth Wilson leaning over him. Her face came closer, smiling. There was a tug at his belt. Her face receded. He looked at the long-barreled automatic pistol she was pointing at him, and heard her laugh.

"Don't look so scared, David," she said. "You're not really dying. You just ate some sleeping pills with your scrambled eggs."

The panic drained out of his mind like a receding wave, leaving him shaken but clearheaded. He thought: How stupid can you get?

ELIZABETH laughed again. There was a nasty little note of triumph in the sound. "I reckon the trouble with you, honey, is you don't think anybody else has any brains. It's easy to slip somebody a *drug when they aren't watching*, isn't it? Like you did to me last night. Did you really think I wouldn't realize when I woke up this morning that you'd drugged me? Well, now you know how it feels!"

He licked his lips. "Why—"

The gun was steady in her hand. "Don't move, David. I don't trust you one little bit; you're smart enough to act weaker than you really are. Why?" she asked. "Because I'm leaving. I'm getting out. And I don't want you calling anybody before I'm so far away that nobody'll ever catch me. *David!*"

Her voice had started to drift away from him, but the sound of his name brought him back to attention. "Yes."

"Concentrate, David. Listen to me. When you wake up . . . David, are you listening?"

"I'm listening," he whispered.

"When you wake up—" She was closer now, bending over him. He had trouble focusing his eyes on her face. "I'm giving you a break, honey, so listen closely. I'm going to tell you something that'll make them forget about your being late in reporting for duty. I'm going to let you be a hero, honey. When you wake up—*pay attention now!*—call the FBI. Tell them it's tonight. Tonight . . ."

"What's tonight?" he asked thickly.

"They'll know. Tell them the message is being passed tonight. The boat is the Marbeth, *out of— Repeat what I just told you!*"

He licked his lips. "Marbeth," he said.

"—out of Baltimore. She was in here yesterday but the man was afraid of attracting attention by staying any longer, so he went on down the Bay. They'll take the Amberjack down to the rendezvous. It's off the south end of Elder Island. Tell them to use small boats because there's only a couple of feet of water. What did I just say?" she demanded.

"Shallow water," he said. "Marbeth. Off Elder Island."

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"Honey, you're wonderful! They'll scuttle the Amberjack and take the little cruiser down the Bay like an ordinary pleasure boat, until they can head out into the Atlantic to meet whoever's going to pick them up. I'm supposed to go along. Ugh!" She shivered. "Boats make me seasick, and besides, I reckon I like this side of the ocean better than the side they're going to." She was silent for a moment. "Honey?"

"Yes."

"Look at me, honey. Open your eyes and look at me. That's better." She was quite close to him, her face enormous in his blurred field of vision. "Honey, tell them—tell them for God's sake to get all of them! Don't let any of them get away!" For a moment her voice was vibrant with urgency and fear. Then she straightened up and laughed. "All right, David. It's been real nice knowing you. I'm leaving the gun right beside you. You might need it."

He was vaguely aware of her moving to the door, although he could not seem to keep his eyes open. Her voice seemed to come to him over an endless distance, with a queer little laugh in it.

"Give my regards to Larry—if you meet him."

HE HAD been far away, and he had a long way to come back, but he made it. He woke up, breathless, in total darkness, waiting for something, and it came: a dull, reverberating sound like the note of a cracked and muffled bell, the sound that had summoned him back to consciousness.

His eyes searched the darkness desperately for a moment before they discovered the faint, reassuring rectangle of the window: there was nothing wrong with his vision; he had just slept the whole day away and it was night outside. The bell-like sound came again. *Bell, hell,* he thought grimly, and struggled off the bed.

His head ached when he moved; the healing cuts on his face hurt; his nose itched beneath the protecting tape; and his muscles were stiff and cramped from the long, drugged sleep. The old bruises where his chest had smashed into the steering wheel of Lawrence Wilson's car protested against every breath he took. Yet in a way he felt healthier than he had in a long time; a little fuzzy from the heavy dose of sedative Elizabeth had given him, but much less as if he were made of glass and likely to fall apart if somebody dropped him.

He stumbled around the bed to the window and, keeping well back, peered out. Tonight there was no moon and at first he could make out nothing except the dim circle of the drive, the blackness of the trees, and the dull sheen of the river at the foot of the hill. The lights in the cottages on the far bank of the river looked dim and far away. There was a small breeze stirring. He could feel it cool on his face. After the days of having his head totally wrapped in bandages, it was good to have a face again, even if it wasn't in first-class condition.

Then a man stepped furtively out of the border of bushes near the corner of the house and tiptoed out into the drive, bent over to pick up some pellets of gravel, and straightened up to toss them gently at the second-story window at that end of the house: the window of Elizabeth Wilson's room. They struck the screen with the same dull noise that had awakened Young. The man waited, poised, with his arm half raised; a big man wearing a light topcoat and a hat pulled down over his eyes as if he were afraid of being recognized.

Young stood quite still, gripping the window frame tightly. The familiar, strangling sensation of panic seemed to seize his chest and throat; when the man below glanced casually toward the window where he stood, he threw himself backward as if he were expecting a repetition of the shot that had barely missed him the night before. He crouched against the bed for what seemed like a long time before he could make himself rise and approach the window again.

Nobody was standing in the drive when he looked out, and for a moment Young thought the other man had disappeared completely. Then he saw Wilson moving away across the lawn without haste, pausing to glance back at the unlighted house. Something seemed to startle the big man. He broke into a run and vanished among the trees at the edge of the hillside that led down to the water.

At the same time, Young heard the sound of a car. Headlights swung around the corner of the house. An open convertible pulled to a stop below him. The girl behind the wheel switched off her lights and got out. Even in the dark there was no mistaking the color of her hair. She stood for a moment looking uneasily about her; then walked around her car and came up the steps to the front door. The sound of the knocker seemed to echo through the house.

Belatedly, Young recalled the gun Elizabeth had left on the bedside table; reminded of it, probably, by the appearance of the girl to whom it belonged. He picked it up and went down the hall, as the knocker sounded again; and paused halfway down the stairs to wait, flattened against the wall, with the long-barreled pistol aimed at the front door. Presently the door opened gently, showing a small figure in slacks silhouetted against the lighter darkness outside. Young heard the sighing sound as she let the screen door close behind her.

"Larry," she said. "Larry, where are you?"

Young did not speak. Bonita Decker came forward into the hall. He sensed that she knew her way about this house better than he did; she moved directly toward the light switches on the wall, which he had not known were there until she drew his attention to them by pausing beside them.

"Larry?" she said. "Hello—is anybody home?"

Then she pressed all the switches at once; throwing on the light in the hall, on the stairs, and outside the front door. She stood for a moment in the hall below Young, looking into the dark rooms to either side, before her attention was drawn, somehow, to his presence above her on the stairs. He saw her take a step backward; and her expression told him how he must look to her, a large, rumpled, beat-up character staring down at her, narrow-eyed, over the barrel of a pistol. Even over the twenty feet that separated them he could see her face become so pale that all the freckles that had been mere golden flecks of color beneath the sunburned skin suddenly stood out sharply. She licked her lips before she spoke.

"Oh," she whispered. "It's you!"

"Who'd you expect?"

"The note said—"

"What note? No, stay away from those light switches!"

HE CAME down the stairs. He was conscious of her steady look as he moved around her, keeping out of direct line with the front doorway until he could reach the door with his foot and kick it shut.

"What are you scared of now, Lieutenant?" she asked scornfully.

"Of lots of things," he said. "I'm scared of the dark, boats frighten me silly, and the smell of oil or gasoline sends me into a complete panic. I'm scared of big girls and little girls and guys named Larry Wilson. But at the moment I'm just worrying about being shot at, like last night. He might not miss next time."

She said, "I *still* don't believe Larry—"

He said irritably, "I don't give a damn what you believe, Decker. Now, what's this about a note?" He tucked the gun away under his belt. The action seemed to reassure her.

She hesitated; then brought a slip of paper out of her pocket. "It was on my boat—the Mistral—when I went down to furl the sails after lunch. I'd raised them to let them dry; they'd got kind of wet last night. When I came back aboard, this was stuck to the main hatch cover with a thumbtack." She started to give it to him, but checked herself and looked up into his face. "I don't expect you to believe me, but Larry *hasn't* been staying aboard like you claimed this morning, and I really haven't any idea where he is. That's why—why I took the chance that this note was really—"

He held out his hand. "Let's see."

The slip of paper held the scrawled message: *Bunny, nine o'clock tonight at the house, Larry.* Young studied it thoughtfully.

"Just in case you're interested," the girl said, "I told Mother I was coming here, in case it should be—some kind of a trick. That's why I drove in with my lights on, too. I wanted to be sure people knew I was here."

Young said, "Bunny. That's what he calls you, isn't it?"

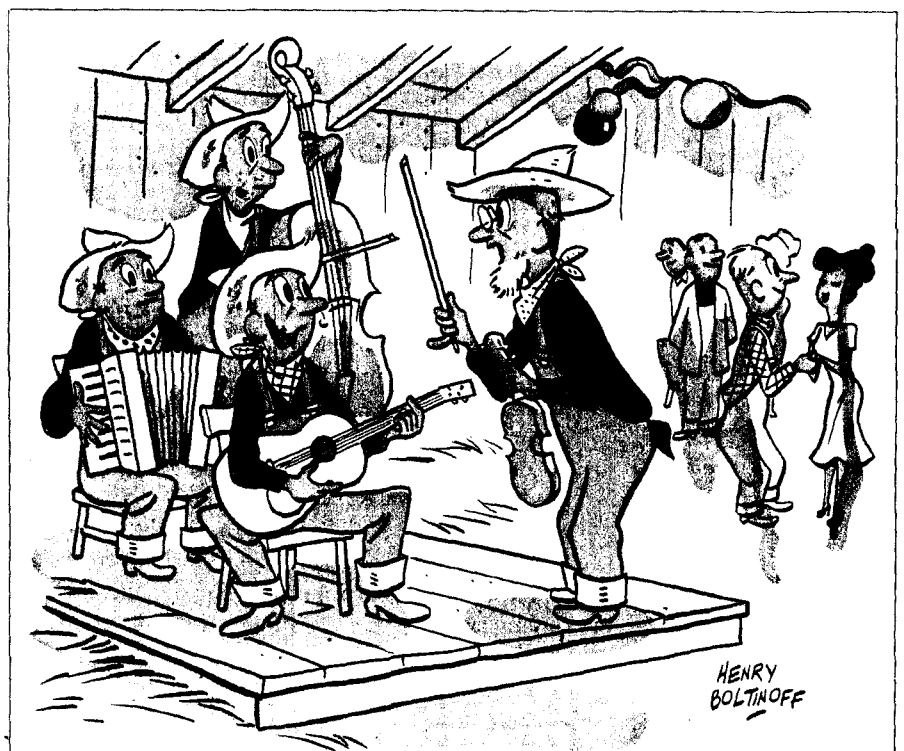
"Yes. But it's not exactly a secret."

"Isn't this his handwriting?"

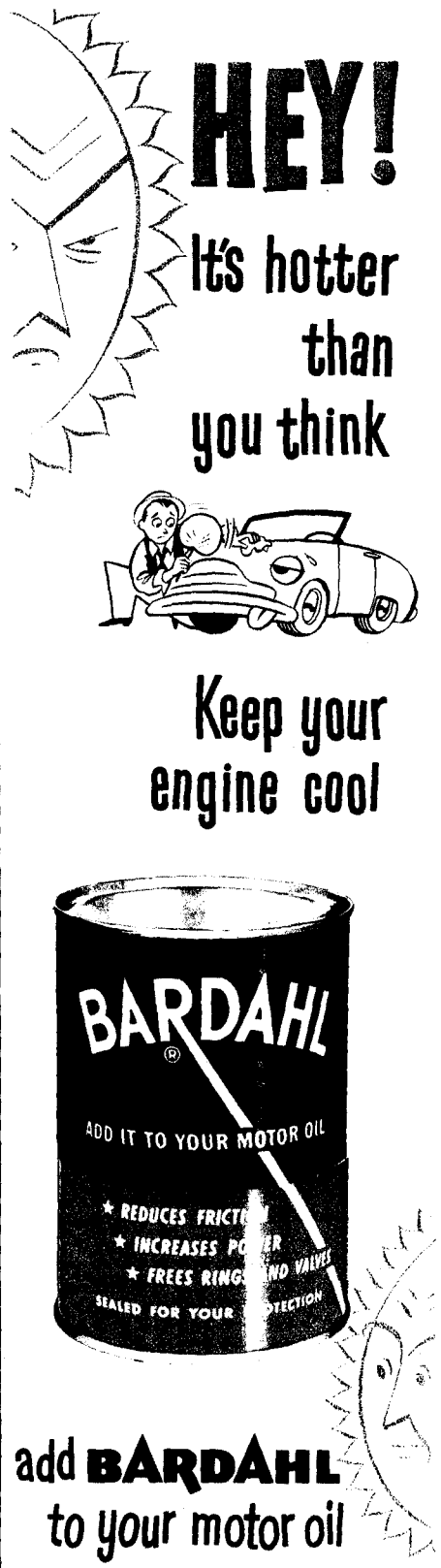
"Don't be silly," she said. "How many people's handwriting can you recognize? Particularly if somebody made a point of trying to imitate—"

He glanced at her. "I didn't write this, if that's what you're driving at."

"Didn't you? Then why were you wait-



COLLIER'S "Okay, fellows. Let's take it again from the *Allegro Ma Non Troppo*" HENRY BOLTINOFF



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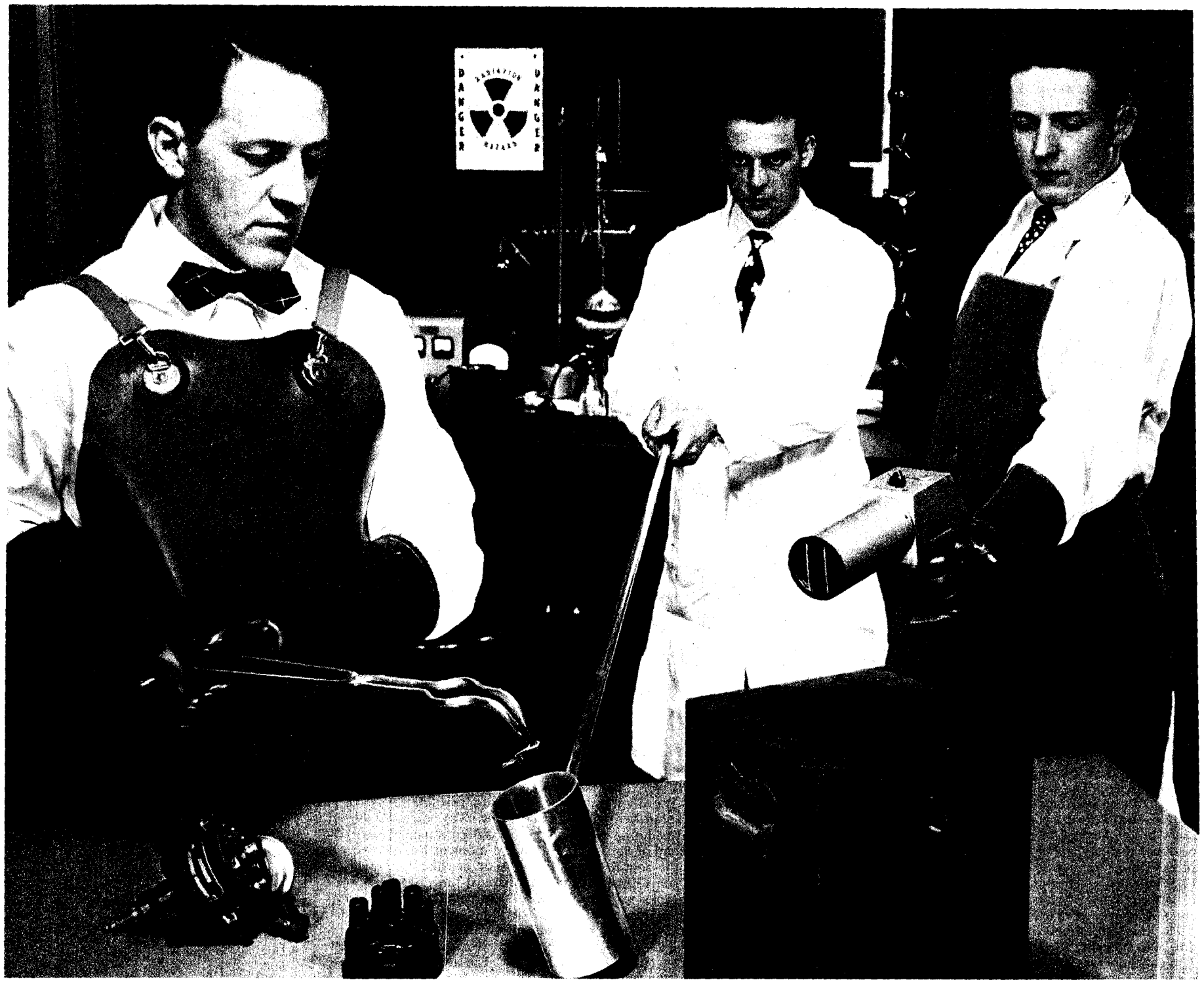

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ing for me here, in the dark, with a gun?"

"For you?" he said. "What do I want with you, Carrots? I've got enough troubles without trying to run a nursery."

She said stiffly, "I'm twenty-two years old, Mr. Young: too old to be annoyed by childish references to the color of my hair!" He did not speak, and after a moment she went on in a different tone of voice, "But if you didn't write it, then maybe Larry's—" She looked around expectantly, as if hoping for the man to walk in.

Young said, "You're kind of fond of this Wilson character, aren't you?"

She said, "No, I'm not 'fond' of Larry Wilson, not in the way you're trying to insinuate. He's a good friend of mine who's in trouble. I don't think people should get in trouble that way, not in a country that's supposed to be free and democratic. I don't like to see somebody dropped by all his friends like—like a hot potato the minute there's just a hint—not even evidence—that he *might* have done something subversive." Bonita Decker drew a long breath. "I happen to believe in my friends, Mr. Young, even if it doesn't seem to be fashionable any longer. I've known Larry Wilson since we were both kids, and people are going to have to *prove* to me that he's a traitor. I don't think they can."

YOUNG looked down at her curiously. She looked rather flushed and defiant, as if she were aware that she was making a speech. He said deliberately, "I wonder why it is that every time they get the goods on one of those people there's always some idealistic sap ready to stand up and yell that the guy's just a poor persecuted liberal."

"But they haven't *got* the goods on Larry!" she cried. "Or if they have, nobody told him what they were. Nobody in Washington told him anything; just that he wasn't wanted any longer—for reasons of security! Is that any way to take a man's career and reputation away from him? And then he came here where people had known him all his life, and it was horrible, as if he'd contracted leprosy or something! Even his wife wouldn't speak to him; she almost made a point of letting people know that they no longer—no longer shared the same room. And the disgusting part of it was that people fell for it! Why, ladies who'd never had anything to do with the woman suddenly started having her in for tea—just to be fair, they said! They felt sorry for her; and I guess in some funny way they wanted to justify themselves for rejecting Larry by being nice to his wife, who'd also turned against him. Oh, it was a cozy little Let's-Despise-Larry-Wilson society around here last summer, I can tell you, Mr. Young. Not one of his friends had the guts to stand up in public and ask just exactly what he'd done to be treated like—"

"Except you?"

She said, breathlessly, "Well, there used to be a principle that a man is innocent until he's proved guilty, and that he's entitled to a fair trial, and that he's got a right to face his accusers—"

Young said, "Any time he wants to face me, bring him around." Then he remembered his shameful reaction, only a few minutes ago, to the sight of the man they were discussing; and his words suddenly sounded false and boastful in his ears. But they brought the girl up short.

After a moment she asked, uncertainly, "But you don't know anything about why he was asked to resign from the Navy Department. Or do you?"

Young said, "No, but I can testify that for a good American citizen your boy Wilson is just too damn' handy with a club and a gun."

"He's not my-boy-Wilson," she said. "And I still don't believe Larry would—"

"Try to beat a man to death?" Young glanced at the small girl facing him. She looked young and innocent and, somehow, vulnerable; and while he did not trust her at all, he found himself strangely reluctant to hurt her. "Look," he said, almost gently, "look, Carrots, couldn't it be that they've played you for a sucker?"

"What do you mean?"

Young said, "Let's put it this way: the guy you've got all these idealistic notions about is the same guy I know was doing his damnedest to kick my face in a few nights ago. No," he said quickly as she started to protest, "hold it! Before you start calling me a crook and a liar, let me tell you what his wife told me just before she packed her bags and lit out . . ."

He heard his own voice trail away, as he remembered what else Elizabeth had told him. She had wanted him to call the FBI. It seemed incredible that the message could have slipped his memory completely until this moment; and with a bitter sense of guilt he understood that he must have wanted to forget until it was too late. You and Freud and Adler! he thought. Get a move on, bud—you can psychoanalyze yourself later!

The red-haired girl was beside him as he picked up the telephone. She asked a question. He did not answer. His mouth was dry and he had to lick his lips to speak.

"Hello? Hello. . . ."

Suddenly the house seemed very still. There was no sound in the world at all; until Bonita Decker asked, "What's the matter?"

He could feel the heavy beating of his heart. Instead of answering, he thrust the telephone at her and turned away, and walked out of the light hall, through the dark living room, to the big front windows, listening to his own blood singing in his ears. It seemed only natural that there should be a light showing in the cabin of the big power cruiser moored to the dock at the foot of the hill; although there had been no light there a few minutes ago, when he had been watching Lawrence Wilson from the upstairs window. *They'll take the Amberjack down to the rendezvous,* Elizabeth Wilson had said.

Out in the hall, he heard the futile rattling as Bonita Decker tried to bring to life the silent instrument in her hand. When she spoke, her voice had an edge of fear.

"Why," she said, "why, this phone's dead!"

There was fear all around them. He wanted to run; but there was, he knew suddenly, no place to run to. It was almost a relief to know it; there was no decision to make. The decisions had all been made by somebody else. He heard Bonita Decker coming toward him, and he wondered briefly whether to try sending her for help, but he knew that even if he could persuade her to go—and trust her to deliver the message if she agreed—she would never make it. If she were actually the sincere, idealistic kid she seemed to be, decoyed here for a purpose, there wasn't any use in sending her out into the darkness to run into a trap where she might be hurt or even killed. Wilson would have thought of the possibility and provided for it. And if she were something else from what she seemed, there wasn't any point in making her strain the act she was putting on for him still further.

"Why, there's a light aboard the Amberjack!" Bonita Decker said, surprised. "I wonder if— Maybe Larry's down there!"

Her voice, he thought, sounded a little too innocent and ingenuous; and he had never really believed in that kind of bright, wholehearted idealism, anyway; at least not since the war. The kid was laying it on a little thick; but it did not matter. He could either let her lead him down there or wait for somebody to come up to get him. The telephone wire had not been cut for nothing; nor had Wilson been throwing stones at the windows to arouse his wife, not with the garage standing open and empty to show that she had taken the station wagon and fled. They had wanted him awake, Young thought; they wanted him along for some reason; if they hadn't they would have gone off and left him sleeping. It seemed that he was going to wind up on a boat whether he wanted to or not.

He was aware of the girl beside him as he walked to the front door. He wanted to light a cigarette, or toss off a drink, or yawn, or spit casually; but he knew he could not fool himself, and he doubted that he could fool the girl. She knew he was scared, too. He pulled open the door and walked out on the lighted steps.

"Come on."

"What are you going to do?"

"Go see your boy friend."

"Who were you trying to call a moment ago?" she asked.

"The FBI," he said.

She glanced at him. "I don't believe it. You could have called them this morning. Anyway, I don't think you'd have the nerve, Lieutenant. They might ask you why you hadn't reported for duty yet."

"Never mind," he said. "Come on."

She held back. "If Larry's down there—"

"He's down there."

"You've seen him?"

"Uh-huh."

"What are you going to do to him?" she demanded. "Will you give him a chance to talk, to explain?"

"Sure," he said. "Come on."

At the edge of the lawn he drew a long breath that hurt the bruises and torn ligaments in his chest but did not seem to touch the emptiness in his lungs. The girl looked at him. He walked slowly down the path and she followed him. The steeper portions of the path were laid in shallow stone steps that were treacherous in the dark. The night breeze felt colder as he neared the water. He made no attempt at silence; when he reached the dock, his steps resounded hollowly on the heavy boards. It was a fairly long dock and the cruiser lay at the end of it, the deckhouse windows outlined by the light inside, but shielded by the kind of Venetian blinds some people put on their boats so that you could not see who was aboard.

He visualized the probable plan of the boat in his mind as he went forward. On a forty-footer there would not be much variation from the standard pattern: an open cockpit at the stern for fishing; the closed, glassed-in deckhouse with steering wheel and engine controls; and, down a couple of narrow steps, the galley, toilet and sleeping quarters beneath the forward deck. As he came closer, he noticed that the forward hatch was open for ventilation. He could not think what good these bits of knowledge would do him, but they passed through his mind anyway. He was aware of the old, familiar low-tide smells; he noticed that the tide was still ebbing, although, by the looks of it, they did not have much tide this far up the Bay. He found himself remembering places he had known where the rise and fall was ten feet and more; it seemed to him that he had been away from salt water a long time.

HE PAUSED momentarily before he reached the Amberjack to look down at something shiny visible through the spaces between the boards of the dock. Beneath his feet was a rowboat that had been pushed under the dock for concealment; his attention had been caught by the bright metal of the outboard motor clamped to its stern. He could not think of anything intelligent to do about this, and he stepped up six inches to Amberjack's cockpit coaming, and dropped down two feet to the cockpit floor.

Bonita Decker, above him, spoke his name softly. He turned and took the hand she reached down to him for assistance, and caught her as she jumped. For a moment she was in his arms, a small, compact, surprisingly feminine body. As he set her on her feet again, he was conscious of feeling vaguely responsible for the kid; rather laughable, he thought, under the circumstances. He turned away and opened the deckhouse door.

There were two people inside. Elizabeth Wilson had apparently been seated on the settee to starboard; but she was on her feet when Young came in. He was startled to see her and—remembering the lovely, self-confident, consciously seductive young woman who had outwitted and drugged him that morning—even more startled by her appearance. Now she looked like a tramp—her long dark hair stringy about her streaked face, her smart pink suit wrinkled, shockingly dirty, and lacking a button so that her underwear showed, also soiled and disordered. There was something terribly wrong with her face besides the dirt on it; and a curious stiffness in the way she moved, as if she were old and tired.

"David!" she gasped. *"Oh, David, honey."*

As she came to him, he held her for a moment awkwardly; and suddenly she had flung herself free. The gun from his belt was in her hand, pointing at him but Young was only vaguely aware of her treachery. He was looking at the man in the hat and light topcoat standing by the controls at the forward end of the small cabin. Even seeing the face thus, unmistakably recognizable in good light at close range, he could not believe what he saw.

Without letting the gun in his hand waver, the man took off his hat. It was almost as if he were removing a disguise; the action, as with most bald men, made him look years older.

"Take it easy, Young," Dr. Henshaw said.

(To be concluded next week)

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

A New Historical Romance of the South Seas

Marianna Moore was a missionary's daughter, and the stern morality in which she'd been reared told her she mustn't fall in love with a worldly man like Jonas Burkham. But Tahiti, her exotic homeland, with its half-pagan way of life, was part of her heritage too; and in the island's hour of crisis, she and Jonas were thrown together, to fight side by side for the freedom of the people they both loved.

POINT VENUS

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

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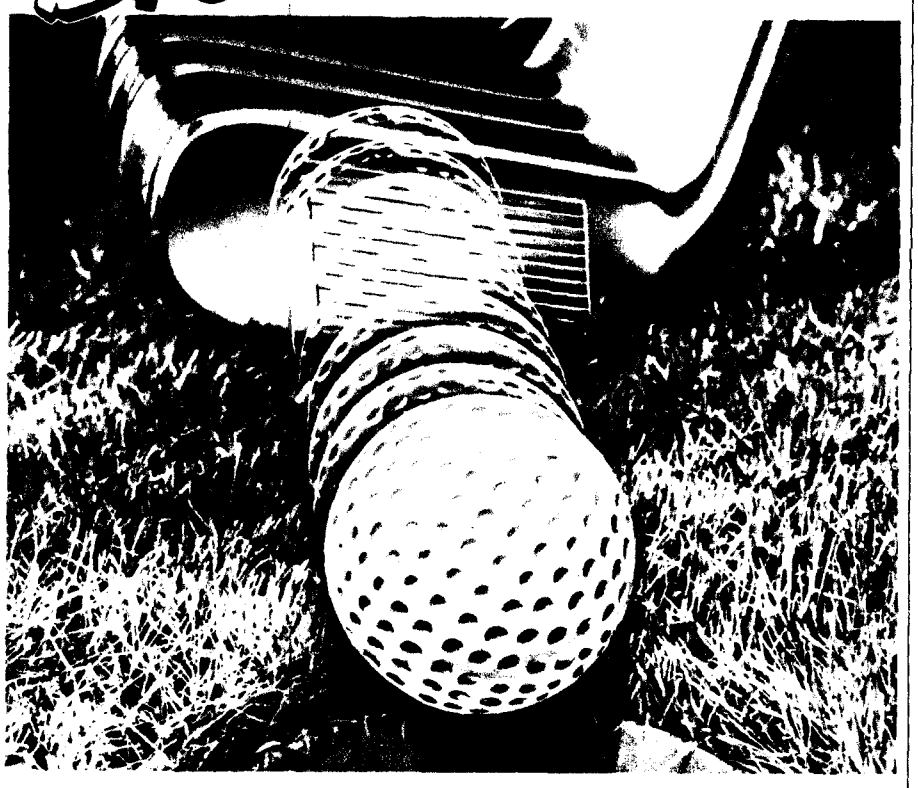

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

beings and since there are a great many funeral directors in the United States, it probably is true that there are crooks and rascals in the ranks of the funeral directors, as well as saintly men and women whose chances of heaven are at least as good as those of Bill Davidson, and a goodly number of the politicians, judges and others quoted by Mr. Davidson. S. P. WRIGHT,
The Order of the Golden Rule,
Springfield, Ill.

. . . A pat on the back to you and Bill Davidson. His story on The High Cost of Dying was wonderful.

This story is really a public educational program, and as long as the public remains uninformed and misinformed just that long will people be the victims of charlatans within the funeral structure. GAUSS LOPER,
Loper Funeral Service, Long Beach, Cal.

. . . Every profession and industry has its unscrupulous members. The legal profession has its shysters, the medical profession its quacks, the church its unprincipled members, and the funeral industry its "Profiteers in Sorrow." I believe even your publishing industry has members of whom it is not proud.

Why, then, should an entire group be held up to public scorn because of the actions of a few? WM. J. ROBINSON, JR.,
Funeral Director, Lancaster, Pa.

Big-Time Groceries

EDITOR: The most fabulous supermarket of all wasn't even mentioned in Supermarkets —There'll Be Another One Along Any Minute (May 19th). I am referring to the Farmers Market, in Los Angeles. Why not make amends by publishing a special article on it, soon? F. A. BANCROFT,
Inglewood, Cal.

. . . Just read your supermarkets article. How about following it with The Corner Grocery—There'll Be Another One Disappearing Any Minute? A salute to the independent grocer is long overdue, before he goes down for the third time.
MRS. J. E. BECKMAN, La Verne, Cal.

Generally Speaking

EDITOR: Congratulations on your pungent editorial Please Study This, Mr. President (May 19th).

For 82 years I have been hearing about the stubborn Missouri mules, and I am wondering if there might not be something to it? JOHN A. GELLATLY,
Wenatchee, Wash.

. . . Your editorial telling us again the truth about Washington, more especially about Harry Vaughan, is to be commended. If the truth is told often enough, some of us will believe it. JOE C. FERGUSON,
Mission, Texas

. . . When the President had the audacity to use General Vaughan as his official representative to greet General MacArthur, that was the last straw. MRS. GEO. TRUESDALE,
Diamond Point, N. Y.

. . . Congratulations on the fine editorial. It certainly hits the nail on the head. There is only one trouble, though; we don't want General Vaughan back in Missouri!
LAWRENCE M. OLLIS, Springfield, Mo.

. . . We heartily agreed with everything you said about Harry Vaughan except for the suggestion that they send him to Missouri. Heaven forbid! Why wish him on us?
MARY ELIZABETH HOWARD,
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

. . . I heartily agree with your editorial, except for the last paragraph.

Please don't use your influence to have General Vaughan sent to Missouri, for the very good reason that it's too close to Kansas. MRS. MARGARET DANIELS,
Topeka, Kans.

"Why shouldn't he shoot in the low sixties? He gets distance on his drives, putts with an eagle eye, and cheats on his score!"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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The Pinch Hitter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

love with Belle ten years ago when she wore a white sharkskin suit, and now she'd bought another, and I held her in my arms, her hair against my cheek and her light familiar perfume close to me. I hugged Bobby, too, and noticed how tanned he was already from the weeks of swimming and fishing and loafing in the sun after school. Everybody was talking at once for that minute or two, and then suddenly there was a quiet and all of us were thinking perhaps of how this day had looked four months ago, how different it was now.

"Eat on the train?" I asked. They hadn't. "I'll feed you, then," I said, and I took Belle's hand on one side and Bob's on the other and we walked out of the station.

Belle must have noticed that instant of quiet, too, and now she seemed determined that it wouldn't be repeated. She talked a blue streak about the camp Bob was going to; about the presents he'd got for his birthday, which they'd already described by letter; and there wasn't another pause until we were in the restaurant and I'd ordered breakfast for them and coffee for me.

Then I knew that we'd all been ignoring what we all were thinking about, and that it was up to me to mention it. I tried to keep it light. "Amazing how well the Sox are doing without me," I said.

BELLE met my eyes quickly with relief in hers. She knew what it meant to me, I guess, and she was glad I wasn't going to let it get me down—out in the open, anyway. But I couldn't read what was in Bob's eyes. It was some kind of pain, and I wondered if, in the way of kids, some of the kids at home had been riding him about me being a has-been. He didn't say anything.

"You'll be able to tell the kids all about Garth Earle and Ham Davidson and those guys," I said, trying to break in on whatever it was that was bothering him.

He nodded. "Yeah."

"Kelly Phillips is pitching against us," I said. "He's won eleven already this year."

"Yeah," he said again, poking at his egg.

Bob and I had been pretty good friends, for a couple of guys who only met for about five months a year. He came hunting with me in winter and always thought he should carry the gun instead of me, because the rabbits always jumped up right under his feet and I was always a hundred yards away, and he kidded a lot about that. And when there was some bawling out to be done, I let Belle do that. I always figured that I'd be a fool to waste the short time we had by spending it keeping him in line. But now I couldn't seem to reach him at all.

I tried kidding. "Even if I'm not out there," I said, "every time one of those guys hits the ball you just remember that when your old man was right, he could hit it twice as far."

It didn't work. It sure didn't work. He looked at me with his eyes half filled with tears and said, "Yeah."

In a queer sort of a way, it took my mind off my own troubles. Before, every time I thought of him sitting in the stands waiting for his old man to come out of the dugout, never seeing me come out, I'd been sorry mostly for me, not him.

I drank coffee and watched him and then I made one last stab, talking about some of the guys we played against, Roe and Kiner and Musial and Robinson and Sauer. I was eloquent. When I was finished he said that he had to go to the washroom.

When he was gone, Belle and I stared at each other.

"What goes with him?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"I hope this is a big day for somebody," I said. "I hope Ham hits four homers, or somebody hits four homers, something that will jolt him out of it." I remembered how badly I'd felt earlier this morning myself, but it didn't seem so important now. "Heck," I said, "even if he doesn't see me play, I can buy him a record book."

My gosh. Now she was blinking a little. But before she said anything Bob came back. It was after eleven, and we took a cab for the park. We were quiet on the way out there. The cab stopped at the players' gate. A beautiful sunny day. Kids asking for autographs. The old, old scene. I kissed Belle lightly, and dropped my hand on Bob's shoulder, and then I was alone.

The dressing room was cool, and dim to my eyes for a minute until gradually it came clear: the clean planking of the floor and the wide-spaced lockers and the leathery smell of equipment and liniment; and the men, old men and young men, coaches, rookies, solid guys and temperamental ones, in various stages of undress. It was easy to pick out the regulars from the others, because I'd been a regular for a long time and I knew the feeling of assurance and tension that made them a little different, before a game, from the others.

Ham waved and smiled at me from across the room as I sat down on the bench by my locker and took off my shoes. Big Ab Mielke, the shortstop, with his close-cropped head bare and his long legs slightly bowed, pushed my head down casually as he went by. Garth Earle, the center fielder, gave me a buck he owed me and scratched gingerly at the tape on his ribs, a memento from an outfield fence. Others came over for a word or two—Johnson, second base; Finley, left field; Nacelle, right field; Kubasek, third base; Stan Found, the fat-looking catcher who could do a hundred in just over ten seconds. Then Joe Finnigan, the manager, came out of his office and looked around, his hands in his hip pockets, his cap pulled low over his eyes as if he were already looking into the setting sun.

"Marty," he called, and jerked his head at me. I followed him into the office, walking gingerly in stocking feet.

He didn't close the door. The lines around his eyes were deeper than ever—the strain I'd often seen in managers who were close to the top but not quite there.

"Got something for you to do today," he said.

A man can't help hoping, and I thought he was going to say I'd play. He might have seen the look in my eyes because quickly he made clear what he meant.

"I want you to watch Phillips close when he's pitching to us," he said. "If you see something, tell me. We'll try to take advantage of it. He's been good lately." He paused. "I'll watch him, too, but I was never the hitter you were. I thought maybe you'd see more than I do, and we'll probably need anything we can get."

"I'll try," I said.

"We might need you as a pinch hitter late in the game, if it's close. So it might do you some good, too."

WHEN I was back at my bench, putting on my spikes, I felt a little hope from what he'd said about pinch hitting. Not too much hope, but a little. Half a chance was better than none. Once I'd been able to hit Kelly Phillips, but that had been mainly before he got so good at outguessing hitters.

Later we walked out along the passage under the stands and came into the sunlight. I found Belle and Bobby a few rows behind our dugout, and waved to them.

Ham Davidson was right behind me. He looked too. "Your kid?"

"Yes," I said. "How about a couple of homers? He needs a hero."

He looked at me for a few seconds. "I got one two months old. I wonder who'll be his hero?" He trotted out to the field, and I went after him. We shagged flies, hit in batting practice, and Kelly Phillips warmed up slowly in front of the Blues' dugout, swinging his right arm easily with the throws. In front of our dugout our best left-hander, Wilbur Morrison, gradually put on the heat. He could pitch with any-

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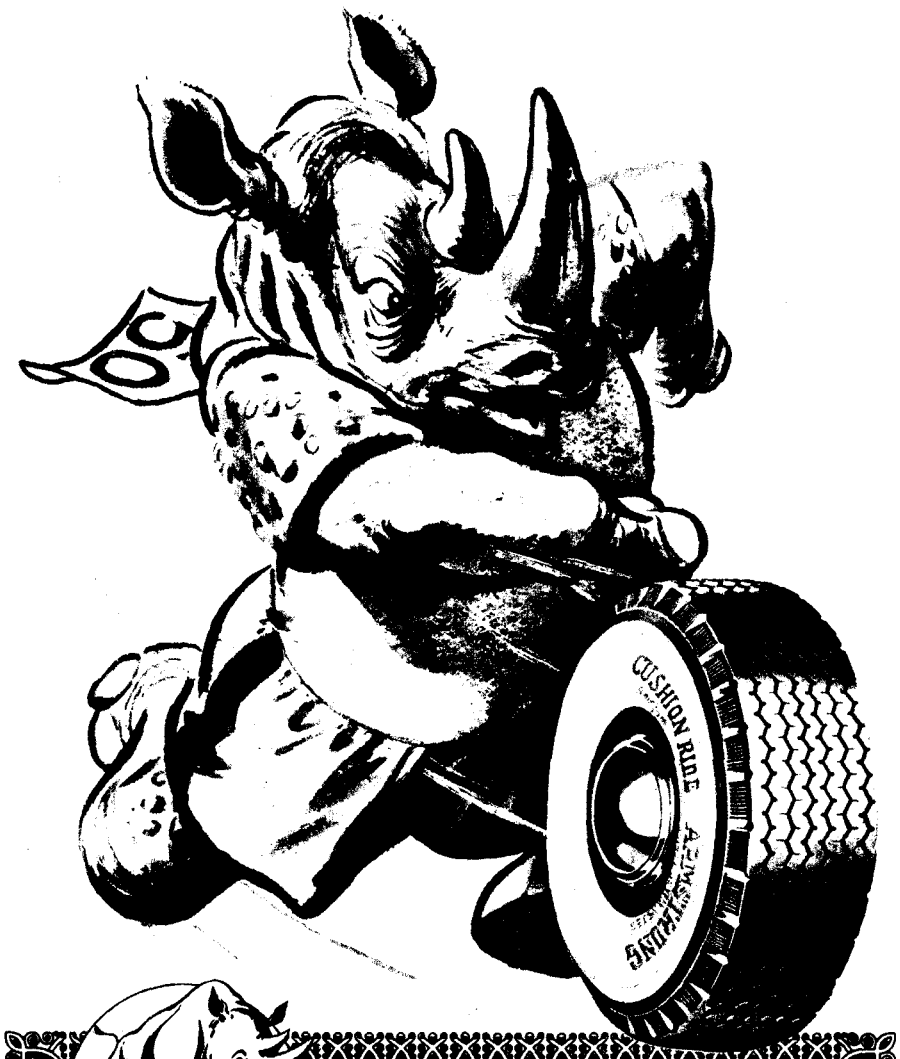

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ARMSTRONG
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body in the league but in the clinches sometimes he was nervous.

The stands held forty thousand and just about the time they were filled it was game time, and Joe Finnigan went to home plate with the umpires and Art England, the Blues' playing manager and one of the best shortstops in the league. They talked over the ground rules they all knew as well as the dates of their birth, and then the eight men of the Blues' starting line-up ran to the field and Phillips came walking out to the mound. In a minute the first pitch of the game came down to Mielke, and it took just nine pitches for Phillips to retire our side on three infield plays.

Wilbur's first pitch to Art England was well outside. He got the ball back, fidgeted on the mound and then threw again. Another ball. England let a strike go by, and then two more balls, and trotted down to first base with a walk. His home-town crowd warmed up fast. Munro, the Blues' second baseman, blasted a hot one wide of first into the position I knew so well and Ham got his glove on it but couldn't get back to first in time and Munro was in there, and England got to second. Two on and none out. Bob Swan, the right-fielder, hammered a single to deep right. England scored and Munro went to third, but the throw held Swan at first.

One run in, two on, nobody out. Joe, sitting beside me, pulled his cap down farther over his eyes and rang the bull-pen buzzer for someone to warm up and then yelled for time and trotted out of the dugout and over to the mound and talked with Wilbur, but left him in.

I wondered if this quick excitement had got through to Bobby. We were quiet in the dugout.

Then Morse slapped one along the first-base line and Munro tried to score from third but Ham beat him home with the throw and Swan was held at second and Morse at first. Then we got off the spot. Burka topped one down to Mielke and it was a double play, short to second to first, and the side was retired, and Wilbur came in slowly, swearing.

He stood on the steps and looked along the dugout and said, "That's the only run they're getting off me today."

"Hope you're right," Joe said.

"We might've got Munro at first if he'd been slower, or me faster," Ham said, passing me on his way out to hit.

"You were lucky to stop it at all," I said.

Then I was watching Phillips again, with Ham up. His first pitch was on the outside corner, a called strike. Phillips took his time. He didn't have much fast ball, but he had one of the most baffling assortments of nothing any of us had ever seen. His strong point was control. He hardly even used a curve much. Mostly sliders, change-ups, and pin-point control. He knew every hitter in the league better than the hitter knew himself; he drove us crazy pitching to weaknesses. He stood out there and looked down at Ham, nodded at the signal, pitched, and took the ball back when Ham swung and missed. Strike two.

Yet Ham got a hit. He topped it and it was a high slow bounce along the third-base line, and he beat the throw by a stride. But on the next pitch Nacelle dribbled one back to the mound and Phillips threw to second and got Ham. Nacelle barely got to first to beat the double play. Garth Earle flied out to short and Kubasek fouled out to the catcher to retire the side. Not one of them had hit a pitch squarely.

But Wilbur had settled down, too. I thought: Bobby can tell the kids back home he saw some pitching, anyway, even if there isn't much hitting. I kept on watching Phillips, trying to find some kind of a sequence in the way he pitched, but I saw nothing.

In the fourth Ham was up again. On the first pitch Phillips cut the inside of the plate around Ham's wrists and Ham swung and missed. The next pitch was a curve inside for a ball, and then a slider on the outside that Ham let go by for a called strike. Then Phillips was just a shade low, for ball two, and on the next pitch he slid that one over the outside of the plate again and Ham swung late and missed. Strike three.

He came back to the dugout and slumped down beside me. "Your kid'll have to get another hero if I do that again."

"See anything up there that might help somebody?" I asked.

"If I did, I'd hit him myself."

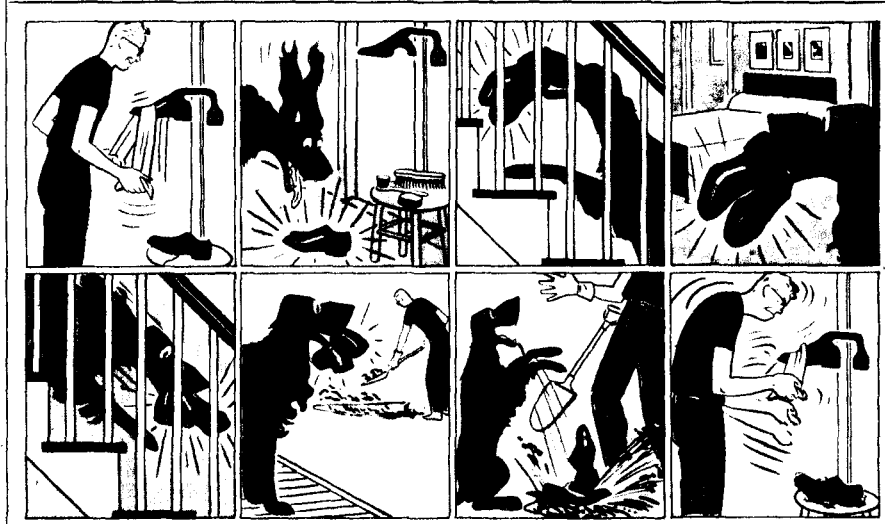
PHILLIPS got the side on strike-outs that time without throwing a really fast ball. The only thing I could see, from the way he pitched to Ham and the others, was that if a man swung at something and missed, Phillips never came right back at the man with the same pitch, maybe figuring that a good hitter could get even the best pitch if he had two tries at it. A couple of times he did throw the same pitch twice in a row, but only if the batter ignored it the first time. I tried to think what it meant, if anything.

Found, our catcher, batting eighth, bounced us off the dugout bench in the fifth with a long ball to right center, but Burka grabbed it for the out. When he came back to the dugout Joe yelled at him as he ran past the third-base coaching box, "What did you hit?"

Found half laughed. "Don't ask me! I just swung at one."

But after that one long ball Phillips killed us dead. One run isn't much, but it gets to be a hell of a size when a man is pitching like Phillips was that day. The only time he slipped again was to walk Johnson with two out in the sixth, but we couldn't make it pay. That walk, Ham's second-inning scratch hit, and a life to Mielke on an infield error in the third were the only men we got on base in the first eight innings, and he struck out nine. We came up in the

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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ninth still the one run down, and Mielke, the first man up, struck out.

Now the crowd was riding our batters, and cheering every move Phillips made. I thought of what Joe had said about me going in as a pinch hitter. Not much chance now. And just as I was thinking that, Johnson got almost the same kind of a hit Ham got in the first inning, but harder—a high bouncer that cleared the third baseman's glove. And Johnson made it to first.

Joe called time and walked down slowly to talk to Finley, and I knew he'd be wondering what he should tell Finley to do. A sacrifice wasn't normally much of a play with one out, but we weren't hitting the guy anyway. I figured that was what was on his mind. Finally, though, he told Finley to hit away. Finley swung at the first pitch and topped the ball so badly that it dropped in the dust along the third-base line. Phillips got it but had no chance for a play to second. Johnson was in there standing up and Finley was out at first.

WELL, we had the tying run in scoring position with two out, and I was sure then that I was cooked, for today. Ham Davidson was up, hitting .335 with sixteen home runs, and Finnigan wouldn't take out his cleanup man for an aged pinch hitter.

But as Ham went to the plate, Artie England at short called time and went to talk to Phillips. When he trotted back into position Phillips walked Davidson on four straight pitches. It was fair strategy. Davidson was left-handed. Bud Nacelle, coming up, was right-handed, and the law of averages said Phillips should get him easier.

I'm left-handed, like Davidson.

Finnigan stood on the steps and yelled, "Wait up, Bud!" Then he turned to me and said, "Marty?" The dugout was quiet of all but breathing.

"I noticed one little thing," I said. "Maybe I can use it."

I stood up, tense, tight, waiting.

"Go to it," he said. "Bring 'em home!"

Nacelle tossed his bat down against the wall and came back past me without speaking. I knew how he felt. I picked up three bats and swung them and I could hear the beginning murmur, swelling to a roar, in the crowd. People are sentimental. They don't realize that a guy who hit hard last year and the other years can't necessarily hit hard forever, and they were afraid of me and I knew it. I dropped two bats, and for an instant I caught a glimpse of Belle, sitting forward in her seat, her fist pressed against her lips. Bobby sat forward too, talking a blue streak to his mother, his eyes as big as golf balls. I walked up to the plate.

"You sure take long enough to get up to the plate," their catcher said, crouching, ready. "What an entrance for a strike-out."

"Go ahead and strike me out," I said.

Phillips waited quietly on the mound. I gripped the bat until my hands hurt and then I realized what I was doing and relaxed a little and stepped back out of the box just as he was about to pitch.

He just stood there, not rattled. I picked up dirt, thinking: He'll pitch for my wrists, close in, like he always does, because that's my weakness. And I wondered if I played him for that pitch, could I hit it? I remembered that Davidson had swung at the inside pitch and missed. Then Phillips had switched, to keep him off balance, not giving him a chance to correct whatever went wrong the first time. But Mielke once had let the first pitch go by and then Phillips had come right back with the same pitch. Would he do that again? I remembered how I used to step up and sock by instinct, and here I was now trying to outthink a pitcher, and it made me feel very old because I knew that it was my only chance.

I stepped back in. I'll let the first one go by, I thought; I'll never even let on I saw it. I'll look as if I'm waiting for something else, something I'm all set to clout. I crowded over the plate and looked at him and when he was beginning his motion I was thinking of one small boy among the forty thousand people waiting for that pitch. I thought of what I'd said about buying him a record book, but I knew that a thousand hits in a record book wouldn't be remembered like the one he saw, if there was one for him to see.

The pitch came down. The ball cut the inside corner of the plate at my wrists and I didn't move. Called strike one. *Phillips! I didn't even see that one. I'm looking for something else. Throw me another, just like that, and cross me up again.*

He got the ball and held it and glanced at the men on first and second, then took the signal and went into his motion.

He made his stretch and his arm came up to pitch and came down in the throwing motion and, in the split second before the ball left his hand but when he was committed to that pitch, I stepped a foot back and planted my feet again and swung the fat part of my bat at the pitch that was coming right down where my wrists had been when he put the first strike past me. I gave it all the power there was in my shoulders and arms and body and it rose on a hard line back over the second baseman's head and went into the hole between the center fielder and the right fielder and I never heard the crowd, nothing but the blood pounding in my ears, nothing but the sound of my spikes on the hard flat infield. I was around first when Johnson was passing third and Ham was passing second and the outfielders still were running for it; around second, Joe waving Ham on home, behind Johnson, waving me on to third, down that last long mile to third with my legs coming high and my breath hard, watching Joe for the sign to slide. He held up his hands and I came into third standing up. And then I heard the crowd—the groans, the great noise dying out into a few scattered long-drawn cheers.

I heard Joe's low, relieved voice. "That's banging them, Marty. That's banging them, kid."

HAM and Johnson came back to third on the run, stood a few feet from me and yelled and waved their caps and grinned and puffed, then went down into the dugout, and every man there was on his feet, yelling at me, at Phillips, at the crowd. I stood there on third. Two runs were in, we were one run up, and if we could hold them in the last of the ninth we were in first place. And deep down I knew that it didn't matter too much if it was first place or sixth place; whatever it was, it was because of me; I was just about through with baseball but I'd had one good hit left when my kid was watching.

Phillips didn't even look at me. He bore down and struck out Garth Earle on three straight pitches to retire the side.

Joe sent somebody else to the field in place of Nacelle, and I walked to the dugout. When Ham passed me on his way to the field he winked, a long grinning wink, and for the first time since the hit, I looked up at Belle. She had a look I knew, the look she had when she was trying to keep from crying. Bobby was standing up, excited, engaged in some argument with a kid in front of him, and yet waving frantically at me. I waved as if it was nothing, I did it every day, and then I stepped out of sight and sat down and pulled my cap over my eyes, like Joe.

Wilbur got the Blues on two strike-outs and an infield play in the last of the ninth, so we won, 2-1. I came out of the dugout and over to the screen to tell Belle and Bob where to wait for me. Maybe there was another reason, too—I don't know; maybe I couldn't wait much longer to see the kid's face close up and hear what he had to say. They came down to the screen. The kid who'd been arguing with Bob came down, too, looking doubtful and embarrassed now. I wondered what it was all about.

"See you at the gate in twenty minutes or so," I called, over the banging of seats and the shuffle of feet.

Bob wasn't listening. He said passionately, glaring at the other kid, "Aren't you my father?"

I could only nod and turn away. THE END

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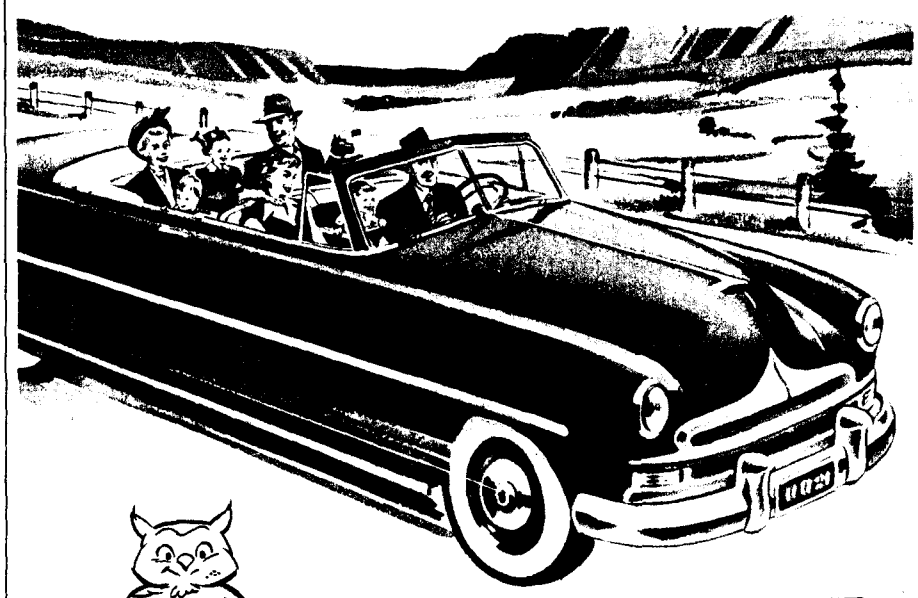

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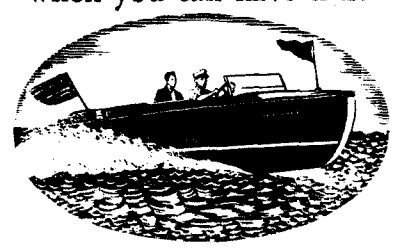

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Fish on Thursday

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

surprised, closing the oven door. "It's Thursday today?"

Papa flung his shoe down. "No, it's Monday."

Mama laughed. "I thought it's Friday."

Papa threw his other shoe to the floor and padded across the kitchen to the sink, looking over his shoulder at Mama. He turned the faucet on full force and washed himself, snorting like a bull with his head under the water. He shut the water off and yanked at the towel.

Mama said. "So I make a mistake. So we eat fish twice this week."

Papa stopped rubbing his face. "Twice?"

"Sure," Mama said. "We eat fish tomorrow too."

"Not me," Papa said. "Tomorrow I eat meat."

Mama pressed her thumbnail to her lips, horror-stricken. "No meat in this house Friday!"

"No fish!" Papa said.

"I don't care," Mama said. "But we no eat meat."

"I don't care neither," Papa said, sitting at the table. "But I'm no eat fish no more!"

"No more?"

"No more!"

"But Patsy, you like fish."

"No more."

"Since when you no like?"

"Since now!"

Mama shook her head and tried to study Papa. She threw her hands up and went to the stove to get the pan of baked whitefish, which she picked up with the sides of her apron and set in the center of the table. Papa sneered at the fish, freckled with thyme and oregano, and still sizzling in the oil. Mama put two headless halves on his plate and Papa jabbed them viciously with his fork. Then he threw his fork across the table where it stopped with a clatter against my plate, and he got up.

"Patsy, where you go?"

"I'm go to the restaurant," Papa said. "Today is Thursday—and I'm eat macaroni on Thursday!"

WHEN Papa came home later that night, I was sitting at the table with the salt shaker in my left hand and the pepper shaker in my right, fighting the Jack Sharkey and Harry Wills fight all over again. Papa stared at me from the doorway, and I sent the shakers back to their corners, waiting for the twelfth round to begin as soon as Papa left me alone. He walked into the front room and came back.

"Where's everybody?"

"Concetta and Amelia went downstairs to play with Elvira."

"Where's your mother?"

"She went out right after we ate."

"She went out, huh? Was she dressed up?"

"I think she was."

Papa looked up at the clock over the stove and snapped his American newspaper open. He sat down across the table from me and I went back to the Sharkey-Wills fight. During the terrific infighting in the twelfth round, the glass of the shakers made such squealing and painful noises that Papa's newspaper fell across my knuckles with a papery whack and knocked both Sharkey and Wills flat to the canvas. For good measure, he hit me on the top of the head with the rolled-up paper.

"Whatch you do? Are you craze?"

"It's a fight," I said, rubbing my head and picking up some salt between my fingers and throwing it over my left shoulder.

"Go to bed."

"But it's only half past nine."

"Go to bed, I said."

"But I didn't do my homework yet."

"Well, do—and stop play the salt!"

I stood the shakers up and went to the closet, unstrapped my books, and came back to the table riffling the pages of the history book. Sitting back on two legs of the chair, I opened the book and watched Papa over the top of it. His lips were pressed tight as he watched the slow climb of the big hand up the face of the clock. Tock—tock—tock . . . For the next half hour Papa didn't turn a page. Neither did I.

At last the downstairs vestibule door screeched open. Papa put his paper down.

"Go to bed, Joey."

There was no use stalling any longer. I got up and went to the closet to restrap the books, looking at Papa who stood facing the door with his hands behind his back. When Mama opened the door, his knuckles cracked and his chest rose with one deep breath. He looked from Mama to the clock.

Mama said, "I met Zia Filomena—"

Papa said, "Who else did you meet?"

Mama looked. "Who else? Whatch you *mean*?"

Papa looked back. "You know what I'm mean!"

MAMA made a puzzled face at Papa and looked over to me, as if I could explain what Papa was talking about. I shrugged, minding my own business. But Papa was grabbing my arm and pushing me ahead of him into the dining room, toward the bedrooms.

"I told you to go to bed!"

He shoved me up against the china closet and slammed the door shut. Nothing was said for a minute. All I could hear was Papa's shoes moving heavily across the kitchen floor and the steady ticking of the big clock. Clop, tock—clop, tock—clop, tock . . .

The shoes stopped. "Well—?"

"Well what?"

The shoes started up again. "No well what! Where you was?"

"I'm go the church for my novena," Mama said. "It's Thursday."

"Ah, now you remember it's Thursday!"

"I almost forgot—"

"Sure, sure," Papa scoffed. "You almost forgot."

"Patsy, what's the matter f' you?"

"So you went to church? And you confess to the priest?"

"Confess what?" Mama wanted to know. "Whatch you talk about?"

"You know what I'm talk about! Did you confess to the priest?"

"Confess what?"

"Never mind," Papa said. "Go to bed."

"Patsy, you craze," Mama said, dismissing him; and then she asked, "where are the kids?"

"Whose kids?"

"Whose kids?" Mama yelled. "Our kids—Concetta and Amelia! Whose kids you think?"

"Our kids, huh?"

"Patsy, no talk like that!"

"I talk how I like! What'sa matter—the true hurts?"

"What true?"

"The true, the true!"

"Talk, talk!" Mama screamed. "What true?"

"Never mind," Papa said. "Go downstairs and call your kids."

A seething silence filled the kitchen, like it was getting ready to blow up. But I knew what was happening. Mama was struggling to take the wedding band off her finger, the way she always does after a big fight with Papa, and she was going to set it right in the middle of the table. That meant, as far as she was concerned, that she was not married to Papa and that she wouldn't speak to him until the ring was back on her finger. Then I heard the door slam and Mama's feet racing down the stairs. The fight was on.

Just as I expected, the ring was in the middle of the table when we got up the next morning to go to school. But none of us said anything about it, because to mention it either to Mama or Papa was to get a smack right across the mouth. We knew

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from experience and so we sat down and ate our breakfasts, maneuvering the cups and plates around the ring without touching it. I sneaked a look up at Mama as she dished out the eggs, and she snapped at me.

"Eat and hurry up to school!"

Nobody was home when I got back from school that afternoon. The ring was still on the table, undisturbed. It might just as well have been on a silk cushion in the window of a jewelry store, and no matter what you did, it was like a big golden eye watching and following you wherever you went. I looked at the ring and cursed Papa. If I was a foot higher and ten years older, I thought, I'd show him for Mama!

Picking on her all the time—and for what? He had no right to do this to her, the jealous, green-eyed, greenhorn fool, and it would serve him right if Mama left him for real this time, even though all of us wound up in the Children's Home, and she married some nice American man with cool blood, who didn't keep his wife under lock and key and who didn't mind if she went out singing and dancing once in a while. I opened the icebox for something to eat, but there was only a piece of leftover whitefish in it. What a father to be born to! I shut the icebox. What a husband for poor Mama to be married to! Maybe right this minute she was in the front room, brooding away and crying her eyes out.

I looked in. At first I didn't see him because he was sandwiched in between the window and the long drapes, looking down into the street; and if his longshoreman's hook hadn't been sticking out so murderously from the drapes, like it was hanging in mid-air, I would never have known he was there. He didn't move or make a sound. Once when the noise of wagon wheels rumbled over the cobbled street, he pressed his face close to the window and looked up and down the street. He was spying on Mama, just like a dumb foreigner of an Italian. For a while I watched him without saying anything, my insides turning over at the sight of him; and then tentatively, like dipping your hand in cold holy water on a winter morning, I took a step into the room to say something.

But the hook scared me and I backed out on tiptoe.

Dominick Bianchi was downstairs with a sawed-off broomstick and an old tennis ball, waiting for me to continue our stickball World Series, which I was leading three games to one.

"Okay, Joey," he said, throwing me the tennis ball, "I bat first today."

Before the game started I looked up at the window, but I couldn't see a thing. It was at the bottom of the fourth inning, me leading 12-8, when I heard Peppino's froggy voice behind me, bellowing, *"Lu pesce! Pesce fresche!"*

DOMINICK threw me a sharp, breaking curve that skimmed swiftly over the cobbles. Instead of lacing it, I caught it and turned around. Peppino's wagon was turning the corner and heading up the street. I glanced quickly up at the window, just in time to see the drapes moving in great agitation, as Papa got behind them.

"Pesce fresche!"

The wagon rattled slowly up the street, Peppino standing up with his straw hat tilted back on his head, and shouting left and right through his little fat hands about having fresh fish. His horse walked wearily with his head low, the straw hat speared on his ears. In the middle of the street, right under our window and blocking our stickball game, Peppino reined in and stepped down off the wagon. He stood dumpily alongside his fish scales, waiting for his customers to arrive.

"Pesce fresche!"

I was about to tell Peppino to move his wagon down the street, when a door opened across the way and Mrs. Simonelli came out, followed by Mama. They were gossiping together.

"Mama," I said, walking over to her with the broomstick handle over my shoulder. "Are we gonna eat fish again tonight?"

Mama was full of spite at Papa. "Shut up! Maybe you like to eat meat on Friday too?"

"No, but why don't we have eggplant—or something like that?"

"Mind you own business and go play ball!"

"How can we play with the fish wagon in the way?"

Mama didn't even answer me. I was just going to tell her about seeing Papa and about his taking the afternoon off to spy on her, when Peppino came over blowing

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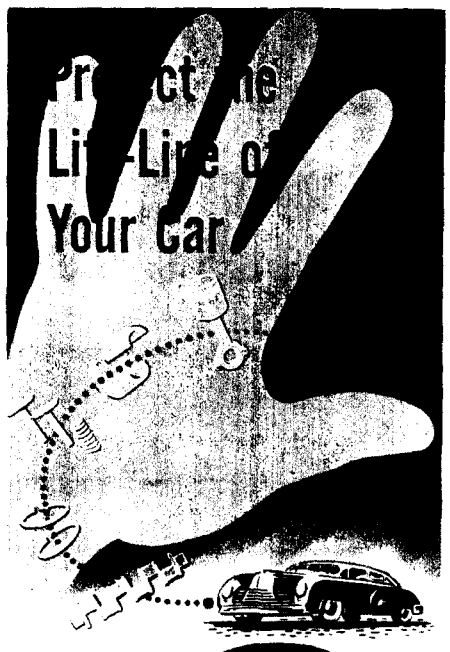

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kisses off his fingers and saying, "Maria, the merluzzi is beautiful today!" I looked up, and I thought I could see one wing of Papa's big mustache sticking out from behind the drapes.

"Come on, Joey," Dominick yelled, bouncing the ball impatiently because he was losing. "Let's play ball."

I took my position at the home-plate manhole cover. *And while Mrs. Simonelli* was examining the fish and poking them around with her finger, Peppino took an envelope out of his pocket and gave it to Mama, winking his eye at her at the same time. Then they whispered something to each other, laughing, pushed each other on the arms, and Peppino did a quick tarantella step in front of Mama. I looked up at the window, expecting Papa to jump through any minute.

"Come on, Joey. Watch the game, will you?"

Dominick threw me a wide one, and I caught it. What was Peppino giving a note to Mama for? And what were they laughing and whispering about? Now I hated her, just like Papa hated her. It would serve her right if Papa never spoke to her again. Just look at her, laughing and exchanging notes with a fat, greasy fish peddler!

"Throw the ball back, will you?"

MAMA stuck the envelope in the pocket of her apron, and went over next to Mrs. Simonelli to pick out some fish. And just as if nothing was the matter and he expected to live forever, Peppino weighed the fish and began wrapping them up in shiny pink fish paper. The next thing I knew, Papa was standing downstairs in the doorway, looking from Mama to Peppino, his hand tight on the longshoreman's hook.

He came over and hissed through his teeth and mustache over Mama's shoulder, "Get upstairs!"

Mama turned around, startled. She was about to say something, but she remembered she wasn't talking to him. She turned back to the fish.

"I said get upstairs!"

Mama's back was toward me, but from the tense position of her head I could see that she was fighting back talking to him. She still didn't say anything. She reached for the package of fish, but Papa's hook reached it first and tore through the shiny paper. The hook caught into one of the *gills and Papa stood there like a fisherman.* The other fish tumbled out of the paper and fell to the ground, staring up with their dead eyes. Like Peppino.

"No more fish—never!" Papa threw the hooked fish over the side of the wagon into the eel trough while Peppino, standing by and slowly coming to his senses, tried to laugh the whole thing off. He put one of his fish-scaly hands on Papa's arm and laughed louder, afraid.

"What'sa matter, Patsy?" he asked in that graty voice. It made Papa so mad I thought he would throw him in among the eels. Peppino took his hand away. Papa looked at him and then he looked at Mama, his eyes mating them. Now there were a half-dozen women around the wagon and they all stood there trying to figure out what was happening. Peppino hunched his shoulders at everybody.

"Shut up!" Papa yelled at him.

"I'm no say nothing, Patsy," Peppino said, *and he shut his mouth extra tight.* He was trying to clown through his fear—rolling his eyes extravagantly, shrugging and shuffling his feet timidly.

Papa turned from him with half-closed eyes of scorn and said to Mama, "Get upstairs!" He motioned to the doorway with his hook, but Mama stood there defying him, half closing her own eyes.

"Go upstairs, I said!" Papa shouted, and he shoved Mama by her haughty shoulder onto Mrs. Simonelli's big, sorrowful breast, which immediately began to heave up and down in sympathy.

But Mama, instead of crying in Mrs. Simonelli's arms like any other woman would have done, came bouncing back at Papa with her face turned up into his, as if she were going to bite his nose off. Mama opened her mouth to say something, but then she remembered her pledge of silence, and instead she began to pound her fists into Papa's bass drum of a chest. Papa let the hook drop to his wrist like a bracelet, clipping both of Mama's hands together with just one of his; and while she kicked and tried to bite him, he dug into her apron *pocket with his other hand and drew out the* note Peppino had given her.

"Ah, figlia di diavolo!" he cursed at Mama, holding up the envelope for everybody to see.

Mama's lips closed tighter.

"I'm fed up—up to here!" Papa cried, and he showed the level at his throat with the side of his hand.

Mama only looked.

"You think I'm blind!" Papa yelled, wagging the envelope in Mama's face. "What's this—a fish bill?"

Mama stepped back from Papa, staring at him and shaking her head at him, her eyes wandering in a groggy seesaw from one end of Papa's mustache to the other. Then suddenly she screamed for no reason at all, a sound without a meaning, like somebody waking up in the middle of the night with mushroom poisoning. Then she laughed so hard that everybody got embarrassed watching her. Dominick and I walked around to the other side of the fish wagon and I began bouncing the tennis ball against the iron tire of the wheel. Mama was still laughing. But now her laughing sounded as if it was moving toward crying, and pretty soon she wasn't laughing any more, only crying.

"Oh, Dio!" Mama wailed to God, her hands stretched all the way to heaven; and then like slashing daggers that could have torn Papa's eyes out, her fingers came down and ripped the envelope out of his hand. She tore it open and pulled out a big square card. It was an engraved wedding invitation.

Papa looked, his eyes stuck like a statue's.

Peppino said, "Me and Rosina—you remember the fat one, Patsy—? We get married next month." And as Peppino began to hand the invitations to all the other women, Mama turned around and ran to the house her apron up against her face. We all jus stood there as the crying went through th door and disappeared up the stairs.

Papa left and didn't come back hom until late that night. As I lay in bed I could hear him singing those off-key bellowing wine-tones of his, first in the street then up the stairs, and finally in the kitchen. Even though I couldn't see, I knew what was happening. Now Papa was drunkenly leaning against the kitchen door, throwing his arms out to Mama; but Mama was sitting down at the table and wriggling her back at him, her knitting needles clicking furiously together.

Now Papa was shuffling into the room, *dancing clumsily and clapping his hands,* circling around Mama and trying to break down her resistance. No good. Now he was grabbing her by the elbows and lifting her off the chair, trying to force her to dance against her will, still clogging his feet and singing his one-note tarantella. No good. Now his arms were around her waist and he was whispering her name over and over again, "Maria, Maria—"

"Patsy, leave me alone."

"I'll show you leave you alone!" And now Papa was lifting her right off her feet. I could hear them whirling around and around in the kitchen.

"Stop, Patsy! Stop!"

Now they were going faster and faster.

"Patsy!" Mama shrieked.

Around and around they went until Mama, unable to restrain herself any longer, was half laughing.

"Patsy!"

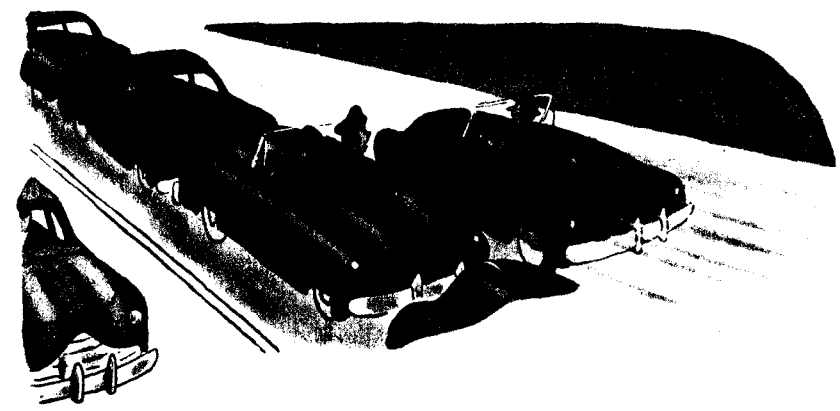
Now Mama was laughing altogether and Papa put her down. Now they were locking arms and rotating deliriously around each other, first one way and then reversing, singing, dancing and skipping all over the kitchen like a couple of kids in an empty classroom.

"San Michele!" Papa shouted.

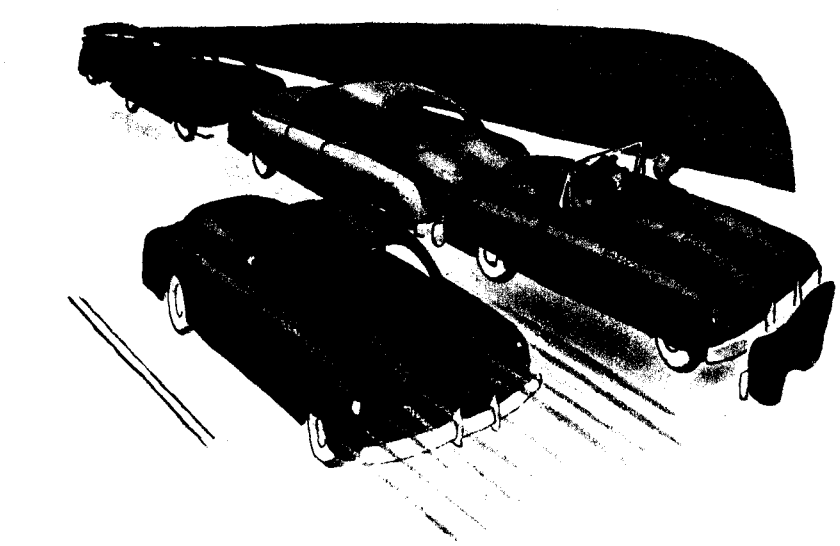
"San Michele!" Mama shouted.

A dozen *San Micheles* later, I fell asleep.

THE END



"If you'd gotten in that lane, we'd be home by now"



"You were saying?"

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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Why, sure," Jim replied. "Who else?"

"In a sweater and a cap?"

As she flounced away he barked out defiantly, "Daniel Boom wore a cap!"

Concerning this quarrel, Jim said later: "For the life of me, I couldn't understand it. I had got tickets in the orchestra, too. And I tore 'em up and walked away. So after that, any time I met her, I had a necktie on, and I never wore a cap again."

The incident had one peculiar by-product: it deprived Durante of the opportunity to see his first Broadway show. Although he was a native New Yorker and a professional entertainer, he never had attended one.

"Down in that neighborhood where I was born in," he once said, "believe it or not, some people went through their whole life without ever leaving the neighborhood, and never seeing a show. I don't think my own mother, Lord have mercy on her soul, ever left any neighborhood once she moved into it."

Praise for Rio Rita

Durante never did see a stage show until after he was married. The first one was the musical Rio Rita, and he hasn't forgotten it to this day: "Oh, how great it was, that show!"

The rift with Jeanne healed quickly, and Jimmy saw as much of her as he could—a situation which enabled him more than once to make his somewhat gullible partner, Eddie Jackson, the butt of a gag.

"We would be sitting 10 at a table and having coffee, cakes and scrambled eggs," Durante recollects, "so I'd say, 'Now, Eddie, I'm going out with Jeanne alone. I'm going to take her home, but I don't want anyone to know it but you.' Then I'd say, 'Eddie, wave your hand when I get to the cashier's desk and everyone will think I'm going home alone. Jeanne will come outside later to meet me on the sly.'

"So I'd walk up to the desk, and I'd tell the boss that the fellow that's going to wave his hand, it's a signal to you that he's going to pay the check. So Eddie would wave his hand, and when he came out, he'd get stuck. And after a few times of that, Eddie never waved his hand no more, even to this day, in a restaurant."

Jackson was scarcely in a position to complain of such treatment, for he was a man who enjoyed a practical joke.

Early one morning, after working hours, he and Jimmy were getting some fresh air in a hansom cab driven by a snort-loving old friend of theirs named Joe Marat. Upon leaving Marat, Durante slipped him two cigar coupons instead of dollar bills. The next evening, the cabby now minus his haziness, called on Jackson and Durante and confronted them with the evidence.

"I must of made a mistake in the dark," Jimmy confessed.

"Don't pay him," interjected Jackson. "The man has a left-handed horse."

The indignant Marat promptly denied that, and while Durante argued the point with him, Eddie slipped outside and crisscrossed the horse's reins at the bit.

"Mr. Marat," said Durante, "I'll prove to you that your horse is a southpaw." He led the cabby outside and onto the driver's seat. Marat, still muttering angrily, flicked the ribbons—and his veteran nag began to violate every rule in the book of chariots.

"What I tell ya?" shouted Jimmy, from below decks. "Your horse has blowed his cork!"

The cab careened onto the sidewalk. Some trash cans toppled over, and Marat pulled his steed to an abrupt halt in front of a shuttered hot-dog stand.

"The place ain't open yet!" hollered Durante.

In threatening silence, Marat descended, walked forward, and rearranged the bit. Then, whip in hand, he turned to his passengers, now safe on land. But whatever his intentions might have been, he relented at the sight of a five-dollar bill—this time, the genuine article.

In the winter of 1920, Jeanne became sick and had to undergo an operation; Jimmy was a frequent visitor at the hospital. After she had recovered, she went to Detroit to visit her family.

"While Jeanne was gone those weeks," Durante said, "we started corresponding on close terms, and I would call her 'Toots' and she would call me 'Tootie.' And that's what we called each other all the time. She was a smart girl. Oh, what a smart girl! And a great inspiration for me as long as she lived."

He proposed when she got back. They were married June 19, 1921, at St. Malachy's Catholic Church on West Forty-ninth Street. Durante was twenty-eight years old, and Jeanne a year and several months older.

The night after the wedding Jimmy returned to work at the Alamo. And the same night he astonished Jeanne by saying: "I don't want you to work any more."

Speaking of this decision now, Durante says: "I tell Jeanne I worry about her health if she works. When all the time I just don't want her to work because I'm old-fashioned. And it was a big mistake to kill off a talent like Jeanne's, as things later turned out."

Soon after their marriage, the Durantes began housekeeping in a furnished room on Twenty-third Street. Later on, they had a room in a house on Ninety-fifth Street, where they shared the kitchen and bathroom with a doctor. Jeanne soon tired of that arrangement, so Jimmy worked on Sunday afternoons to earn $7 extra, which the Durantes put aside for rent on a flat on West Fifty-second Street.

Jeanne, forced to let rooms at the new apartment because the rent was too much for Durante to pay on what he himself earned, urged him to ask for more money at the Alamo. At her insistence he reluctantly did so, and got a $12 raise; he was now making $57 a week. Soon afterward, Jeanne advised Jim to quit the place.

"But what'll I do?"

"You've got to take a big step," she said, "because you have talent, and you are too big for that place up there."

Broadway Durante's Goal

So Durante quit the Alamo in 1921, and pointed his nose toward Broadway, the longest, toughest, brightest street in the world.

Notwithstanding its 150-mile length (it runs as far as Albany), the fame of prohibition-time Broadway rested mainly upon one Mazda mile extending uptown from Forty-second Street, with side-reaches from Sixth Avenue on the East to Eighth Avenue on the West. That was the Great White Way of the twenties, shabby in the daytime, but a Babylonian mirage at night, with hanging gardens of electrical bombast.

Jobs there weren't easy to get, but eventually Durante wound up as leader of a six-piece band at the Nightingale, a café at Forty-eighth Street and Broadway.

Jim had misgivings about a Broadway debut. It was a street of mighty legends and mighty names, and he did not feel up to breaking into "the big circle." Besides, he had to wear a tuxedo, his first one, and he did not know how to loop a bow tie. His fears proved unfounded. A member of the Nightingale band fixed his tie for him each evening as long as he worked there, and the other problems he foresaw never came to pass.

But the Nightingale job brought one complication that for a time threatened the peace and quiet of the Durante home.

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"There's a little gal down there by the name of Rose," he explained later. "You know, sometimes, whether you mean anything by it, it's just a flirtation after work, nothing serious in it, but sometimes that's the root of things. Jeanne happens to find out about it. Brother! She is very much put out, and I don't blame her.

"Well, anyway, I quit seeing the gal any more. And Jeanne wants me home after I have finished work. She is alone all night, and she insists that I come home, and I think it is no more than right. And anyone will tell you, from then on, after I finish work, I used to go home every night."

By "every night" he meant every morning, for when Jim arrived home it was Jeanne's breakfast time, and she became a lonesome bride.

"I should have let her go back to work as a singer," Jim now says, "but how am I to know the future?" For Jimmy himself, the future was opening up just then.

For one thing, he made friends with popular song writer Chris Smith, composer of Ballin' the Jack and other hits. Durante and Smith, with a man named Bob Schafer, wrote a song called Daddy, Your Mama Is Lonesome for You, and sold it for $100. Then Jimmy and Chris turned out one called I've Got My Habits On. It was a near hit, and the Schnozz received royalties of almost $1,500, his first "real money."

Royalties Provide Trip

With this windfall, the Durantes were able to take a trip to California in the summer of 1921 to visit Jeanne's mother and stepfather, who had bought a camp on the shore of Clear Lake in the northern part of the state. Jimmy and Jeanne spent three months there.

"It's about 36 miles long, the lake is," Durante said. "The finest bass fishing in the country, and the best catfish. We fished. And we loved it.

"The bass is one of the finest fish we have, and one of the fightingest. And the funny thing, you pull this fish out of the water, and you hate to keep them, that's how beautiful they are. Fresh and beautiful. Gee! Like diamonds. Sometimes we'd cook the fish over a campfire, and they were beautiful.

"Jeanne was crazy about that kind of life. We hardly missed a summer the first 10 years. The greatest memories in my life are up in Clear Lake with Jeanne. We lived in old clothes. I used to have an old pair of pants on, and an old hat, and I think that's where I got the idea for the song, I'm Jimmy, that Well-Dressed Man."

Although the days at Clear Lake were happy ones, Jimmy was always glad to get back to Manhattan. He had a feeling about the big town that has never changed. "My heart is in New York. In California, your brain don't want to function, and I guess you get lazy. But in New York you're on your toes. You're up against a kind of storm of thinking and doing, and your mind works, and you're on the go all the time. You're not looking to get out in the sun, because there ain't no sun. It's like a big band playing all the time. Like a big band. That's the way I'd describe New York. And you want to get out and get in it.

"Like opening a show. The crowds are coming in, and you're ready. You're out there walking up and down behind the curtain. Then you're in the wings. You walk up and down the wings. Then you go in the dressing room. You go from the make-up table to the coat hangers and chew on a cigar. You're doing nothing, but you're ready to go on, and you're fidgety, and you're ready. Like a horse race. And the overture plays. And now you're keyed up, and you throw away your cigar, and go on. And that's the way you always are, and that's the way New York is. It's like the band is playing all the time."

So, despite the pleasures of California, Jimmy was pleased when the time came for him to return East with Jeanne in the summer of 1921; he resumed work at the Nightingale late that September.

Jimmy's salary was now $110 a week. This was reduced to $100 when his trumpet player demanded a $10 raise and the owner of the Nightingale refused to grant it. Durante paid it out of his pocket, but two of his pals, Eddie Jackson and another warbler, Harry (Lovesong) Harris, chipped in from their tips to make up the difference in Jimmy's take.

Meanwhile, the Durantes had bought a small house at Flushing, Long Island, for Jeanne wanted a home of their own. In the summer of 1922, Jimmy got a job at a resort in New York's Catskill Mountains, and insisted that Jeanne go West to visit her mother so they could save some money. She objected to the separation and shed tears over it, but Jimmy was adamant. "You know, Toots," he said, "we're not millionaires. We gotta pay for that house."

Jeanne went, but reluctantly. All during their married life, she had a premonition that Durante would be taken away from her—not by another woman, but by his ca-

KENNESAW

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reer. This first separation gave her a foretaste of the unhappiness and loneliness that was soon to come to her. She wanted Jimmy to succeed, and kept urging him to find better positions; yet she was afraid of the success she envisioned for her man.

While she was away, a waiter friend of Jimmy's named Frank Nolan went to him with a proposition. Nolan knew that the trumpet player incident had made Durante dissatisfied with his Nightingale job; he suggested that the two of them team up to start a night club of their own.

It was a boom period for such establishments. Since January 16, 1920, when the Volstead Act became effective, speak-easies had begun to sprout up all over Manhattan. By the autumn of 1922, there were several thousand places that served liquor behind locked doors. Most of these were clip joints and traps, but in the Broadway sector there were famous night clubs where society drinkers sat with racketeers, thugs, mobsters and bootleg kings.

Big-Name Night Spots

Texas Guinan, Harry Richman, Helen Morgan, Evelyn Nesbit and many others had clubs—at least, there were clubs listed under their names. The money of beer barons and gamblers more often than not financed certain clubs—and was available for attorneys' fees when the heat was put on by prohibition-enforcement officers.

The prospect of getting into that sort of situation didn't appeal to Jimmy at all. But, characteristically, he tried to avoid saying so; his hesitancy was to mean a great change in his career.

Nolan, mistaking Durante's hemming and hawing for acquiescence, proceeded with plans for the establishment. He promoted some money from two of the city's bootleg liquor barons and went shopping for a likely site. He found a room over a garage on West Fifty-eighth Street, East of Broadway—a place that was about 20 feet wide and 100 feet deep, with the appearance and odor of a damp cave. There was no exit at the rear, except for a rusty iron ladder. A steep front stairway was to prove a hazardous means of descent for heavy drinkers or fugitives from a ruckus.

When Nolan reported that he was "ready to go" in the autumn of 1922, Durante demurred. "Frank," he said, "why don't you take it alone?"

Nolan was surprised and angry. "I get the place! I put a deposit down! Do you want me to lose my money?"

"I don't care what you do," was Jimmy's belated decision. "I don't want to go in. In the first place, I got no money; and in the second, I wouldn't go in anyway, unless you took Jackson and Harris with you."

"Why do we need them?" Nolan objected. "We could hire 'em if we wanted."

"Hire them? Wait a minute! I want Jackson with me."

"Well, why Harris then?"

"Because," Jim said, "they're like partners now. Let's take 'em in, and then you got your entertainment."

"Okay then," Nolan agreed, and Durante suddenly found himself committed.

When Jeanne returned home from California, she was against Jim's owning a night club. "You'll get messed up in prohibition, Jimmy. And please don't touch any of the money we've saved up."

Durante said that Jeanne's words "kept preying on my mind.

"I didn't sleep. And where to get the money? Then down comes Frank Zaccarini, a big liquor operator, one night, and he says, 'Jimmy, I got a whole floor at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Come see me.' And I did, and he loans me $700. But I am uneasy."

After Jimmy had got together $800 in all, he announced to Nolan, "I'm going in on one condition. Hot or cold, I want $75 a week. And if we don't do business, let's close up the place the first week I don't get my seventy-five."

By the time the partners had furnished their club with secondhand chairs, tables and carpet, and had lined it with black curtains to muffle the noise, they had nothing left to pay for an electric sign.

Durante insisted that there must be one. "Don't let us get like them sneaking jernts," he said to Nolan, "with no numbers on the doors, where they gyp all the guys, and when the guy comes back with a cop he can't prove what number he's been clipped at."

Finally, a friendly sign maker named Brody volunteered to supply a sign free of charge. Brody did not know that Durante's last name ended with an "e," so the electric sign he made for Jim read: "Club Durant."

Jimmy Durante, the Cyrano of the cellars, now moved upstairs to lead his own band at his own place. His piano pounding became increasingly popular, but for the remainder of the winter season and on into spring Jim's income seldom amounted to more than $80 or $90 a week.

That was the state of affairs in the late autumn of 1923 when a soft-shoe dancer named Lou Clayton entered into Jimmy's career—to become his chief reliance, his adviser, confidant, best friend and sometimes his severest disciplinarian.

Clayton was one of the most remarkable men of the night-club era. His had been a "tough life," he said, and it was reflected in his personality.

Born Louis Finklestein in east Brooklyn in 1887, Clayton chose his stage name while passing through the town of Clayton, Missouri, on a train. As a child, he had been crippled in an accident. Nevertheless, he became one of the best soft-shoe dancers in show business, appearing as a headliner for the Shuberts and afterward in Ziegfeld shows, and earning a fortune, which he dissipated by gambling.

One autumn night in 1923, Lou found himself temporarily out of funds, having lost the bulk of a season's earnings in a floating crap game. One of his close friends, a multimillionaire gambling operator known as Benevolent Charlie, also had lost heavily during this same three-night session. The two gentlemen of chance left the game at three o'clock that cold, cloudy morning, and started uptown. After a time, Benevolent Charlie said, "What's the matter, Lou? You look so downhearted."

"Charlie, I got plenty busted. I haven't got the price of a morning paper."

"Don't worry about it," Benevolent Charlie said. "It's only money. Your life don't go with it. Let's drink a little wine somewheres and forget our sorrow. Let's go to a place where nobody knows us."

They walked up Broadway to Fifty-eighth Street. "There," Clayton related years afterward, "I happened to see a little bit of a sign, and it said, 'Club Durant.' You had to have pretty good eyesight to see it, because it wasn't too big a sign, and I said to Benevolent Charlie, 'Let's go over there. This must be a speak-easy. Maybe we can get in there.' "

The two sleepy-eyed gamblers walked up the ramshackle stairs. When they entered the room itself, Clayton said later, "you could have fired a cannon off, and it wouldn't even have hit a waiter, because there were no customers in the place. We sit down at a table and order wine, Dry Monopole, and Charlie says to me, after we drank a quart or two, 'Sing me a song, Lou.' "

Clayton thought for a moment, then said, "How would you like to hear a song by the name Willie, the Weeper?" This was a song about a hop-head in Chinatown. Under the influence of what was known as Chinese tobacco, or Wyoming ketchup, Willie has a dream, a very long dream, one that makes him weep when he thinks of his misspent life. Charlie asked Lou to sing it.

Durante was at the piano, and Clayton said to him, "Do you know Willie, the Weeper?"

Jimmy looked up from the keyboard, puzzled. "I don't have the pleasure; or maybe I do, but I forget just who he is."

"No, no, it's a song."

"If you hum a few bars of it," Durante replied, "I'll follow you. I'm pretty good at that."

A Song of Many Choruses

There were 30 choruses to this melancholy ditty, and when Clayton had finished singing all of them, Jimmy, vastly impressed, declared that his guests should have caviar (it was stocked, he explained years later, for any "bloods" who might drop in) and that everything was on the house.

By six thirty or seven in the morning they were friends, and Jimmy said to Clayton, "Lou, why don't you come in here with us?"

The swarthy and lean Clayton gave Jim a deadpan glance. "How much money you making a week here?"

"Oh," Jimmy replied earnestly, "eighty, ninety, maybe a hundred dollars a week."

Lou, who had just lost $98,000, said, "I

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Daddy should be coming out any minute. Better call an ambulance"

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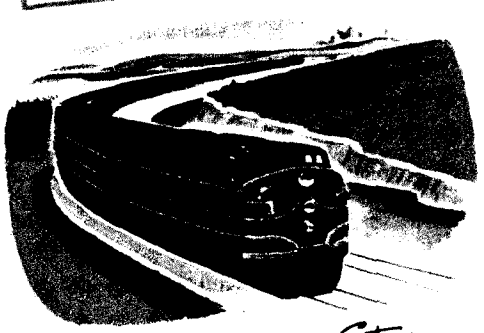

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can't even give it any consideration at all."

"Sorry to hear that, partner," Durante said. "Didn't mean to insult you."

"Forget it," Clayton said.

Next day Clayton was walking along Broadway and chanced to run into Durante. There on the Main Stem, they resumed the conversation of the previous morning. "Jim," said Clayton, "just what did you mean by asking me to come into that café of yours?"

"Well," Durante said, "I'll tell you, Lou. We've got a fellow in here by the name of Harry Harris. You know the people who are comin' to this place, they're not straitlaced fellows. They're fellows who are running liquor mostly. And when a fellow comes in with a girl, this Lovesong Harris gets down there and starts singing My Melancholy Baby or one of them blues songs, and Harris never looks at the fellow whatsoever. He keeps looking at the girl. I'm scared one of them fellows some of these nights is goin' to get liquor in him, or something, and he'll shoot this fellow Harris right between his two eyes. Rather than have anything like that happen I'd just as leave get him out of the place, buy him out."

"How much does your place cost?"

"Well, it now stands us around ten thousand."

"Well, Jimmy, what would my end be?"

"Twenty-five per cent," Durante said, and then added, "but I don't want you to put up any cash, Lou. The rest of us will buy the fellow out, and you can have 25 per cent of the place if you only just come in with us. Because I've heard you sing, and seen you on the stage. You dance like nobody's business, and I know you'll do us nothing but good."

Clayton thought this over. "Jim, I wouldn't feel right coming in and taking 25 per cent of the place with you fellows. I'd want to feel like as if I was coming in on an even footing. And I'm not coming in as a bully or a tough guy, and if I take 25 per cent, I'd just like to know that I'd put up my end."

"That suits me."

"Furthermore, if I do come in, I want you to know that I'm gonna be president, and also treasurer of the concern."

"That's good enough for me," Jim said. "You can handle the money. All I want to do is play piano."

Clayton "Buys In"

Clayton thereupon sought out Benevolent Charlie and borrowed $10,000—$2,500 of it to buy into the Club Durant, the rest to pay off some debts and to buy some new suits, so he would look presentable on the café floor. Clayton's suits cost him up to $300 each and were tailored in the Broadway fashion, with wide shoulders and ample lapels.

The Clayton influence showed at once, on both the business and the partners. One of his first acts was to have some cards printed; he distributed them among his friends around town. The club held only 110 patrons at a time, but after Clayton's first seven days there, he was able to give his three associates $890 each as their shares for the week.

In addition, he held out $5,000 as "fall money."

"I call it fall money in case anything happens. What I mean by anything happening is that I will have money to pay off the liquor that I order, or if the place happens to get knocked off by a revenue man and in case we have any trouble, so we can have a lawyer or mouthpiece."

Not only did Clayton show executive ability as president and treasurer of the Durant Club, but he handled troublemakers with firm diplomacy. The strong-minded Lou, although unswervingly loyal, could say "no" to a best friend—a quality that Durante lacked. Jim would shilly-shally, avoid decisions, try to please everyone, and get into all sorts of mix-ups. Clayton made decisions on the spot, and his mind was cool, sharp and farseeing.

If diplomacy failed, this athletic gentleman could apply physical force. He weighed only 160 pounds, but had a lion tamer's courage. He also had one other resource: when nothing else could cope with the threats of some drunken customer, Clayton used the most persuasive of all defense weapons, the "Mickey Finn." He called the sickening dose "Little Michael."

"Our customers were all kinds," he said once, "from the elite down to the gutterbum. If you wanted to come into our place to be entertained, that was good enough for us. But if a person acted any other thing but a gentleman, I had Little Michael ready for him. I got the reputation as the best Michael giver in New York City."

Although Clayton gave the partnership a shot in the arm, Jeanne's reaction to him was mixed. She didn't like him, but she was forced to acknowledge his efficiency and vision. As the huge returns started coming in, she was able to buy her first car and pay off the mortgage on the Flushing house. Yet she couldn't warm up to the new partner. She was polite to him, but that was all—and that is the way it remained until her death in 1943. Clayton, who said later that he had liked Jeanne very much, went out of his way to win her approval. But, as he put it, "No dice."

The reason was simple. She had begun to see Jimmy's career as a rival for her affections, and for her Clayton personified Durante's professional life. The success of the Club Durant kept her husband away from home more and more. He would not return to suburban Flushing until 8:00 or 8:30 A.M.—and then he would have breakfast and go to bed. In the afternoons, he would get up and go straight to the club.

Unknown to Jimmy, Jeanne became so unnerved and so ill that she began to drink occasionally during the lonely nights.

Meanwhile, her husband was taking ever-increasing strides toward the great career that was to be his.

During Clayton's first week at the Club Durant, he decided to take Jim away from the piano and put him on the floor as a comedian. Durante was delighted at this. Until then, he always had been strictly a musician. Whenever he had tried to say anything at other clubs, the bosses would stop him. Now he was a boss himself. He could do what he wanted to do.

As the floor show developed, Eddie Jackson would stand at one end of the room and Jim would be at the other end. They used little megaphones, the kind that Rudy Vallee later on employed for his crooning, and sang "echo songs." For example, if Jimmy sang, "If there . . ." Jackson, from the other end of the room, would repeat the words, "If there . . ." And they would keep that up: "were two . . . were two . . . a lot . . . a lot . . . like you . . . like you . . ." And thus they would sing one of Jim's songs, word by word.

Then Clayton would come sliding and dancing onto the floor. Clayton put Jim between himself and Jackson in the trio, and they would sing and improvise business and jokes, in this way setting a unique pattern for night-club comedy.

It was at about this time that Clayton coined the nickname for Durante of "Schnozzle," or "Schnozzola," or simply, "Schnozz."

"Clayton would run out to the kitchen pretending to look for me," Durante relates, "and when he found me, he would grab me by the beak and yell that he had discovered oil. Then Jackson would ask where, and Clayton would say, 'In Jimmy's schnozz.' Then Jackson would grab me by the nose, and then little by little we graduated, got bits here and there and added to our routine. I wrote songs the first year like I'm Jimmy, that Well-Dressed Man, and afterward, I Ups to Him and He Ups to Me, and Who Will Be with You When I'm Far Away. A man named Farrell wrote the tune, and I went and got the words a little closer to that melody, and then we got together and wrote the whole song over."

Now that Jimmy was turning comedian, the troupe needed a full-time pianist—someone with the particular "drive" Durante required for his songs.

One June night the trio and their wives went to Coney Island to look for a replacement. As they passed a place called the Ritz, they heard a band playing upstairs. They went up and ordered soft drinks, and a member of the band sneered, "Society people!" But the pianist-leader took a second look.

"No, fellows," he said, "that's Jimmy Durante! Let's fake one of his songs in the key of C."

They began playing I Ain't Never Had Nobody Crazy over Me, and Jeanne Durante, her happiness revived for this little time, began singing at the table. Jimmy, Lou and Eddie then got on the floor and did a turn. After the impromptu act was finished, Durante, impressed by the musical support he had received, asked the pianist, Harry Donnelly, if he would like to work that winter at the Club Durant. Donnelly did; the next season he took four members of his band with him to the place on Fifty-eighth Street. Jimmy already had a drummer, Jack Roth, a Long Islander of sound rhythm and easy disposition, and that filled out the band.

Roth and Donnelly became more or less permanent fixtures of the Durante troupe. Donnelly collaborated with Jimmy on several songs, including Inka Dinka Doo, and stayed with him for years; Roth is still with the Schnozz as a prominent part of his act.

Durante Softhearted Boss

One reason people have remained so long with Jimmy—besides the fact that they have talent and his friendship—is his congenital inability to be so unkind as to fire a performer. Donnelly tells of a time when Roth was temporarily absent and Jimmy desired to replace the man then playing drums in the band. Walking upstairs to the club one day, Donnelly heard Jimmy's voice coming from the big room.

"You see, Joe," Durante was saying tensely, "I know you are a class-A drummer, but every onct in a while there has to be changes made. Ross Gorman made a change and now he has his own band, the way he wants. And now it hurts me to tell you we've decided to make a change, and it has to be you. Sorry, partner, but get out!"

The astonished Donnelly paused outside the room. After a moment, Durante began to roar. "Don't gimme that, Joe! All right! All right! But my hands are tied! It's two weeks' notice, and that's final!"

Donnelly stepped into the room. Durante was alone. The softhearted fellow had been *rehearsing* to fire his drummer.

As the routines grew and the songs multiplied at the Club Durant, the mad antics of Clayton, Jackson and Durante began to be the talk of Broadway. A great team had taken shape, one that was to be remembered in show business for years—both for its inimitable quality and for the intense loyalty its members had for each other.

"I want to make it very plain and emphatic," Clayton said not long before his death last fall, "that during all those years of our association and partnership, there wasn't a piece of paper written between Durante and myself. There never has been a contract, though we have cut up millions of dollars.

"At one time Jimmy gave me a picture of himself, and he inscribed on it the only contract you might say that we ever had: 'To My Dear Pal and Partner, Lou, until Death Do We Part.'"

Jimmy Durante could never stay out of trouble. In the mid-twenties he was arrested for serving liquor to a cop; "Brandied as a criminal!" he moaned. In addition, an attempt was made to kidnap him for ransom. It's all in the third installment of SCHNOZZOLA! in next week's Collier's. Be sure to order your newsstand copy

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"I Predict for Yugoslavia..."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

whistle or bellow such as you hear on trains out on our Midwestern prairies; second, by their insatiable thirst. I can attest to the latter, because on more than one wintry night I had formed a water line to pass oil tins from the Vardar up to the locomotive water tank to get steam up in the thirsty American lady.

But as we steamed north through Macedonia, I began to notice changes. The ravages of war were still there. But otherwise Yugoslavia was more solemn, more drab, in a sense more grown up. Not only did the trains run on time, with no stops and consultations with the fireman while he pulled clinkers out of the Amerikanka; but the quaint Macedonian women who sold boiled eggs, cheese and embroidery work on the station platforms were no more.

At first, I thought this was because of the drought and its resultant food shortage. Later I learned it was one of the results of Yugoslav Communism. Private enterprise had vanished, including the old ladies who baked in their own kitchens and sold food at railroad stations. The government now monopolizes the sale and distribution of food.

During the next few days I was to find that the country which I had once known as one of the most individualistic in the world had become almost completely communized. At first I could not believe this was true, for there has been no more courageous fighter for his liberty throughout the years than the Serb. For centuries he maneuvered to keep from being swallowed up by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In the course of this, he murdered a half dozen of his own kings, and was ever willing to fight to the death to defend his 12 hectares (30 acres) of land on a steep hillside, not because they produced much of anything, but because they belonged to him.

Despite this, it remains a fact that Yugoslavia today is definitely Communistic, though in spots unwillingly and rebelliously so. Furthermore, Yugoslav Communism is probably purer than the Kremlin brand.

Marshal Tito's Dilemma

There is an important and interesting reason for this, derived from the fact that Tito today is something of a prisoner. One of his problems is to satisfy the hard core of the Communist party, trained for years in Moscow; and to do this he has to show that he is more of a Communist than Joseph Stalin. Stalinism has now been branded by Yugoslav Communists as a mere cloak for imperialism, a bloody ambition to rule the world. Yugoslavia, in contrast, is called the land of pure Communism—a brand of Communism that does not endanger its neighbors.

So argue the Titoists. And to carry out their theory of unadulterated economic Communism, they have put every retail store under the Communistic system—though in most cases the store is leased by the government back to its original owner who then acts as manager. Every barbershop employing more than three barbers is also under the government, as well as virtually every other form of private enterprise with the exception of bootblacks and baggage porters.

The attempt to collectivize the farms is especially significant. Farm collectives are composed of about 40 to 50 families each given a norm of work to do, including men, women and children. Books are kept on each family's work and at the end of the year the total crop production is balanced. A certain amount of the crop is then put aside for the aged, for next year's seeding, for emergency and for the state, and the remainder is divided according to the norm of work performed by each family.

During the working year and before the harvest, each family can draw a certain amount of corn, cabbage, potatoes, a butchered hog and so on—though this is chalked up against its annual balance. Farm collectivization in many parts of the country has not been easy, especially in non-Communist, anti-Tito Serbia. But a hard-boiled system has been used to make farmers join—or else.

For instance, a farmer who refused to join a collective was given a certain crop quota which he must raise and turn over to the government. This quota was purposely put high so he would have difficulty in meeting it. And if he could not meet it, then he had to go into the free market and buy wheat, corn or potatoes at a high price and sell to the government at a low price.

Those Who Went to Jail

This was certain to break him. When he saw the handwriting on the wall, he usually gave up and joined a farm collective. But if he would not sign or produce his quota, then he went to jail. Thousands of Serbs have. Fiercely tenacious in the fight to hold their land, they figured that there would be war in two or three years, after which they could get their land back; but if they signed up for a farm collective, their land was gone forever.

Two important breaks have recently appeared in the farm collective drive. Almost simultaneous with Tito's new friendship for the United States, the farm collective campaign has stopped. About 19 per cent of Yugoslav farms are now collectivized, largely in Montenegro, Herzegovina, and the Voyvodina. In the rest of the country the drive has come to a dead stop, and Tito apparently is content to leave it that way.

The other development is that Serbian political prisoners, many of them farmers who refused to be collectivized, were released from the jails last Christmas.

Yugoslavia, it should be noted, is now a close-knit confederation of six republics. When I knew it, under the monarchy, it was the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes." Now it is divided into the Republics of Macedonia in the south, Serbia in the east, Montenegro in the southwest, Croatia in the west and Slovenia in the northwest with Bosnia-Herzegovina in the center—all speaking the same Slavic language though varying widely in religion, customs and deep-rooted political passions.

It was through the southwest part of the country, an area skirting the Albanian Alps and liberated from Turkey only a few short years ago, that I traveled last winter toward the villages I once helped to build and the people I helped to feed after World War I. Traveling through "Stara Srbija"—Old Serbia—is no picnic at any time of year, particularly in February.

However, thanks to George Trett of the American food mission, whose job it is to make sure that American flour is being equitably distributed to the peasants by a Communist government, my wife and I, with my delightful and irrepressible brother-in-law, Dan T. Moore, drove off one wintry morning from the capital of Macedonia toward my old headquarters, Pec, and the nearby village once named Pearsonavatz.

In the old days before our relief mission imported motor trucks, the trip to Pec took two days at least, one day by rail, another by Turkish *kola* or carriage. The length of time really depended on the Komitadji, self-appointed members of a "committee" of guerrillas whose function it was to keep the Serbian government in hot water by robbing the mails, shooting unreasonably rich merchants, appropriating the cattle and burning the haystacks of unamenable government officials.

I vividly recall even after 30 years picking up one wounded Komitadji with bullet holes through his arm, thigh and ribs, and taking him to our hospital. We had to amputate his arm, but he refused an anesthetic.

It was always safer in those days to hire

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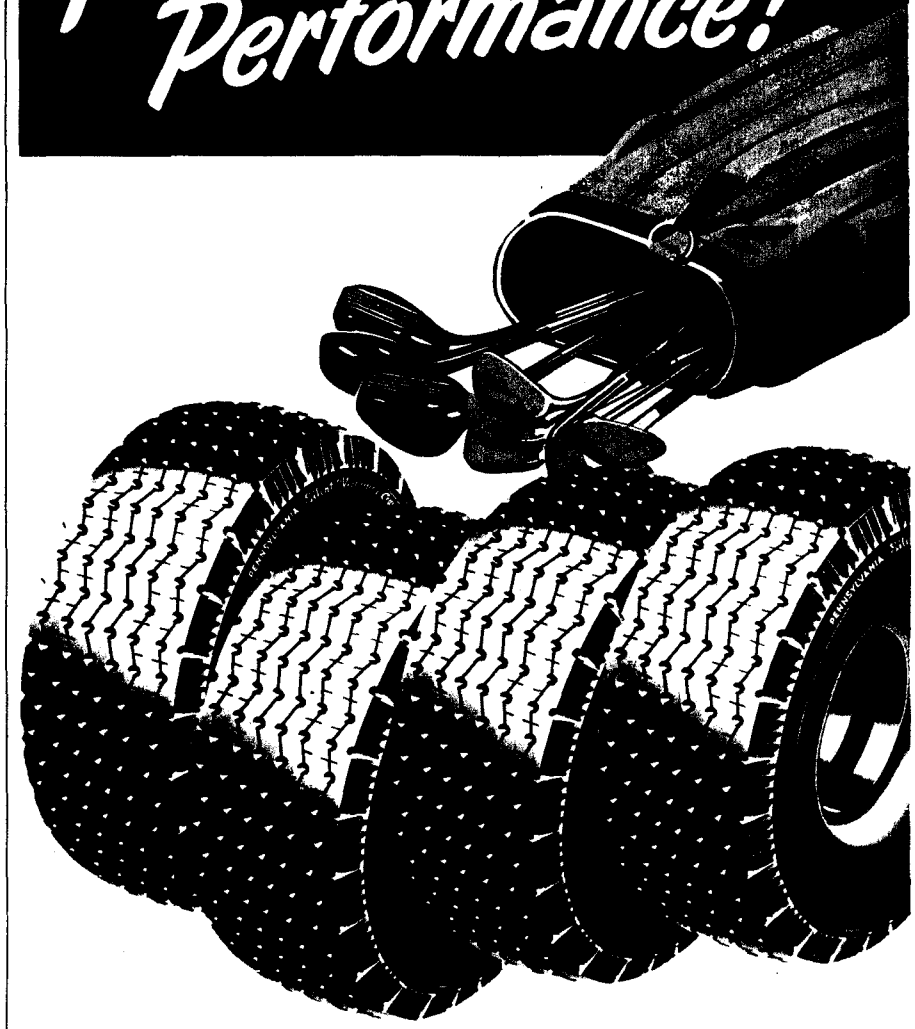

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an Albanian *kola* driver because, as a Mohammedan, he had less to fear from his fellow Mohammedans, the Komitadji. Serbian drivers, who were Christian, seldom crossed those mountains at night.

Thanks to our jeep, this recent trip was quicker. But the road had not changed. We passed the same long string of sleepy oxen which became very much awake as we approached; and the same familiar line of gypsy women, their backs bent with underbrush they had gleaned from the bare hills and were carrying into market to sell for 10 dinars. Ten dinars (20 cents) for a day's work and a five-mile walk in the icy wind!

No, the road had hardly changed at all. In the same place was the stone crusher which the Austrians brought in to repair the road in 1915. For three decades, it had gathered rust. Now a Turk sat on a pile of nearby rock, with a little hammer, crushing stone.

In the same place also was the Austrian officer's grave where Voukasavlaitch the Serb had thoughtfully stopped to replace the fallen cross. Now the cross had fallen again. And there were the thick-walled Albanian houses—solid stone fortresses, gun slots in the walls at the base, and no windows except on the third floor—the floor where the women were kept, out of reach of marauding guerrillas. Everything in that part of the world was built for defense, for war. It had been so when I lived there. It was still so today.

It seemed to me I knew every turn in the road, every bump, every grade, one in particular where our three-ton World War I truck got stuck in the mud for three days, with a load of dynamite, black powder and nails. Getting stuck was not unusual, except that on this particular occasion the Yugoslav government, because of Komitadji raids, had been unable to pay its officials and asked us to carry 9,000,000 dinars to the governor of the province. So the 9,000,000 dinars, thanks to the mud, had lain on the load of dynamite, nails and black powder for three days! Quite safe, for nobody bothered an American truck.

Our jeep continued on across the bleak, wind-swept hills of Kosovo, the plain where the Serbs stopped the Turkish advance on Vienna in 1389, where the peasants still tell you that blood flowed so freely the Serbs had to swim their horses off the battlefield.

Finally crossing Kosovo, we swung under the shadow of the Albanian Alps.

This was forbidden territory. Here Tito keeps a heavy concentration of troops, alert against the danger of attack from Moscow-dominated Albania. Here also is the Little Iron Curtain, within six kilometers of which no one is supposed to pass without special permit.

We, however, had no permit. To have secured one might have taken two days, three days—a week. Our only permit was a jeep with an American flag painted on the side, plus a rusty memory of the Serbian language.

I was curious as we started the trip to find out what the Communist Yugoslavs now thought of Americans. I knew what they thought of us in the old days. We were their allies, their saviors, but most of all their friends. However, a lot had happened since then. A new type of government, long anti-American, ruled from Belgrade. And the big question was what did they think of us now.

One answer probably was our jeep ride through the restricted zone alongside the Albanian border. Three times we were stopped by border guards. Three times a brief explanation that we were Americans got us through the line. It was fairly simple.

Of course, I tried to give my wife the impression that it was fast talking on my part and a fluent knowledge of Yugoslav that got us past the guards. But it wasn't. You really needed no special permit to travel through restricted areas in Yugoslavia—if you were an American.

Finally, our jeep topped the last low ridge and we looked down on the Albanian-Montenegrin city of Pec. It nestled in a cleft at the foot of the towering snow-capped mountains of Crna Gora where the Bistritza tumbled down a rift between two peaks and ran out in a silver thread upon the brown plain.

Its red housetops were half concealed under a haze of smoke which seeped out from the roof tiles; for in Pec, houses are without chimneys. And, too indolent to rise, the smoke mingled with the shadow of the mountains to throw a blanket of evening dusk over the city; so that the minarets alone stood gleaming as if in a cloud of incense. And with them, silhouetted in lines beside the river, were the poplar trees which the Turks say talk with God. But above the shadowy city, the sun was just touching the mountain peaks with its last caress. And the snow and ice reflected that caress and passed it on to the clouds above until they were flushed and flaming with crimson and gold.

I had seen that sunset many times as I drove over the road to Pec. It was a sunset you could never forget. Despite another war, another enemy occupation and 30 years' absence, it seemed unchanged.

Seating Capacity

I once sought the chair
That was cushioned and bolstery.
But now I don't care,
For *I've* the upholstery.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

And here I was back—in a sense—home.

I was home again, yet I didn't know where to stay. The sprawling Turkish house which once served as headquarters for the American Quakers who worked in Pec had been taken over by the army. And after 30 years I had forgotten the names of the hotels. So I headed the jeep for the central square once lined by old Turkish inns. They were gone!

Instead we were directed to the Hotel Stalingrad. Furthermore, we were informed it was the only hotel in town. The Hotel Stalingrad! Imagine what some of my senatorial critics would say to that. However, we signed the hotel register and were given two dingy rooms—iron beds, army blankets, no heat, water which ran only when you poured it, and Turkish toilet facilities which hadn't changed since 1700.

It was a Communist hotel all right. No bellboys and no tips, though the prices—thanks to our Putnik dinars—were not high.

Without Putnik dinars, however, even Americans, wealthy as they are supposed to be, can scarcely afford to live in Yugoslavia. Yugoslav currency—the dinar—is pegged so high that prices, even at a backwoods Macedonian restaurant, compare with those at the Waldorf. To encourage tourists, however, and to discourage black-market currency, which, incidentally, scarcely seems to exist, the Yugoslav government issues a special currency or putnik dinar which entitles a tourist to a 70 per cent discount in hotels and restaurants.

We sat in the dining room of the Hotel Stalingrad that night, our overcoats on—for the window was minus a pane of glass and the wood stove in the other end of the room was very fainthearted indeed—and wondered how the Montenegrins who sat all around us, also in overcoats, managed to eat.

After a time, it became apparent that they were not eating. They were drinking—or in many cases just sitting. For food is the most expensive commodity in all Yugoslavia, and the average Yugoslav cannot buy it except with his ration card. As long as he stays within his ration card, the price of food is pegged at government prices and he can subsist. But if he buys on the free market, without a ration card, he is out of luck.

Even with a ration card, however, food is so expensive that a part of the population eats in government-operated hostels or boarding houses. And if it had not been for the tons of American flour which the United States poured into Yugoslavia last winter, there would have been revolution long before this.

Whether feeding this Communist country is a wise policy, whether a revolution would help or hurt our goal in Europe is a tough question which I shall try to answer in this article.

Meanwhile, the fainthearted Communist wood stove in the other end of the Hotel Stalingrad dining room got even more fainthearted, and, half frozen, we went upstairs to our even colder Communist beds.

When for nearly two years you have had 200 people dependent on you for food and shelter; when you have cared for 200 orphans, operated a hospital and a lumber industry employing a hundred Albanians; when you have built three villages and run a fleet of motor trucks without which Yugoslav officials sometimes could not function, then you are inclined to believe you are a somewhat important cog in the community. You even entertain the hope that despite the passage of time someone might remember you.

But, though I was once director of Quaker relief work for this Balkan area, held many committee meetings of local officials, presided over citizens' gripe sessions, and considered myself quite a member of the community, I am now ashamed to confess that I could find only one citizen among the 18,000 in Pec who had the faintest idea as to who I was.

My wife, I concluded, was certainly right.

First, I called on the mayor. He was a hard-boiled young Montenegrin, obviously a stanch member of the Communist party and thoroughly uninterested in my past, present or future. Then I went around to see the house where we Quaker relief workers once lived. It had burned down. I visited the old Austrian barracks which we had turned into a hospital. It now housed refugees, with cattle quartered on the ground floor.

Finally I discovered one man who remembered me—Nejib-Beg, the old mayor of Pec.

Eighty years old, Nejib-Beg was living in a Turkish house which I used to rent, and whose bedroom walls were seared with the flame of my kerosene lamp used in the regular, nightly ritual of popping off bedbugs before retiring. I had known Nejib-Beg quite well. He had served on our hospital committee, on which we tried to mix all races and religions—Albanian, Serb and Montenegrin; Orthodox, Catholic and Mohammedan. And, following a farewell dinner before my departure from Pec, he had been shot. It was in the middle of an election campaign and shooting a candidate in the Balkans was one way of killing off votes.

Nejib-Beg was a hard man to defeat, which was probably why they shot him. He had both a Montenegrin wife and an Albanian wife, which was permitted under Mohammedan law and which, in a city of mixed races, helped him draw votes from both the Albanians and the Montenegrins.

I told Nejib-Beg I had always wondered how badly he was shot on the day after his farewell dinner to me.

"It was just an election feud," he said. "I was shot in the leg, but in the end we won the election.

"I've been out of politics for a long time now," he added. "We don't have that kind of election any more."

Fewer Election Shootings Now

I didn't press him on this point, for in a Communist country there is less street shooting but more party regularity. Nor did I ask about his two wives. One wife, I noticed, was still living—the Montenegrin. Apparently she had proved hardier than the Mohammedan.

"I remember the hospital committee you organized, Doctor"—Nejib-Beg had always insisted on calling me doctor though he knew better—"and the way you tried to treat all races and religions fairly. Those were difficult days, difficult days," he mused, "and we shall always be grateful to America."

My feelings weren't quite so hurt after discovering that at least one man remembered me. Also I reminded myself that a lot of water had flowed down the Bistritza since I was there, a bloody invasion by the German army had occurred, a subsequent occupation by the Italian army, then guerrilla warfare by Tito's partisans, liberation by the Russian army, a Communist government, and now hatred for Russia and friendship for the U.S.A. In such a fast-changing world, it was a wonder that anyone remembered anything.

Furthermore, I discovered that although our old hospital was no more, a modern and much finer hospital had been built up on the hill; and, during my search for Nejib-Beg, I visited a school as modern as any in most American cities. Its students and teachers were largely Mohammedan, which was significant. For, 30 years ago, Mohammedan children, if they attended school at all, did so at the mosque, and their only teacher was the khoja or Moslem priest.

Most of this improvement had been accomplished prior to the Communist regime, though the Communists appeared to be continuing the school-building program.

Later I discovered that of all the sections of Yugoslavia, perhaps the most successfully communized is Montenegro. It is also a fact that more immigrants have come to the United States from Montenegro than from any other part of Yugoslavia, probably for the same reason—the utter rocky, abject poverty of the country. Poverty, wherever it exists, leads to Communism, and Montenegro, despite its proud boast that it never bowed to the Turkish conqueror, is no exception.

At the edge of the Montenegrin mountains stretches the *šuma*—mile after mile of rolling plain sprinkled with scrub oak which the gypsy women cut and lug into town on their backs for firewood. I had first crossed the *šuma* at three thirty on an icy moonlit morning in December, 1919, and was considered a fool for doing so. For no one ever ventured out on the *šuma* after dark. It was the proverbial stamping ground of the Komitadji, and even the gendarmes, stationed in blockhouses along the road, supposed to guard it night and day, locked themselves behind massive oaken doors after sundown.

On that first trip, I had heard or seen not a living soul. Not a light disturbed the moonlight of the *šuma*, not even the crack of a rifle broke the stillness; only the steady crunch, crunch of my carriage wheels in the frozen mud—and once the howl of a wolf.

But this time—how different!

Several hundred whitewashed, red-roofed houses had sprung up from the underbrush,

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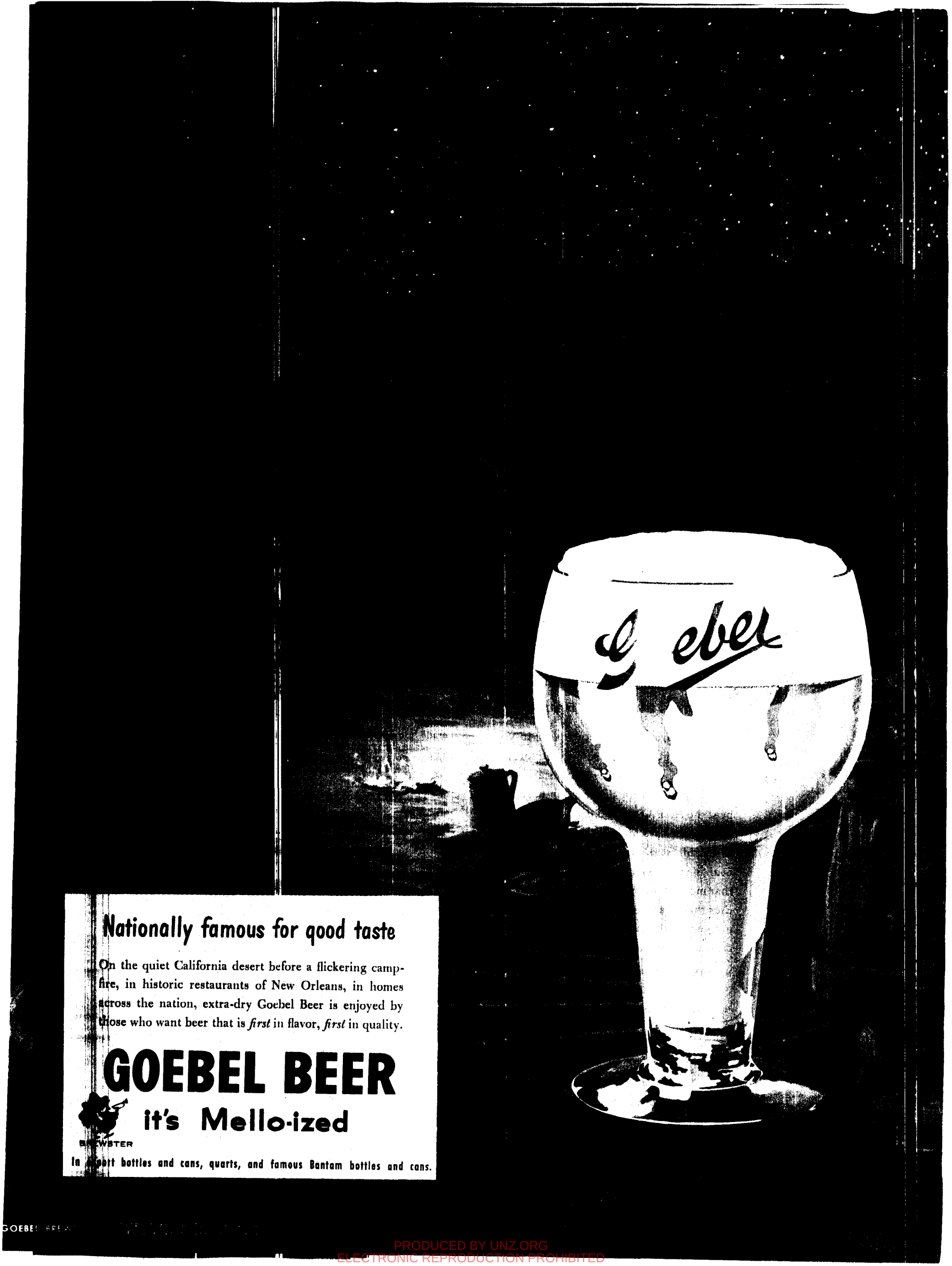

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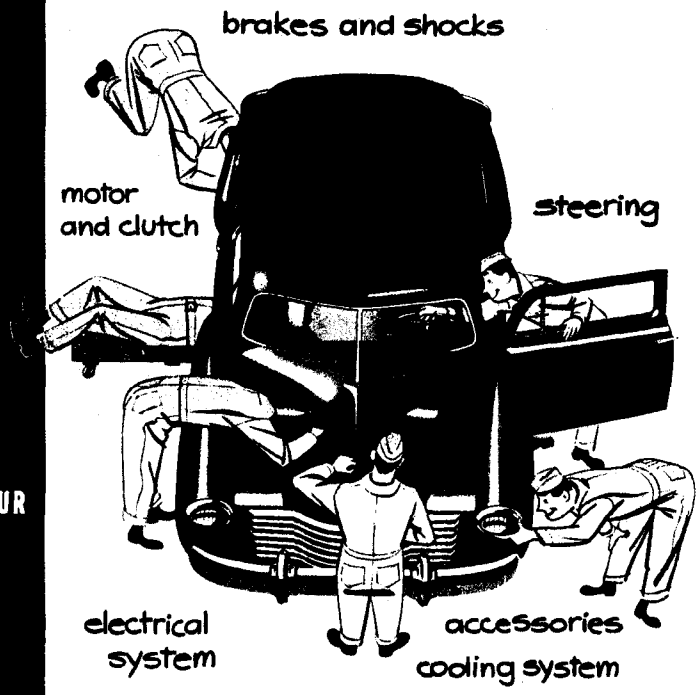

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the houses we had built 30 years before. Around them were the fields we had cleared of scrub oak, plowed with American tractors, and planted with the first crops since several hundred years of Turkish rule.

When we first proposed back in 1919 settling Montenegrin refugees on this lonely plain, officials in Pec had scoffed: "What are these Americans doing? Who will live out on the *šuma?* Not even the refugees. They would rather die of typhus in the city than be murdered by the Komitadji the first night in their new houses."

But now the *šuma* was alive. Not only were the three villages we built still in good condition, but they had grown. There were schools, churches, even a city hall and a police station—luxuries we never had time even to think about.

We stopped at the first village, once named Pearsonavatz. Its name had been changed; no, not to Titograd, as my wife predicted, but to a much more beautiful name—Vitamoritza.

Children played beside the road. The smell of fresh roast pig floated from an open door. Old Montenegrin ladies came out to look at the strange Americanskis who said they had been there 32 years before. Yes, said one, she remembered very well how the Americanskis had built her house. And she added, her roof leaked and she would now like to have it repaired.

My wife reminded me that we had a leaky roof at home and that her house came first.

We drove on—across the awakened *šuma*. A baby wailed, a mother began to croon a monotonous lullaby, a rooster crowed, a dog barked. And when I had first passed this way 30 years before, I had seen no sign of human life, heard no sound save the crunch, crunch of my *kola* wheels in the frozen mud—and once the howl of a wolf.

Though I spent some days in Belgrade on my recent visit to Yugoslavia, I did not see the man who holds the whip hand over the six nervous republics of the land of the southern Slavs—Marshal Tito. I do not know whether he was ducking me because I once predicted his assassination, or whether he was honestly on military maneuvers.

I was told that I could see him if I waited a week until he returned, but I could not wait. I had already crossed Yugoslavia from the Greek border in the south to Belgrade in the north, and from the Albanian border in the west to Bulgaria in the east; and far more important than talking to Tito, I had talked to the people.

The Real Voice of Yugoslavia

I knew pretty well what they thought of him, what they thought of Communism, and what they thought of the United States. Most important of all, I knew what they thought of Russia.

Some of these opinions are interdependent. Tito, for instance, has increased his popularity because of the present universal dislike of Russia. Tito is so hated by the Kremlin that he is more popular than ever at home. Even the Serbs, who never really liked Tito, now speak of him in rather kindly terms.

Likewise, the popularity of the United States has increased in direct ratio to the unpopularity of the U.S.S.R. This unpopularity appears to be not only a natural reaction of the people, but it is spurred on by the bitterest, most carefully planned rain of anti-Russian propaganda I have ever seen or listened to. The diatribes of Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin against Communism are mild compared with the invective I heard heaped on the Soviet by Mŏsa Pijade, vice-president of the Presidium and a top-ranking member of the government.

Pijade was speaking to about 50,000 Yugoslavs packed in Republic Square in Belgrade. I presume most of the crowd were Communists. Red flags featuring the hammer and sickle, supposedly of Soviet Russia, flew from the speakers' platform. Other red flags flew from the buildings. Red stars were on the caps of soldiers.

As I listened to Pijade, however, I realized that to Yugoslavs, at least, flags mean nothing.

"I quote Governor Dewey of New York," he said, "and I quote that eminent American journalist Walter Lippmann, to show you that Russia cannot be trusted. Russia under the Kremlin is no different from Russia under the czar. Under both, Russia has stood for conquest against her neighbors, for wanton, cowardly aggression and for the sneaky double cross."

Each day, Belgrade newspapers featured the same bitter attacks. On their front pages were two-column editorials dealing with every Russian double cross in 300 years, with the history of Russia in 1700 played up as if it were the hottest news of the day.

These anti-Soviet barrages are no accident. They are a carefully planned campaign to condition Yugoslavia for Russia's attack. When and if such an attack does come, Tito wants no political defection, no wavering of his people.

And he has done his job so well that I am convinced Yugoslavia will put up an unto-death battle.

Food Shipments from U. S.

The United States government is staking about $130,000,000 on a similar conviction. It is spending $16,000,000 for the direct feeding of the Yugoslav army, plus $50,000,000 on food for the people of Yugoslavia—food that is distributed through a Communist government's ration card system. On top of this, $29,000,000 is being spent on equipment for the Yugoslav army, plus another $6,000,000 loan by the Export-Import Bank.

Finally, about $30,000,000 worth of surplus Department of Agriculture food is being distributed through CARE—11,000,000 pounds of surplus butter, 24,000,000 pounds of dried skim milk and 12,000,000 pounds of dried egg powder. These surpluses, which would have spoiled if kept much longer, are being shipped under an arrangement whereby the Yugoslav government pays the ocean freight, while CARE undertakes to raise the money for rail transportation inside the United States.

All of this food, of course, is a calculated risk. What we are doing is buying the support of 30 tough, well-trained Yugoslav army divisions. However, my trip through Yugoslavia convinced me that it is a reasonably safe risk and that the Yugoslav army will make a good accounting of itself.

In my opinion, furthermore, we are buying more than 30 divisions; and in passing I should modify the word "buy," for you can't buy lasting friendship. You have to win it. And we are now rewinning the friendship of a people whom I knew 30 years ago as warm and sincere friends; people whose relatives have been elected governor of Ohio, Frank J. Lausche, and a congressman from Minnesota, John A. Blatnik; people who can be wooed away from Communism and who can be our friends again.

I predict for Yugoslavia that she probably will never go back to the capitalistic system as we know it. But in the short time since I have left Yugoslavia, the government has already abandoned part of its Communistic farm controls, and I believe it will not be long before Yugoslavia goes back to a loose form of state socialism not unlike that of England or West Germany. This is a long way from the hard-boiled police state which operated under the Kremlin.

No matter what she does politically, however, Yugoslavia is an all-important beacon light to the Soviet satellites, wooing them, coaxing them to come out from behind the Iron Curtain.

As long as Yugoslavia stands free, she remains the worst political thorn in the side of the Kremlin, the worst blemish on Stalin's career. Once she falls, the greatest of all inducements to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria to have courage against their Soviet oppressors disappears. THE END

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Crime Busting Is Right Up Hogan's Alley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

questioned John P. Crane, president of the New York City Uniformed Firemen's Association, about his cash gifts to city officials —including the alleged $10,000 donation of former Mayor William O'Dwyer—Crane sent word to Hogan:

"I don't think you'll want to hear this."

Face to face with Hogan, Crane said:

"I gave the (firemen's) money to some of the biggest people in the city. Some of them are your very good friends. If I told you, you'd be embarrassed."

"This job is full of embarrassment," said Hogan and went full steam ahead with the probe whose findings, later revealed by the Senate Crime Committee, created a sensation.

The aura of unassailable probity that emanates from Hogan is contagious. The dedicated assistant D.A.s and staff of investigators who mold themselves in the image of their boss won't permit themselves to be seen at a night club. They might rub elbows with hoodlums or be offered a magnum of champagne by a designing host. To them, office business is a secret, to be locked away even from their wives. Unlike aides in many other district attorney's offices, they are not allowed to take outside law work.

They Don't Drop Tough Cases

In contrast to the Big City tradition of the two-hour "business lunch," Hogan's men often eat a hurried sandwich at their desks, remain at their posts at least until 7:00 P.M. and even come in on Saturdays. And they never allow a baffling, unfinished case to die. For a stubborn persistence, bordering on the fanatical, is another of Hogan's qualities.

On Election Day in 1946, following a campaign to unseat leftist ex-Congressman Vito Marcantonio, Joseph Scottoriggio, an election district captain, was beaten so badly he later died. Hogan marshaled 100 aides and detectives to track down the political gangsters. They questioned 1,500 suspects. As months passed with no break in the case, Hogan placed a photograph of Scottoriggio's widow on his desk. For three years it served as a daily reminder to Hogan to "raise hell with the boys so that they wouldn't forget." Only after aides began to rib him about "the widow" did Hogan remove the picture.

The world's biggest criminal law office costs $1,000,000 a year to run (almost as much as New York City spends on its four other D.A.s put together). It requires a staff of 215 lawyers, accountants, investigators. And such specialists as a three-in-one lawyer-doctor-psychiatrist, Dr. Perry M. Lichtenstein—the only one of his kind in the world—to probe the warped workings of the criminal mind.

A "silent service," Hogan's men are sealed off in four floors of the 17-story Criminal Courts Building which towers in marbled splendor over a three-block area in downtown Manhattan.

From his eighth-floor office, Hogan—a restless pacer when he's thinking or driving home a point—looks out on neighborhoods rich with macabre memories. A stone's throw away is the infamous Five Points, a five-street junction where the Bowery and lower East Side gangs slugged and knifed it out over boundary rights in the nineteenth century. "Mulberry Bend," in Little Italy, almost directly below, cradled some of the Maffia killers who went on to become the underworld overlords of America. Nowadays, kids play basketball in a tiny triangle of park where crawling tenements once spawned the worst of the hoodlums.

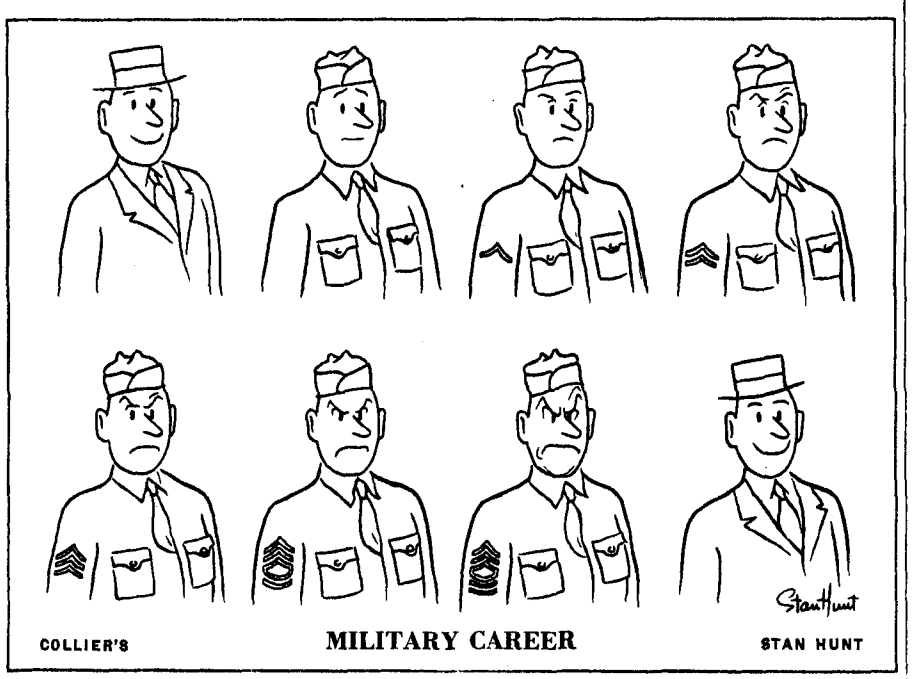
In the old days bondsmen, ambulance chasers and ward heelers used to hang around the D.A.'s office. Clubhouse politicians would wander in with "contracts" from district leaders to fix a case. They'd look at lists of witnesses on an assistant D.A.'s desk, and sometimes swipe a whole dossier on a case or pocket such evidence as guns and knives. Politicians would watch witnesses go in and out, and by their presence in the lobbies intimidate them.

All this is gone. Hogan, like Dewey before him, surrounds himself and his staff with security measures that would do credit to an atomic energy plant.

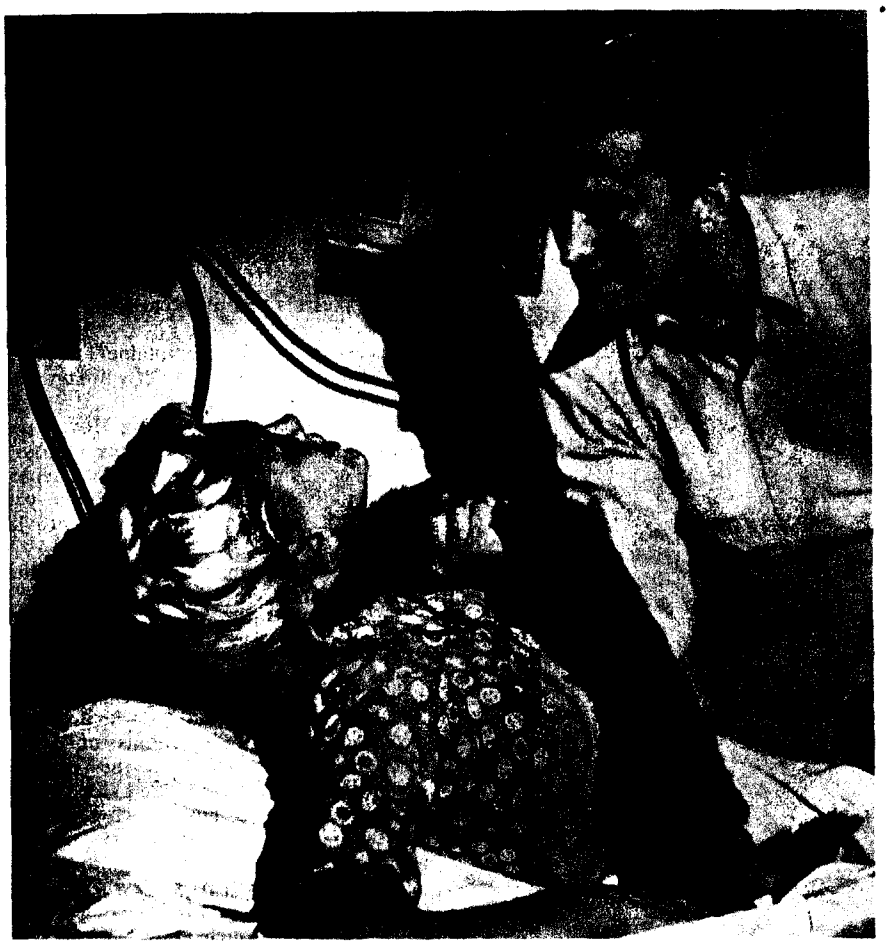
A uniformed policeman at the street entrance keeps the corridors clear upstairs. You must have an appointment to get through. And this goes for newspapermen, too. They can't breeze in and put their feet up on the desk of anybody they think will give them a good story. There's only one man they may see. He is Confidential Secretary James F. O'Leary, a mild young man who—for a publicity man—has curious orders: keep the cases out of the papers—until there are indictments and arrests.

In the square cubicles that house the assistant D.A.s, desks are bare, also by order. So security-minded is everybody that the Rackets Bureau doesn't know what the Homicide Bureau is up to. (Ten bureaus, including one on "abandonment," divide up the work.) The boys will read it in the papers when the case comes up in court.

The security measures don't keep out anyone with a complaint. Through the



Collier's for July 7, 1951



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district attorney's office doors pass many of the woes, real or imagined, of a great city. They go first to an interviewer, John J. Mallon, on the seventh floor who does a rough sifting job.

Of the 45 to 50 complaints daily, about one third come from the residents of other boroughs who mistakenly believe Hogan's jurisdiction covers the entire city. About half the complaints are from obsessed cranks, so that sometimes interviewer Mallon sends for Dr. Lichtenstein, and the caller takes his complaint to Bellevue Hospital.

Occasionally, the complainer finds his way to jail, as often one thief will complain against another.

Complaints like these bring Hogan part of his business. The magistrates' courts in which are arraigned the police department's daily catch of burglars, dope peddlers, wife beaters, killers, rapists provide further cases for the prosecutor.

But Hogan, no man to wait for business to come to him, goes out after it.

City Bilked of Realty Taxes

Recently, after three months' investigation, he exposed a fraud by which the city had been bilked of millions of dollars through illegal reductions in the realty assessments on which taxes are based.

Another chunk of business Hogan staked out for himself has already set off fireworks that promise to crackle into a series of scandals that will rock New York City. Characteristically, it is being pursued with the quiet Hogan touch. Few New Yorkers know an investigation is under way that is slicing deeper into municipal corruption than even the famed Seabury probe that sent the late ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker packing in 1932.

For example: Tucked away in the New York City Fire Department is the little-known Fuel Oil Section of the "Combustibles Division." Headed by a captain, it sends forth 20 inspectors daily to check the installation of fuel oil tanks and to issue permits. Recently, Hogan won New York County Grand Jury indictments against three inspectors and two officers. They had perfected—so Hogan charged—a business-like scheme for acquiring speedy riches: No pay-off, no permit. So routinized was the extortion that the inspectors had a schedule of graft rates: $10 for a small tank, on up to $30 for a big one. Some fuel contracters paid as high as $5,000 graft yearly. And from this one department unit alone—of the many in the big city—the grafters allegedly extorted $500,000 a year. Most of the loot, said Hogan, went to an unnamed big shot with high city connections.

Aroused by these findings, Hogan turned his Rackets Bureau with its 13 lawyers loose on the Big City's other great departments: Hospitals, Sanitation, Building and Housing, Board of Education. Probing the firemen's union (Uniformed Firemen's Association) he found it had raised large sums of cash. A big chunk of it—$55,000—so John P. Crane, firemen's leader, charged, had gone to James J. Moran, a former first deputy fire commissioner and friend of Ambassador O'Dwyer.

"Wherever a permit has been issued," says Hogan's Rackets Bureau Chief Alfred J. Scotti—a 14-year veteran in the office—"there's a possibility of graft." And in New York City millions of dollars of permits are issued yearly, ranging from a license to run a peanut stand to a permit for docking a giant liner in the New York Harbor. The city buys great quantities of supplies and fuel yearly, a further possible source for boodle. Even promotions in some city departments, as Hogan found, are for sale. But it is as hard to get an extortion victim or bribe giver to talk as it is to get Chicago's Jack Guzik, say, to snitch on his gangster pals.

"All through the city, merchants, engineers, property owners are being shaken down by inspectors in any one of a dozen city departments," says Hogan.

"These victims scream about corrupt public officials. But do they go to the police or to the district attorney? Not by a damned sight. When we call them in, we have to subpoena their books. We have to cross-examine them before a grand jury to prove they are lying. We have to sweat and strain."

The victims, fearing reprisals, usually camouflage the graft payments in their accounts or, in a pinch, will destroy the records altogether.

This requires a countercamouflage corps of accountants trained as ledger sleuths. Hogan has a dozen such treasured specialists, headed by Joseph M. Gasarch, a round-bodied, round-faced, round-eyed man who finds as much joy in a baffling ledger as an eight-year-old in a comic book.

When the J. & B. Contracting Company shortchanged the city's hospitals with shoddy paint jobs which were approved by city inspectors, the company's accounts were innocent of the usual "entertainment expense" and other dodges with which graft usually is hidden. Gasarch curled himself up with a lapful of painters' vouchers and after three cigars and some clucking noises to denote his pleasure at finding a new wrinkle, he came up with the solution and the incriminating evidence. The vouchers revealed to Gasarch that the painters were spending inordinate amounts on "dropcloths," the canvas with which painters cover furniture while painting. He noted further that the vouchers for the dropcloths bore faintly scrawled initials—those of the city inspectors who had to pass on the work.

Sometimes extortion victims keep two sets of books to escape detection; one with the graft payments, another without. Freshly used ink in a ledger as against faded ink in a journal reveals to the accountants that chicanery is afoot.

Other specialists are the sleuths who can tap your wire as fast as you can say "wrong number." It was this kind of specialist, plodding along on a routine six-month-old investigation of gambling, who broke the basketball-fixing scandal last February.

Here is how it happened:

Attached to the district attorney's office are 52 city detectives of the onetime "Criminal Information" undercover squad headed by Acting Captain William J. Grafenecker, a graying sleuth with youthful bounce who helped break the Lindbergh baby kidnaping case.

Before its absorption into the D.A.'s office, Grafenecker's outfit was the Secret Service "eye" on the New York underworld. These men carried no guns or badges and didn't even look like cops. It wasn't the burly six-footers who could make the squad, but smaller men who didn't have the look of policemen. But they did have to speak more than one language, learn to "go on the earie" (listen in) or to "rope" (get in with) or to "tail" an underworld character. In the D.A.'s office they developed another skill, the art of the wire tap.

To tap a wire, three men install a "plant." One listens. The other two are ready to leg it out to tail a suspect or to come along, too, to a rendezvous.

Editor Fingers a Suspect

When the city police told Hogan last fall that betting on college basketball games was suspiciously high, he ordered wire taps on some suspected bet-taking joints. Grafenecker's men braced themselves for the usual, methodical listening of many months. But Max Kase, sports editor of the Journal-American, provided a tip which produced a short cut. The editor put the finger on a former player who, he said, was consorting suspiciously with college basketball stars. Tapping the former player's telephone, Hogan's sleuths hit pay dirt—Salvatore Sollazzo, ex-convict, suspect in a world-wide smuggling ring and so big an underworld operator that he faces a $1,500,000 tax suit.

Sollazzo was cagey on the telephone. "I've got the rings for the ruby stars," he'd say to a player. To the listening sleuths this meant a pay-off rendezvous was in prospect. Sometimes, to throw the listeners off the scent, Sollazzo spoke in Italian.

The players thought they were being cautious too. Salvatore Sollazzo was never mentioned by name. Over the telephone he was "that gal Sal." When postgame pay-offs were slow, the listening sleuths heard this plaintive query:

"Why don't you bring that gal Sal and square things?"

Sollazzo knew all the dodges of shaking a tail (losing a detective). When he left his expensive Central Park West apartment house (where by coincidence Frank Costello also lives) he would take a cab several blocks from his home and get out several blocks before his destination. In this way the driver had no trip ticket that would accurately reveal the rendezvous.

To make it tough on a tail, Sollazzo wore different glasses daily, horn-rimmed one day, gold-rimmed the next. He wore different kinds of clothes, changing from business to sports dress.

Tailing the youthful athletes was no cinch, either. Climbing into a jalopy in Brooklyn, the exuberant players would zip up to the Bronx—uninhibited by red lights—at breakneck speeds.

The precautions against tailing and tapping didn't help. On pay-off day, right there at the appointed neighborhood saloon, at the next table to Sollazzo and the boys were Hogan's sleuths—watching the money as it was passed, seeing the game bought and paid for.

As the Noose Tightened

When the fixer and the fixed were brought in, Vincent O'Connor, the assistant D.A. in charge of the investigation, could confront them with the time, the place, the amounts of pay-offs. So tight was the noose of evidence that the D.A.'s men had drawn about the game throwers that most of the players soon broke down and told their stories. Hogan, pacing in his office during the night-long questioning, came down to take a hand and push some boys over the talking point.

Sollazzo, true to the underworld code, wasn't talking. He was held without bail. One reason: armed underworld avengers didn't think it was cricket for him to bet on a sure thing. Sollazzo and 12 players from Long Island University, City College and New York University were subsequently indicted on bribery charges.

Three days after the basketball indictments were announced, Hogan revealed another college "fix." This time it involved the New York University bookstore. By falsifying sales slips, so Hogan charged, 10 ex-students and a present student in three years bilked the shop of $72,052—more cash than that involved in the basketball fix. Hogan's accountants and handwriting sleuths studied 500 sales slips to nail the phony refunds and the alleged swindlers.

By years of patient observation and digging, Hogan's men have amassed a warehouseful of files on the lives and habits of New York's criminals.

"We're weighed down with information," says Hogan. "If our files could talk, they would involve a lot of people."

But the law says a prosecutor needs corroborative evidence to convict. And in New York State where such evidence can't be given by an accomplice, it's hard to get.

"If we could run a Kefauver show," Hogan sighs, "without having to produce corroborative evidence, we could blow the town wide open. We gave the Senate committee 90 per cent of their stuff on Costello," says Hogan. "We set up their plan of approach, named and located every major racketeer. We even subpoenaed some of them. We gave them information on Florida, and the books and bank records of Frank Erickson. We gave them the New Jersey underworld picture and turned over grand jury testimony to show how Frank Costello had banished Willie Moretti, the New Jersey gangster, to California.

"My investigators, accountants and de-

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tectives spent six months to dig out the $135,000 of gifts which the firemen turned over to big city officials. The committee just picked it up from us in the form of grand jury testimony."

In his unending crusade against Costello, Hogan—as already noted—is frustrated, because the racketeer's chief base of illegal operations is in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, where Hogan can't get at him.

Even so, Hogan has been doing a highly significant bit of legal pioneering which has already jailed gangsters who did business across state lines and so had been able to thumb their noses at local prosecutors. Hogan calls his pioneering "stretching my jurisdictional girdle." This consists in finding what Hogan calls a "fringe of jurisdiction" which will permit him to reach out beyond his New York County limits to nab criminals based elsewhere. The jailing of Frank Erickson and the sentencing of Joe Adonis, both New Jersey characters, are further examples of the technique.

Frank Hogan is the Horatio Alger type who, if he did not shine shoes, met all the other requirements of that classic hero's formula for success. A towheaded, undersized kid with sturdy legs, developed on Hill Street in Waterbury, Connecticut, Hogan started to toil conscientiously at thirteen and never let up.

Beginning with a vacation job in a watch factory, he turned over his $8.25 weekly pay to his mother who, just as conscientiously, saved not only the money Frank brought home, but the first pay envelope as well. The next few years, during high-school vacations, young Hogan was in turn a factory timekeeper, an apprentice carpenter and a collector for a clothing store.

These jobs he did just for money. His real ambition was to play third base for the Philadelphia Athletics. Then for a while, dazzled by A's he got in English composition, he thought he'd become a journalist. In 1920, when Hogan was eighteen, he enrolled in Columbia to study journalism.

But later, at Columbia, he drifted into law. The drift can be traced to roommates, older men who had fought in the first World War and who, to young Hogan, seemed more solid citizens than the callow youngsters in the journalism school.

The future Mr. District Attorney who was to hang up the best record of prosecutions in New York City history flunked the course in criminal law.

"I never liked law school. I hated every minute of it," Hogan recalls. "The law didn't excite me at all. I didn't like the discipline. I got through by the skin of my teeth." (Actually, he graduated in the middle of his class.)

At Columbia, Hogan worked his way through school. Besides waiting on table, Hogan spent enough time in student politics to become president of his senior class. He was president of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, and he was a halfback on the varsity. He was not a brilliant runner, and he weighed only 150 pounds, but Hogan's muscular legs won him a job as blocking back.

Summers, Hogan worked as a Pullman conductor, as a steward on the Leviathan, and later for 10 months he had a job as a bookkeeper for an engineering firm in Guatemala. Once, young Hogan worked as an advance man for a Russian "Baron" whose pitch was that he could rejuvenate the customers mentally, physically and spiritually with "universal life energy."

The Baron, one Eugene Fersen, who spoke eight languages, established himself at a headquarters on an estate on Deer Island in Penobscot Bay, Maine.

There, he would start the day with indoctrination "star" exercises for his retinue on the beach. Here Hogan, in telling the story, likes to get up, stretch out his arms, legs and neck and make like a five-pointed star. "I am at one with universal life energy," Hogan intones. "It is flowing through my five fingers and my five toes. The fingers of my left hand are tingling."

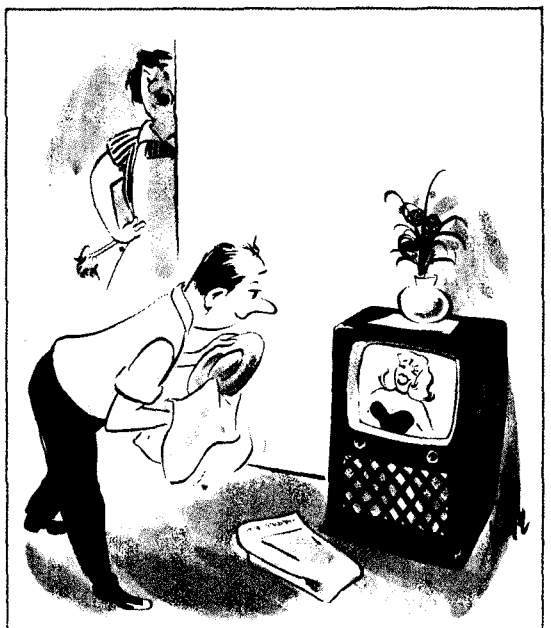
The Baron founded an "International Order of Light Bearers," and at subsequent lectures, for a fee, would teach the customers, too, how to tingle with "universal life energy." Hogan gave up promoting the Baron's "Science of Being" after four months. The young Columbia graduate realized it was not one of the precise sciences.

Hogan's first law job was with a Wall Street law firm which assigned him to search property titles, close real-estate deals and handle other of the drier legal matters.

When, in 1930, Hogan set up in business for himself with Anthony J. Liebler (now an assistant D.A.), the depression was setting in.

"What followed," Hogan recalls, "were certainly years of austerity." After five of them had passed, Hogan and his partner took stock.

"Reluctantly, we were drawn to an inescapable conclusion," he says. "One of us would have to go to work."



"She's flat. But only on the high notes, I presume"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Hogan had joined a Democratic club in uptown Manhattan. For several years he chivvied James A. Farley and other Democratic bigwigs for a job. Then, in 1935, came the turning point in Hogan's life. The then Governor Herbert H. Lehman had named Thomas E. Dewey as a special assistant to the New York County District Attorney to investigate rackets, and Dewey was forming a staff. Hogan wrote a letter asking for one of the 20 available jobs. So did 3,000 others. The letter won Hogan a meeting with the newly appointed special prosecutor.

Hogan recalls that Dewey "in less than an hour raked me fore and aft with questions, held me up to the light, put me under the microscope, and turned me inside out. He rooted out facts deeply buried in my subconscious mind, and put together an inventory of my physical, mental and spiritual condition and its possible development. Not only did he put it together, he has never forgotten it. To this day, after 10 minutes' conversation, he can tell whether I have had a new thought or discharged an old debt."

Approved, young Hogan went on to help Dewey convict gangster Charlie (Lucky) Luciano for compulsory prostitution and Democratic leader James J. Hines for conspiracy to conduct a lottery. When Dewey was elected New York County District Attorney in 1938, Hogan went along as his administrative assistant.

In 1941, when Dewey announced he would not run again for district attorney but would seek the governorship, he named four aides as logical successors. Three were Republicans and one, Hogan, was a Democrat. Hogan won the nomination of all parties, Democrat, Republican and Labor. This was repeated in 1946.

In 1950, all backed him except the Communists, so that Hogan has a unique record. In office nine years, he has never faced a contested election.

Hogan, who has no children, lives with his wife, Mary, in a four-room apartment on Riverside Drive. Although he earns $28,000 a year, Hogan lives simply. His rent is $124 a month. Mrs. Hogan does all the cooking, and a maid comes in to clean.

Since he was elected by both the Democrats and Republicans, Hogan makes the clubhouse rounds of both parties, attending testimonial dinners and similar affairs that take two nights a week. His interest in Columbia University alumni affairs takes up another two or three nights weekly. Hogan was the president of the Class of '24 for five years, and president of the Association of Alumni of Columbia College for three years. Currently he is the president of the Alumni Federation of Columbia University.

This leaves Hogan about two nights of home life a week, which he usually spends quietly at bridge with Mrs. Hogan and friends, or in an occasional visit to the theater. Mrs. Hogan, a small, determined woman, wonders wistfully why "my husband puts in seven days at work when 99 per cent of the country is on a five-day basis." When Hogan talks about his political future he is cagey about admitting his ambition to be mayor. Mrs. Hogan wouldn't like to see her husband become mayor—a job notorious for keeping men out at night on the banquet circuit.

The antiracket crusade under Dewey formed fast personal friendships. Hogan used to like to bowl with such cronies as Sol Gelb, Manuel Robbins, Livingston Goddard and others who have since gone into private practice. For some years Hogan and his pals used to set aside Saturday afternoons for five hours of poker. Begun as a weekly ritual in an assistant D.A.'s office—during Dewey's regime—the game has since settled down to a yearly affair to help celebrate Hogan's birthday.

Hogan's political future is a subject of great interest, sometimes to politicians who would like to kick him upstairs.

Hogan is frank about his plans. "I'm not without political ambition," he says. "I did try to be named candidate for mayor."

Significantly, Hogan doesn't say he'd like to run for governor. As long as his friend and mentor Tom Dewey holds that job, Hogan won't oppose him. Once, Hogan had the mayoralty within his grasp. Three of New York City's five county Democratic leaders gave him their support, then withdrew it when William O'Dwyer changed his mind about running again.

Hogan's secret ambition, according to friends, is to be United States senator.

"I'm not going to get anything from the politicians because they love me, but only because they fear me," says Hogan. This fear has expressed itself in attempts to promote Hogan out of the district attorney's job. He has been offered a Democratic nomination to the state's highest court, the court of appeals. This he has refused.

"I don't think I have the judicial temperament," says Hogan. "Besides, I think this is more interesting."

Well, it shouldn't be dull. On the agenda are:

A probe of shakedowns in the firemen's and policemen's unions.

A hunt for graft among the millions spent by New York City in purchasing supplies and fuel—including the purchases made by the city's billion-dollar subway system.

A search for the underworld "money men" or "bankers" who put up the roll which some of the basketball fixers dispensed. And a sharp look into some of the professional sports, boxing chiefly. THE END

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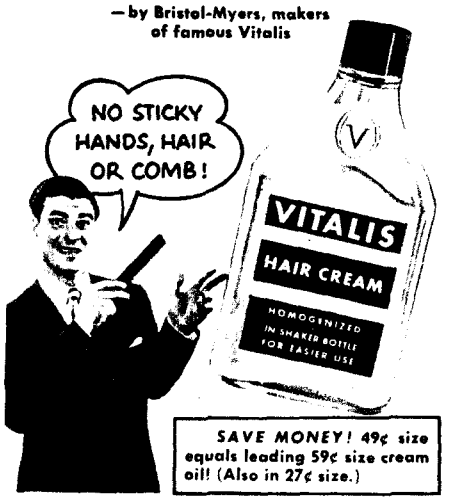

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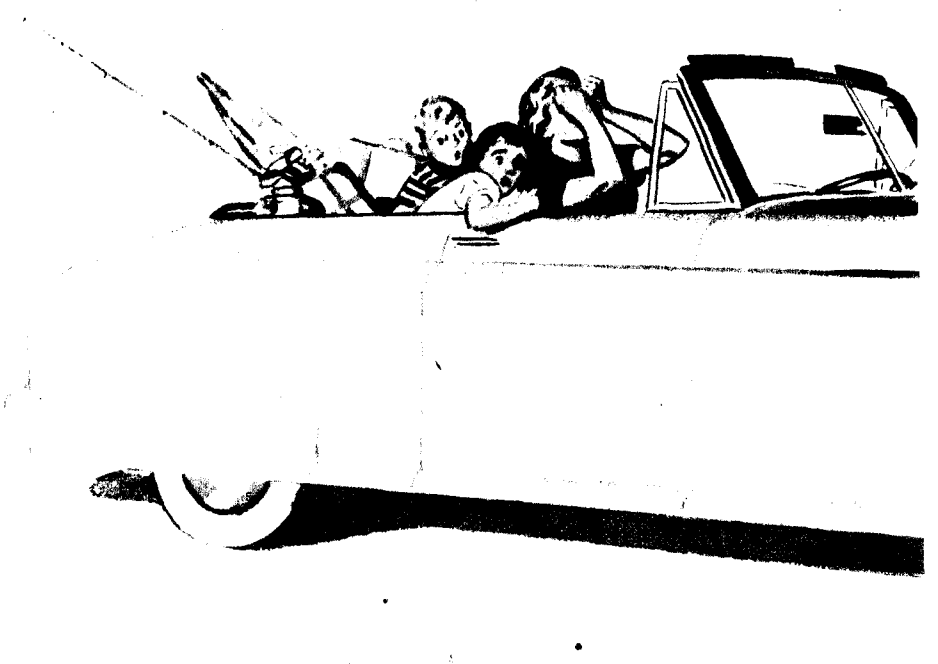
You and your wife are in a "second honeymoon" mood. The kids, in the back of the car, are chattering away as merrily as two parakeets.

Then it happens!

A tiny figure suddenly darts directly into your path. You slam on the brakes. They "mush." The car coasts to a stop but not soon enough. The tiny figure is lying in the road like a doll tossed aside by a careless child.

Anxiously you await the doctor's verdict . . . hoping . . . hoping she is not seriously injured.

What a way to start a vacation!



Yes, and it could happen to you...

Every day your newspaper tells you of the terrible toll of traffic injuries that rises to its sickening peak during the summer holiday season.

And the pity of it all! So many of these accidents could have been avoided by a little care. Because so many are directly due to mechanical failures . . . the brakes that didn't act quickly enough . . . the tire that blew . . . the steering mechanism that went wrong.

Have your car inspected *now*. Remember, care will save your car . . . and perhaps human lives.

Don't let accident or breakdown spoil your Vacation! Have a Quick, Inexpensive SUMMER CHECK-UP ...NOW!

You know what an undependable car can do to spoil a vacation. You may escape a serious accident or, a bad smash-up, but you are certainly gambling with roadside breakdowns, delays and inconveniences that frazzle your nerves, ruin your temper and spoil the trip for all concerned.

Have your car thoroughly inspected *now*. Your serviceman can quickly check, detect and correct minor troubles which, if neglected, may result in serious accidents or heavy repair bills.

Automotive engineers and automobile associations join Collier's and your own common sense in recommending...

THIS FIVE-WAY CHECK-UP TO AVOID..

OVERHEATING AND STALLING—Clean, fresh oil and thorough lubrication is vital. Have ignition system and battery checked. Clean the carburetor. Have the compression checked.

BAD BRAKES—Check brake lining by removing a wheel. Brake fluid lines should be checked—worn parts replaced and fluid added, if necessary.

POOR VISION—Check headlights and tail lights, glass, windshield wipe Re-aim headlights if necessary.

STEERING TROUBLE AND ROUG RIDING—Check steering mechanis and wheel alignment. Unbalanc wheels, faulty shock absorbe broken spring leaves should corrected.

WORN TIRES—Replace them. T last 1000 miles of rubber is not wor the risk.

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The Liberty Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

million people a year come to see it, touch it, take snapshots of it, or simply stand quietly beside it. There is a rule that men must remove their hats in the presence of the Bell, but the guards rarely have to enforce it. In 99 cases out of 100 the hats come off spontaneously.

In the 15-year experience of Warren A. McCullough, its present curator, only one person has ever tried to harm the Bell. He was a man in a red fez who stood a few feet away and threw a heavy quartz paperweight at the Bell. It struck with a dull *clunk* and inflicted a tiny nick. Police took the thrower away and listed him as a mental case.

One hundred and seventy-five years ago this month, when it was still young and noisy, the Bell rang out to announce the birth of these United States. On that occasion, as now, it bore an inscription which is (or should be) known to every American —"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF." It is natural to assume that these words had some relation to American independence or the events of 1776. But, curiously enough, they don't. They are the product of one of history's most prophetic accidents.

* * *

Originally the Bell was ordered from England as part of the 50th-anniversary celebration of William Penn's Charter of Privileges to the Province and Counties of Pennsylvania. That charter, issued in 1701, granted full religious freedom to the people of Penn's province—the furthest step toward personal liberty in any of the colonies up to then. In searching for a suitable inscription for their anniversary bell, a committee of the Pennsylvania Assembly hit upon Leviticus 25:10, which reads:

And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubile unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

This was too long, of course, so Speaker Isaac Norris whittled it down to the 11 words which have made the Bell world-famous. It was an inspired job of editing.

The Bell was first cast in late 1751 or early 1752 at the Whitechapel Foundry in London. It was delivered in Philadelphia in the summer of 1752 and set up in the State House yard for testing. Within a few days it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper "without any other violence." The Assembly was going to send it back, but two local workmen volunteered to break up the metal and recast it. These men, whose names appear on the Bell today as "Pass and Stow, Philada," failed in their first effort and had to try again. With the addition of one and a half ounces of copper for every pound of the old Bell, they created what was essentially a brand-new bell of 100 per cent American workmanship.

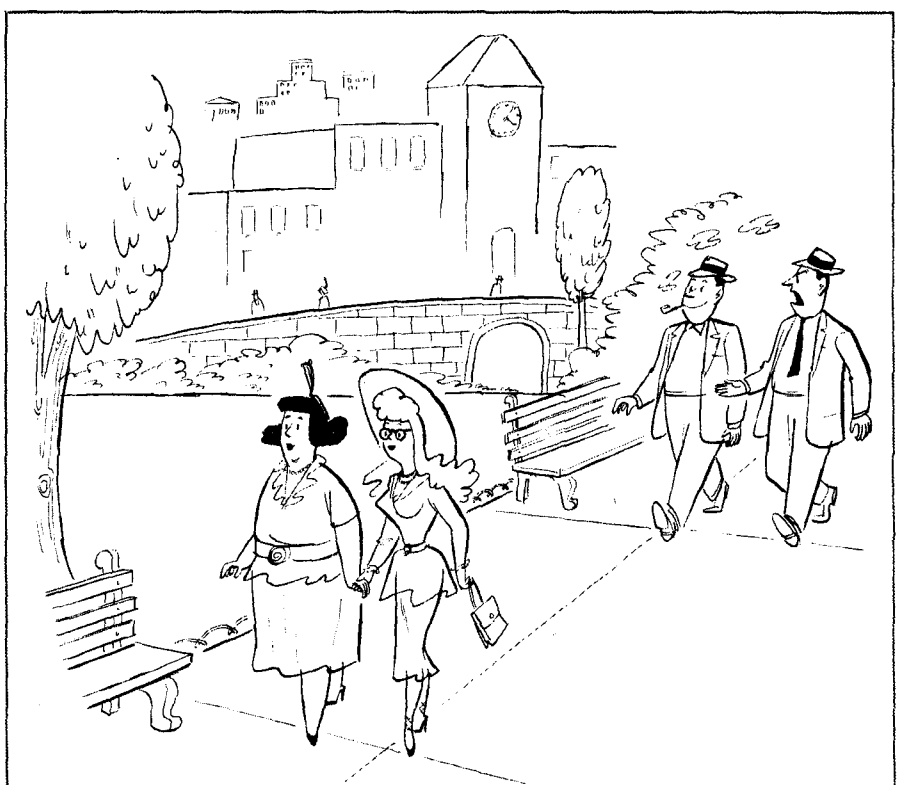
* * *

No such job had ever been done on this side of the Atlantic before, and when they finally got a ringable bell, the Philadelphians celebrated. As the Bell was raised to the State House tower, tables were spread in the yard below and there was a party which accounted for three gallons of rum and 300 limes (for punch), a barrel of beer, 44 pounds of beef, three pecks of potatoes and a 13-pound cheese.

The function of the "State House Bell," as it was then called, was to open and close the meetings of the provincial legislature and courts. It also summoned citizens to mass meetings in the State House yard, and announced patriotic celebrations or calamities. It was muffled and tolled when the British tax stamps arrived in 1765 and were taken ashore and burned; and again when the tea ship Polly came in 1773 and was turned back with its odious cargo. It announced the closing of the port of Boston in 1774, and rang out lustily, in April, 1775, with news of Lexington and Concord.

It rang so much and so loud, in fact, that nearby householders started a serious move to get rid of it. In a petition to the Assembly they complained that the Bell was a "lethal" object, and "from its uncommon size and unusual sound it is extremely dangerous and may prove fatal to those afflicted with sickness." When the tower in which it hung showed signs of decay, the Bell was used sparingly for another reason. "They are afraid," wrote a local reporter, "to ring the Bell, lest by doing so the steeple shall fall down."

The Bell did not ring on July 2, 1776,



COLLIER'S **"Why should *you* get the one with the glasses?"** DANA FRADON

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hen Richard Henry Lee's motion for in-pendence was passed by the Continental ongress four floors below, nor on July 4th, hen Thomas Jefferson's Declaration was ially approved and adopted. But on July h it summoned the members of Congress id the people of the city to hear Colonel hn Nixon read the Declaration aloud for e first time in America. Afterward the owd ripped King George's arms from the ate House door and burned them on a nfire of empty casks.

Next year the Bell led off triumphantly the first nation-wide July 4th celebration. ut two months later it was in retreat, as ord Howe's British and Hessian army arched into Philadelphia. It was spirited rough the British lines at night, by ox am and wagon, and lay hidden under a urch floor in Allentown during the win-r of Valley Forge. This trip was due not much to sentiment as to military neces-ty; the British were seizing all the bells ey found and casting them into cannon d balls.

In 1781, after repairs were completed to s tower, the Bell pealed triumphantly to nnounce the surrender of Cornwallis at orktown. In 1783 it proclaimed the peace eaty with Great Britain. It rang, muffled, te at night, for the death of George Wash-gton in 1799; when Hamilton was killed y Burr in 1804; and, with black-creped omp, for the deaths of Thomas Jefferson nd John Adams on July 4, 1826, the 50th nniversary of independence.

It was beginning to weaken then, after ore than 70 years of ringing. But by an ncanny coincidence it lasted long enough toll the knell for Charles Carroll, last of he signers of the Declaration; for Lafay-tte, last of Washington's generals; and for hief Justice John Marshall, last of the ederalist statesmen who shaped the early epublic. On July 8, 1835, it cracked wide pen while Marshall's body was being arried through the streets below. By an-ther coincidence this was on the exact an-niversary of its biggest day—July 8, 1776.

Meanwhile, it had narrowly escaped the crap pile and oblivion. In 1816 the state f Pennsylvania, having built a new Capitol n Harrisburg, offered the whole of State House square to be cut up into building ots. No provision was made for the anti-quated buildings or the venerable Bell, which apparently were to be consigned to the wreckers. Fortunately, the city of Phil-adelphia bought the grounds and restored the buildings, and has preserved them to this day.

* * *

It still might have been junked eventually had not a local author, George Lippard, published a wild literary concoction in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier in 1846, entitled "The Fourth of July, 1776." This inaccurate and highly colored "Legend of the Revolution," as Lippard plainly labeled it, is the source for most of the fancy tales that have appeared since about the Bell. It was Lippard who invented an aged bell ringer standing tensely in the tower on the first 4th of July, waiting for Congress to vote, until "a flaxen-haired boy, with eyes . . . of summer blue" shouted up the glad word "RING!" In Popular Patriotic Poems Explained (published 1895), an imitator improved Lippard's punch line by making it read "RING, GRANDPA, RING!", and as such it passed into popular myth and some histories.

One good result was that the Bell was finally dragged out of its dusty obscurity and made something of. For about 50 years it stood in the present Declaration chamber, surrounded by a clutter of historical mementos, with a stuffed eagle perched on its upended clapper. Around 1900, better taste prevailed and it was moved to its present location at the base of its former tower.

The Bell now hangs from its original yoke, supported by ornamental iron stanchions, on a platform that rests on a hand truck on wheels. An iron "spider," or set of hooks, especially invented for the purpose, grips the Bell from the inside to cushion any strain on its shell. In the event of fire or other danger, its guards are trained to remove the panels at the bottom of the platform and push it outdoors on the hand truck.

Obviously this would not protect it from an all-out bombing or atomic attack, and one of the most frequent questions people ask is, "What happens to the Bell in case of war?" Right now there is no definite answer. After Pearl Harbor there was some panicky talk of sending it to Fort Knox, to be stored with the government's gold reserves. Later, plans were drawn for a deep bombproof shelter into which it could be lowered by elevator. But engineers decided that such an excavation might weaken Independence Hall itself, and the project was dropped.

* * *

For a long period in its history the Bell did a lot of traveling. It visited world fairs and expositions in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Charleston, New Orleans and Boston. It has not been out of Independence Hall since 1917, when it marched in a local Liberty Bond parade. At that time a new crack had begun to run up out of the old one, and now almost reaches the top. Any further junketing, it is feared, might cause the old bronze shell to split in two.

Although it cannot be rung, the Bell still produces a muffled sound when struck by a rubber hammer. It was tapped in this fashion for a nation-wide radio hookup on D day, in June, 1944, and again when the 1945 surrenders took place in Europe and the Pacific.

Once Admiral Byrd tapped it electronically by long-distance from the South Pole! Such stunts are frowned on by its guardians, who claim that an overenthusiastic tapper might actually damage the Bell. The last time it made any noise was in May, 1950, when Treasury Secretary Snyder tapped it gingerly to begin a savings bond drive.

Recently, some well-meaning people have suggested that with the aid of metallurgical science the Bell's cracks could be welded together so that it would ring again. But the city of Philadelphia, which owns the Bell, and the National Park Service of the U.S. Department of Interior, which has custody of it, are firmly opposed to any such tinkering. "The Bell," says Mayor Bernard Samuel, "is sacred to the American people in its present unaltered form."

He could have added that it is sacred to a large part of the world. From its local and provincial beginnings the Bell has developed, through the accidents and strivings of history, into a real force for global freedom. Bearded generals from foreign lands have been known to bend down and kiss it with tearful emotion. The late lamented democratic Republic of Czechoslovakia, created after the Allied victory in World War I, was founded in a ceremony beside the Bell in 1919. In many countries its pictures and its replicas are as well known to school children as they are in the United States.

Premier Ben-Gurion of Israel, who was born and educated in Poland, during one visit to this country was taken as a matter of course to Independence Hall. When the doors opened and he saw the familiar bronze shape, he exclaimed, "Ah, the Bell," and hurried toward it with open arms.

Michael J. Reilly, the Bell's head guard, has seen the spell it casts on millions of visitors, prominent and not-so-prominent. Among those he remembers best are two young Japanese-American WACs who came in uniform shortly after the last war. They were both blind from war injuries and they asked Reilly to help them "read" the Bell. He guided their hands around the inscription and showed them where the crack was, and they chattered away as pleased as a couple of school children.

It wasn't until after they left that Reilly discovered they had done something else. They had taken off the roses they were wearing, and left them in the crack of the Liberty Bell. THE END

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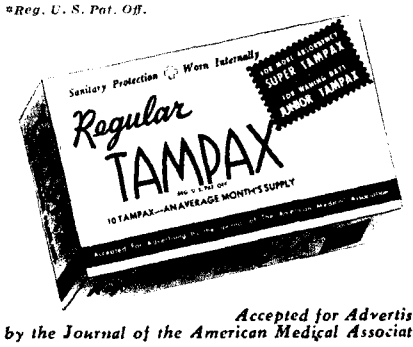

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"That Day Shall Be Honored"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

* * *

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are you not, sir, who sit in that chair—is not he, our venerable colleague near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of their plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain, that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very wa will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of huma affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through th day's business. You and I, indeed, may ri it. We may not live to the time when th Declaration shall be made good. We ma die; die Colonists; die slaves; die, it may b ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it s Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heave that my country shall require the poor o fering of my life, the victim shall be read at the appointed hour of sacrifice, com when that hour may. But while I do liv let me have a country, or at least the hop of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be a sured, be assured that this Declaration wi stand. It may cost treasure, and it may co blood; but it will stand, and it will richl compensate for both. Through the thic gloom of the present, I see the brightness c the future, as the sun in heaven. We sha make this a glorious, an immortal day When we are in our graves, our childre will honor it. They will celebrate it wit thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfire and illuminations. On its annual retur they will shed tears, copious, gushing tear not of subjection and slavery, not of agon and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe th hour is come. My judgment approves thi measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that hope, in this life, I am now ready here t stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, tha live or die, survive or perish, I am for th Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and Inde pendence forever."

And so that day shall be honored, il lustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men. THE END

COLLIER'S **"How many War Bonds do we have left *now*?"** BANDEL LINN

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"Independence Forever!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

prolonged unconsciousness, had inquired, "Is this the Fourth?"

"No," Dr. Dunglison had encouraged, "but it soon will be."

"What you hear," the physician now explained in slow, careful accents, "are salutes being fired down in Charlottesville. You have indeed lived to see the Fourth of July and the fiftieth anniversary of the day you have rendered so glorious."

While more cannon roared out the traditional salute of 13 guns, Thomas J. Randolph came tiptoeing in to cast the doctor a quizzical glance. "Has my grandsir spoken today?"

"No," Dr. Dunglison replied, snapping shut the lid of his watch, "but His Excellency fully understands that today is the Fourth of July."

* * *

In this the good doctor was entirely correct, for Thomas Jefferson's mind was speeding back to those critical days in late June and early July, 1776. Of late the patriarch had found himself dwelling increasingly upon the past, deeply grateful to discover that he had not, even at his advanced age, lost a particle of his mental powers and so had not "begun dying from the top," as once he had feared.

Propped high by his faithful servant Burwell—he had always hated to lie flat—upon a curious bed he himself had designed to be pulled up into the ceiling when not in use, Jefferson for the last time gazed out upon the beloved, familiar fields and orchards shimmering, green and gold, under the blazing July sunlight.

An uncommon number of neighbors, townsfolk, servants and slaves, seemed to have collected upon his spacious, velvet-smooth lawn, but then he remembered that people always had congregated at Monticello on this particular holiday. Today, however, his visitors moved about hardly at all, only glanced repeatedly at his gracious white-domed mansion. Although the Sage of Monticello actually couldn't see his beloved mountains, he knew that, far beyond his well-planned terraces, the summits of the Blue Ridge would lie drawn like a violet-blue ribbon across the western horizon.

Life here had been good; so good that, long ago, he had written, "All my wishes end where I hope my days will end, at Monticello." Now that wish seemed about to be realized.

When his lids drooped gently, willingly, the third President of the United States saw himself walking the wide, chestnut-shaded streets of provincial Philadelphia and stepping over ruts created by heavy farm wagons, the sulkies of merchants and the chariots and coaches of the influential and wealthy. Ahead of him the shapely cupola and bell tower of the State House—as it then was known—loomed dazzling white against a bright blue June sky; later that time-hallowed edifice would become known to every American as Independence Hall.

Amazing, how distinctly certain faces returned to him from those tumultuous days when the Second Continental Congress was struggling to build a nation. Before his mind's eye flashed impressions of aristocratic, hot-tempered Edward Rutledge from South Carolina; of John Hancock, handsome, self-assured and often imperious; of Judge Roger Sherman, still suggesting the teacher he had been before becoming a lawyer. Even more crystal-clear returned impressions of those two indomitable Yankees, Samuel and John Adams.

Lying there and feeling very rested all at once, Jefferson recalled his first impressions of that man who would serve as second President of the United States. John Adams had appeared neat and brisk of manner as a gray squirrel, short of stature and already plump, but with a fine big head dominated by bright blue eyes, which, in the heat of debate, suggested leveled bayonet points.

Odd that, at this late hour, he could so clearly recall even minor happenings on that portentous Seventh of June, 1776, when in anxious silence, the Second Continental Congress had listened to Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offer a resolution to the effect that:

"—These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved—"

The next stride taken on this fateful and revolutionary adventure had affected Tom Jefferson very directly for, on the tenth of June, the Congress resolved "—That a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said first resolution." Accordingly, a Committee of Five had been designated to draft a Declaration which fittingly would express those principles embodied in Richard Henry Lee's resolution.

That Committee of Five had included old Dr. Benjamin Franklin—for all that he was nearly incapacitated by gout; clear-thinking Judge Roger Sherman; suave, Yale-educated Robert R. Livingston of New York;

Stop and Go

Speakers, I find,
  Are quite often inclined
To sprinkle their wisdom and wit
  With prognostications,
  Abundant quotations,
  Profuse illustrations,
  Exact explanations,
  Detailed observations,
  Repeated summations—
And lots of good places to quit.

—CAROLINE CLARK

shrewd, politically adroit John Adams—and himself, a mere youngster of thirty-three.

Over many years, Jefferson reflected, he had tried, but never had been quite able to fathom the basis for that powerful affinity which in those days arose betwixt himself—ever shy and diffident—and that often irascible, overbearing New Englander.

Was it not grotesque that, during this past half century, the Braintree farmer's son should have become known as "the self-made aristocrat," whereas he, Tom Jefferson, although to the manner born, would remain forever the epitome of a self-made democrat?

It had been at the very first meeting of the Committee of Five that John Adams smoothly had suggested, "I propose, gentlemen, that to Mr. Jefferson alone be delegated the task of preparing a draft for this Declaration of our Independence. Our young colleague, I am informed on all sides, possesses an unmatched felicity of expression with his pen."

Since his fellow committeemen had proved almost disconcertingly ready to agree with Mr. Adams, he had trudged down the dusty streets to his stiflingly hot quarters on the second floor of Mr. Graff's new brick home on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets.

The past faded briefly when someone passed a sponge wet with sweet water lightly over the dying patriarch's lips. After sucking on it he felt so refreshed he wished he could thank someone. Had the thoughtful person been Dr. Dunglison, Burwell or young T. J. Randolph? No matter, since he could not quite summon strength to speak and only lay listening to the rippling reports of muskets firing a *feu de joie* in the distance. Good. The Fourth of July was being celebrated as he had always hoped it would be—a reaffirmation of America's unwavering faith in the innate dignity of the Common Man.

From whence had he derived those ideas which slowly took form upon his self-designed portable writing desk? Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Otis, Sidney and so many others had contributed each a share; but, all in all, only a small part of the completed draft. How diffidently he had traveled out along Bristol Pike in order to invite the comments of Dr. Franklin, heat-tormented and confined to his quarters.

Even now Jefferson re-experienced his vast astonishment that Franklin, the venerable philosopher and foremost American of that day, had offered but two or three trifling suggestions before bespeaking his profound admiration for the sentiments so earnestly set forth.

From John Adams, opinionated and often inexcusably tactless, he had anticipated a veritable torrent of deletions and substitutions; but, to his utter amazement, that forceful little lawyer from Massachusetts had offered even fewer suggestions than had Dr. Franklin! Indeed, he had declared with something approaching awe in his voice, "Mr. Jefferson, you have ably and nobly expressed here the very essence of the American mind! I shall fight before the Congress for every word you have written here as for the Son of God himself."

How curious, Thomas Jefferson mused as he dozed, barely aware of muted voices sounding in his sunlit bedroom, that during his long career he had failed to become an even passable public orator; inevitably, his voice would grow husky under the stress of emotion and far too low-pitched to be heard at a distance.

* * *

On June twenty-eighth he had held his breath when his draft of the Declaration was presented to the delegates, only to be quickly tabled pending action upon Richard Henry Lee's initial resolution that Independence should be effected.

In surprising detail he could visualize the delegates assembling in the State House on that fateful Second of July to vote on Richard Henry Lee's resolution "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." The motion, of course, had been carried by an overwhelming majority.

What a curious quirk of fate that Independence Day should have become designated as the Fourth of July, the date upon which his drafted and amended Declaration had been adopted rather than on the Second, when Independence actually had been voted!

Somewhere in a pasture below Monticello's long, white-painted stables a stallion whinnied, reminding the old man of those long rides he had so much enjoyed until only two years ago. That unfamiliar but soothing warmth commenced further to invade Jefferson's wasted figure and so drove pain from a wrist broken and badly set when he had been Minister to France.

On July third his draft of the Declaration had undergone debate and had suffered such terrific criticism that he had sat in silent agony, fearful lest his supreme effort become altered beyond recognition. But, like blasts from some paladin's trumpet, John Adams' soaring voice gradually had come to dominate that unbearably hot Assembly chamber, conquering alike interruptions and the many street noises which came beating in through the open windows.

Indeed, it would have gone hard with his Declaration had not John Adams been there to argue, cajole and thunder in its defense. For example, John Dickinson, always cautious, backed by Messers Livingston, Wilson and Rutledge, had succeeded in eliminating his bitter indictment of the British people, while delegates from Georgia and South Carolina just as doggedly had insisted that his paragraph abolishing the further importation of slaves from Africa be expunged.

How acute had been his despair on witnessing his carefully compiled list of griev-

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ances against George III and his Ministers so sharply curtailed, for all that his fellow Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, warmly had declared, "It"—the Declaration—"is so good that no cookery can spoil this dish for the palates of freemen."

Sharp as one of his own line drawings remained Thomas Jefferson's impressions of John Hancock, President of the Second Continental Congress, rapping for order, then calling for a voice vote as to whether Mr. Jefferson's Declaration, as amended by Congress while acting as a committee of the whole, should be adopted.

One after the other, the heat-exhausted delegates, saving only those representative of New York, had risen in the late afternoon of that memorable day exactly fifty years gone by, to vote "aye" in voices shaking with emotion. A solemn silence had persisted until Mr. Hancock and Irish-born Charles Thomson, as Secretary of the Congress, had affixed their signatures to that imperishable document which, immeasurably, would guide the destinies of countless millions still unborn; then wild enthusiasm had reigned.

Not in many years had the Sage of Monticello felt so thoroughly rested and comfortable, while under the bright sky of his memory recollections continued to reappear in vivid detail; among them the fury of John Adams when, as Vice-President to the immortal George Washington, he had come across an error on the part of a printer who had taken it upon himself to employ as a preface to Thomas Paine's The Rights of Man an informal penciled comment which he, Jefferson, had scrawled upon it. That the printer should have dared, without question or authority, to reproduce a casual and private reflection as an official pronouncement by Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, had not been foreseeable; but the comment *had* been published and undoubtedly had cast opprobrium upon John Adams. To its last word, he could recall that troublemaking paragraph:

"Something is at length publicly to be said against the political heresies which have sprung up among us. I have no doubt our citizens will rally a second time around the standard of 'Common Sense.'"

Aghast, he had felt it necessary to write to President Washington in explanation—if not in apology: "Mister Adams will unquestionably take to himself the charge of political heresy, as conscious of his own views drawing the present government into the form of the English Constitution, and, I fear, will consider me as meaning to injure him in the public eye."

* * *

As a result, there had ensued long years of bitter enmity between himself and that sturdy little New Englander who had stood as his champion before the Second Continental Congress.

Far, far away, the Sage thought to recognize a trampling of hoofs on his long and winding driveway. Who might be coming to call at Monticello? Jimmy Madison? Lafayette? *Possibly John Adams?*

Of course it couldn't be John; he was too old, ninety to be exact. Logically, he wouldn't be able to travel all the way down from Quincy, Massachusetts, even to visit a dear old friend.

It came now as an immensely quieting thought that their friendship had been resumed in 1812, although to his regret Jefferson recalled that John Adams actually had written first. Nevertheless, a year earlier he had bespoken to Dr. Benjamin Rush his undying affection for the "Atlas of Independence." Dreamily, he speculated on how John Adams might be celebrating this, the fiftieth anniversary of their great common triumph.

"Can it have been fifty years ago? Come to think on it, we signers of the Declaration have proved an uncommon long-lived lot," Jefferson mused, eyes closed against the glare of the midday sun. "Adams is ninety and that fine old Marylander, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, is almost as old. Let me see—last year I reckoned that ten of us have reached our eighties, while eight signers have survived their seventieth year and fourteen more have lived ten years past the half-century mark. Can it be God's inscrutable purpose that our particular company should have been spared so long to serve our country whereas the average mortal seldom survives five and thirty?

"If only it were possible just once more to take dear old John by the hand, to look into his face and say, 'What we accomplished fifty years ago this day has proved well done.'"

* * *

In sleepy little Quincy, Massachusetts, the morning of July 4, 1826, dawned so hot that former President Adams feebly directed he be removed into his study. There, slumped in a big armchair, he could enjoy such cooling breezes as might flow in from Massachusetts Bay.

Dr. Amos Holbrook deemed it reasonable to accede to his distinguished patient's request for, in an aside to George Adams, summoned in haste from Boston, he had murmured, "It's best to indulge him. You see, sir, I am convinced that your grandsir cannot possibly survive until sundown. Has your father, the President, been notified?"

"Yes, Doctor, he was to have left Washington yesterday."

Anxiously, Holbrook bent over that small, comfort-shrouded figure all but engulfed in the great, upholstered armchair. A nimbus of silk-fine white hair ringed the old man's still noble head, which further was protected by a light turban of brown silk. Mr. Adams sat staring with faded blue eyes on the bright patterns wrought by the hot July sunlight in a great chestnut tree standing just beyond his window. Beyond it he could glimpse stretches of lawn, his extensive gardens and even a few outbuildings. What changes he had wrought to that simple brick structure purchased back in 1787 from a descendant of Leonard Vassal, a notorious local Tory!

A rhythmic rattle of drums and the breathless shrilling of fifes impinged upon his thoughts. Um. That would be field music played before a detachment of militia marching to participate in the annual Fourth of July review on Quincy Common.

What a profound satisfaction it was once again to hear the local field artillery battery begin to fire its salutes! Again and again strains of martial music penetrated the wide open windows of Peace Fields, that big, white clapboard and brick home standing so stately beneath its honor guard of graceful fountain elms.

John Adams guessed he was about to die; but, like his great good friend Tom Jefferson, he wasn't particularly troubled at the prospect. They'd led fine full lives—the both of them—and for over half a century had served America, and humanity, to the best of their ability. When he passed a palsied, blue-veined hand over eyes suddenly grown weary, Dr. Holbrook immediately hurried to his side.

"Is there anything I can fetch, Your Excellency?"

"No," came the thin and uncertain reply, "'T is only that my plaguéd sight grows steadily weaker. What is that disturbance?"

"I'll soon find out, sir," promised George Adams and hurried from the study. Presently the former President's grandson reached the front door and glimpsed a small cavalcade cantering up amid a golden miasma of dust. The majority was garbed in brilliant militia uniforms.

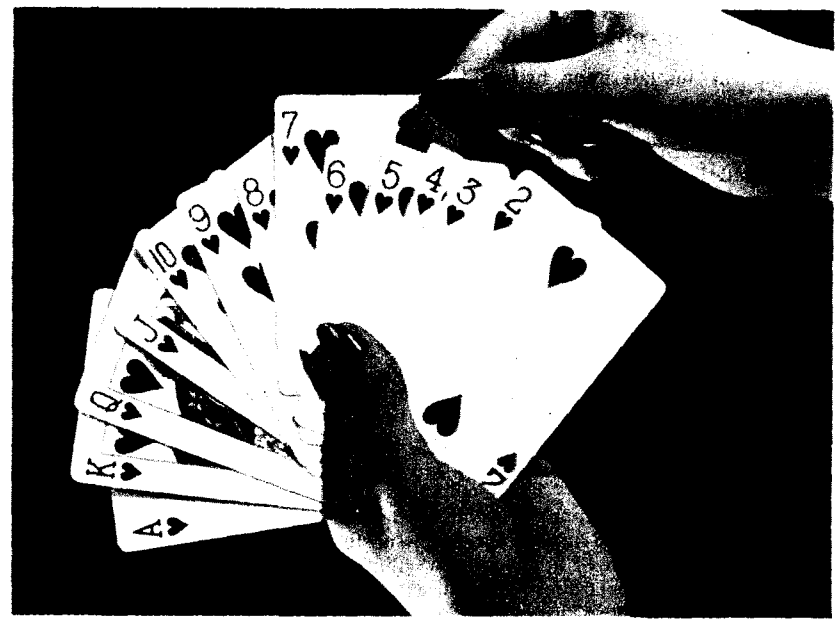
A gray-haired colonel of flying artillery dismounted a trifle stiffly and, striding forward, bowed to young George Adams. "We have come, sir, in the hope of paying our respects to your distinguished grandsir."

George Adams shook his head. "I regret, sir, to inform you that Mr. Adams is grown too feeble to receive callers."

"His Excellency—er—he still lives?"

"Yes, Colonel, but Dr. Holbrook fears he cannot last out the day."

"Can he speak?" inquired the officer in a low voice.



NICK LAZARNICK FOR COLLIER'S

Thirteen of a kind come up once in about every 40 billion deals. Most of the other reported perfect hands are fakes

Perfect Hands

By W. E. FARBSTEIN

EVERY few months the American press reports the occurrence of that near miracle: a perfect hand—13 cards of one suit—dealt in a game of bridge. The scientists who apply to these stories the rigid yardstick of the law of probability say they simply can't be true.

A professor of mathematics at Long Island University computed that a perfect hand occurs on an average of once in about 40,000,000,000 deals. He points out that if this phenomenon were to happen four or five times a year, as has been reported, every adult person in the land would have to play bridge every night of the year. And he coldly concludes that, in the given instances, somebody either made a mistake, or told a lie, or fixed the deck without the other players knowing it.

A bridge expert connected with the University College of London expresses even stronger doubts about the occurrence of a perfect hand. According to his computations, there are about 600,000,000,000 different 13-card hands, of which four are perfect—an average of one hand in 150,000,000,000. He theorizes, only if a million players played 20 hands per sitting once every two weeks for 150 years would the occurrence of one, or perhaps even two perfect hands be credible. And as there are approximately 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 ways in which a 52-card deck may be divided into 13-card hands, a deal in which four players receive perfect hands of bridge simultaneously would occur once in about 44,000,000 years.

That's all very well—but let us now leave the realm of airy theory and get down to cold facts. In the past two decades the dealing of four perfect hands in one bridge game was reported in the following instances casually culled from the daily press. Many more, of course, appeared in print.

1930—Peabody, Massachusetts.
1934—Binghamton, New York.
1937—Ann Arbor, Michigan.
1941—Dallas, Texas.
1942—Millville, New Jersey.
1945—Paris, Ontario.
1948—New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Mere single perfect hands that have been reported by the press are too numerous to mention, but we quote one interesting example: In Westport, Connecticut, in 1947, a middle-aged lady playing bridge picked up her hand, studied it and bid four hearts. Everybody passed, and she triumphantly laid down her cards—13 hearts. When she telephoned her son the next day and described her hand and the events of the evening, he asked, "Mother, do you mean to tell me that you bid four hearts on that hand?"

"Why, yes," she replied.

There was a long pause, as he collected himself. "Listen, Mother," he finally said, "please—don't call anybody else!"

The perfect hand occurs, of course, in other games besides bridge. In 1948, four players at a Saint Andrew's whist party in London were dealt four perfect hands. And their table number happened to be 13.

In 1934, two out of eight men playing draw poker in a home in Annapolis held royal flushes. They kept bidding until every chip in the party was in the pot. Then they divided the swag between them—and kept their cards for framing.

In 1931, at a pinochle game in San Francisco, a middle-aged player picked up his cards, sorted them, and fell over in a faint. He had drawn a perfect spade hand.

In 1932, a man in Grand Rapids realized his ambition after 30 years of playing cribbage, and drew a perfect hand—a 29 count. He took the hand home as a souvenir of the occasion.

Well, even if we were to apply to these cases the same law of probability which the scientists have invoked, any reasonable individual would concede it is quite incredible that every one of the respectable persons who reported perfect hands should be either a dope, a dupe or a deceiver.

Perfect hands DO happen. THE END

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"Yes. A little."

The colonel passed his reins to an orderly, then signaled the mayor and an aide to dismount.

"Mr. Adams, I hesitate to persist, but it is most urgent that these two gentlemen and I be permitted to see our former President long enough to make a brief and simple request of him."

"I cannot encourage you, sir, but I will see," promised the younger man and quietly climbed up to that spacious study on the second floor where, for many years, the venerable statesman had spent most of his time.

"They must be mad to request an audience at a time like this!" Dr. Holbrook expostulated in an angry undertone. "Can't those blockheads realize that Mr. Adams is ninety and far from well?"

"Show them up," suddenly directed the Ancient's thin voice. "It has long been my custom on the Fourth of July to give my fellow citizens a watchword in honor of the day."

They tried to walk softly, the plump, red-faced and black-clad mayor and the officers streaming sweat because of their heavy woolen dress uniforms. Carrying a decorated shako on his arm, the colonel advanced to a point squarely before the big wing chair and saluted. His companions lingered a step or two to his rear, tenderly and intently viewing the age-mottled and deeply lined features of him who had served as second President of the United States. George Adams guessed that they wanted to memorize every detail of the scene so that in later years they might describe it to their children and grandchildren.

The colonel advanced to stand between the great celestial and terrestrial globes flanking the fireplace and commenced in a low voice, "Your Excellency, were this not the Fourth of July we would not have begged to intrude upon you."

Slowly John Adams' massive head lifted itself and his pale eyes focused themselves upon the grizzled, sunburned figure standing so straight before him. He opened his mouth, but when no sound came forth the mayor stepped forward.

"On behalf of the citizens of Quincy and Braintree, Mr. Adams, I beg you to give us, as is your custom, a watchword in honor of this day which is your particular triumph, sir."

"It is quite as much Thomas Jefferson's day," Adams wanted to remind, but couldn't and experienced a sharp impatience that his tongue—that usually wonderfully obedient servant—seemed unwilling to obey.

"Will you, sir, give us a watchword?" repeated the colonel anxiously, and bent low over the crumpled figure.

* * *

Still no sound escaped John Adams. Dr. Holbrook shook his head sharply and George Adams hurried to open the study door.

The callers actually had started to leave when, suddenly, John Adams' hand arose an inch or two.

"You have a watchword for us, sir?"

By a great effort, Adams commanded his voice and, in surprisingly strong accents, said, "Independence forever!"

"Nothing more, Your Excellency?" the colonel inquired.

"Nothing more," John Adams replied, then his eyelids sagged wearily downward.

"Independence forever!" The words reverberated through John Adams' fading consciousness like a gong lightly touched. How would Tom Jefferson be celebrating this Fiftieth Anniversary of the Declaration? Dear Tom. Even during those bitter, silent years marking their quarrel he had retained a profound affection for the greatest of those three magnificent Virginians—Madison, Monroe and Jefferson.

It came to old John Adams as a vast satisfaction that he had been the first to extend an olive branch by forwarding to Monticello what he had, with wry Yankee humor, termed "a specimen of local homespun." Actually, he had sent Tom a set of discourses made at Harvard by John Quincy Adams, his son and incumbent President of the United States. It had been that same John Quincy whom Jefferson so summarily and ill-temperedly had removed from his post as Commissioner in Bankruptcy for having written the famous "Publicola letters" in defense of his father's "Davilia Papers" which had attacked certain excesses of the French Revolutionists. Poor Tom, by that intemperate act he had earned the enduring hatred of John Quincy's mother, Abigail Adams.

How cheering it was to feel that, before very long now, he would rejoin dear Abbie, dead since October of 1818.

To resume correspondence with Tom on their perpetual debate as to whether voters should meet a property qualification of some sort had proved sheer delight. What masterly letters that man Jefferson could write—for all that he'd never become able effectively to deliver a speech!

He also found satisfaction that time had revealed Jefferson's Declaration of Independence to be what he, John Adams, had always held it to be, a sublime and inspired testimonial of Man's eternal yearning for freedom and happiness.

* * *

Very distinctly there returned to the Ancient snatches of his lively debates back there in the State House with Messers Dickinson and Rutledge, those hot-tempered Southerners who had deemed Jefferson's draft far too forceful. Nothing could have been further removed from the truth than a calumny spread by one Timothy Pickering in asserting that the Declaration contained no new original ideas and was in fact merely a clever rearrangement of James Otis' pamphlet on The Rights of the British Colonies, Asserted and Proved.

Even gifted Richard Henry Lee had stooped to intimate that the Declaration had been largely adapted from John Locke's Essay Concerning the Human Understanding. How well time had disproved these imputations.

What Tom Jefferson had intended, and had succeeded so effectively in presenting, was a daring and accurate expression of that phenomenon, the American mind, which was thinking new thoughts, adopting new principles, and attempting an original form of government. This new form of government, of course, was what he and the Sage of Monticello had battled over so long and so bitterly, particularly during the early days of the new republic when he, Adams, had maintained that America must be ruled according to the best principles to be derived from historic, tried and proved forms of government. How stubbornly dear old Tom had maintained that the government of the United States must constitute a brand-new experiment in which the *demos,* by right of birth, governed and directed the destinies of their nation.

Only vaguely was John Adams aware that people, in increasing numbers, were entering and quitting his study. Twice Dr. Holbrook offered him a draught of eggnog, but he experienced no desire to partake. He was feeling so unusually fatigued, in fact, that he believed he would not remain awake long enough to watch fireworks and bonfires flare against the horizon.

Toward sundown, George Adams approached his grandfather.

"Is there anything, sir, that I can do for you?"

The old man seemed not to hear, but finally his eyes opened for the last time.

"Thomas Jefferson survives," he murmured happily, unaware that his old friend had died just a few hours before. He spoke no more but continued listening to triumphant salvos fired in the cause of liberty. Gradually, like a recessional in some great cathedral, the voices in the street faded into eternal silence chanting his final watchward:

"Independence forever! *Independence forever!* INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

THE END

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The Man Without a Country

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

buildings at Washington during the War of 1812. And whether it was determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know, but since 1817 and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be "A Man Without a Country."

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the Legion of the West, as the Western division of our Army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat—in short, fascinated him.

For the next year, barracks life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to card games like Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, one and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere with anyone who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he always had been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was "A Man Without a Country."

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and Nolan was "A Man Without a Country."

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of his country. The commander to whom he was entrusted regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his initial scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

SIR—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

BUTCH

"You're gonna wake th' people up. Can't you holler, 'Moider th' bum' in a soft, gentle voice?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. Southard, for the
Secretary of the Navy.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospects of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. We finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. The captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner.

His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom —he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. Whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation Army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the Army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy. Everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisements or stray paragraph that alluded to America.

An officer named Phillips told me a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage. They had touched at the Cape and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet; then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was a windfall.

Among them was The Lay of the Last Minstrel, which the officers had heard of, but which most of them had never seen. Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of the men sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem.

Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

This is my own, my native land!

He turned a little pale, but plunged on:

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy it, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

Eventually, coming home, they made one of the Windward Islands and lay off and on for nearly a week. After several days, another ship, the Warren, came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals. She sent these homeward-bound men letters and papers and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean. Nolan looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed as midshipman in the South Atlantic. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason.

I first came to understand anything about "The Man Without A Country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. None of the officers did; but Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him; and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the Negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, their handcuffs and anklecuffs had been knocked off. The Negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding the officer, Vaughan, and addressing him in every dialect.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Negroes from the African West Coast were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan.

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as they could understand, and they in turn to such of the Negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio de Janeiro; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own children and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that something was to pay somewhere. Even the Negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long. Getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter

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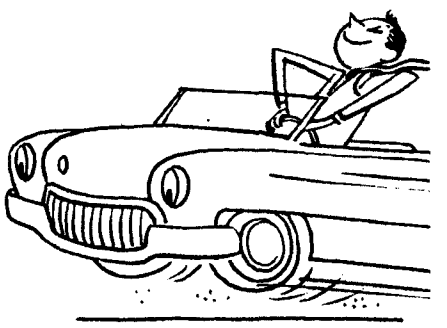

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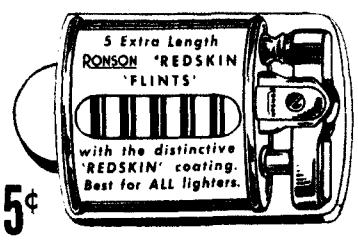

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who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I think it was this half confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told his story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He lent me books and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now! Perhaps they do not know.

Poor fellow, Philip Nolan repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold.

Since writing this, I have received a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that, after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated someday and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge?

I urged and pressed this upon Southard, Secretary of the Navy, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give and that we must act on our own judgment.

Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2'S. @ 131° W.

Dear Fred:—I try to find heart and life to tell that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me.

Do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings over-shadowed.

The dear old boy saw my glance and said with a sad smile: "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know; that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason! "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! He pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs."

Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wish it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the

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Mississippi and New Orleans and Texas and is own old Kentucky.

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to ondense the history of half a century into nat talk with a sick man. And I do not now now what I told him—of emigration, and ne means of it; of steamboats and railroads nd telegraphs, of inventions and books and terature of the colleges; and West Point nd the Naval School—but with the queerst interruptions that ever you heard. You ee it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the ccumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who vas President now; and when I told him, he sked if Old Abe was General Benjamin .incoln's son. He said he met old General .incoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at ome Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe vas a Kentuckian like himself, but I could ot tell him of what family; he had worked p from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have rooded and wondered, I have thought our anger was in keeping up those regular sucessions in the first families." Then I got alking about my visit to Washington. I old him about the Capitol, and the statues or the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, nd Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I old him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and ts prosperity.

And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I annot tell you. He grew more and more ilent; yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer, which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me:

"For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy law, Thou has continued to us Thy marvelous kindness"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority" —and the rest of the Episcopal collect.

"Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone. But in an hour when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati. We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: "They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN
Lieutenant in the Army
of the United States

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

to Mr. Chapfallen. Something like that. Mr. Chapfallen out. Guy named something I didn't catch took me down corridor. Introduced me to Section Chief Frobisher. Didn't look up. Turned me over to guy named Joe. Took me up corridor. Asked me if I was from Nebraska. Told him no. Asked me where in Nebraska. Said Omaha. Never been there, but what the hell. Asked me if I knew Congressman somebody. Didn't catch name. I said sure. Told me another guy had my desk but was leaving tomorrow. Introduced me to girl named Edith. Said only reason he did it was so I'd know her. Warned me not to

tell her anything because she was stool pigeon. Thanked him. Swell-looking dame. He suggested I spend rest of day looking around and if I had ash tray. Said I hadn't. He said put in requisition but never leave ash tray on desk after work if I ever wanted to see it again. Lock it up. Thanked him. Said more than 600 ash trays missing in two months. I said gee. Went to lunch. After lunch stopped at Personnel again. Took my name. Turned me over to kid named Sam. Introduced me to Section Boss Frobisher. Didn't look up. Turned me over to Washlipp. Said he was glad to meet me. Took me down corridor. Saw Edith. Waved but didn't speak. Went to hotel. Bought ash tray. Go in tomorrow to find out what am supposed to do . . ."

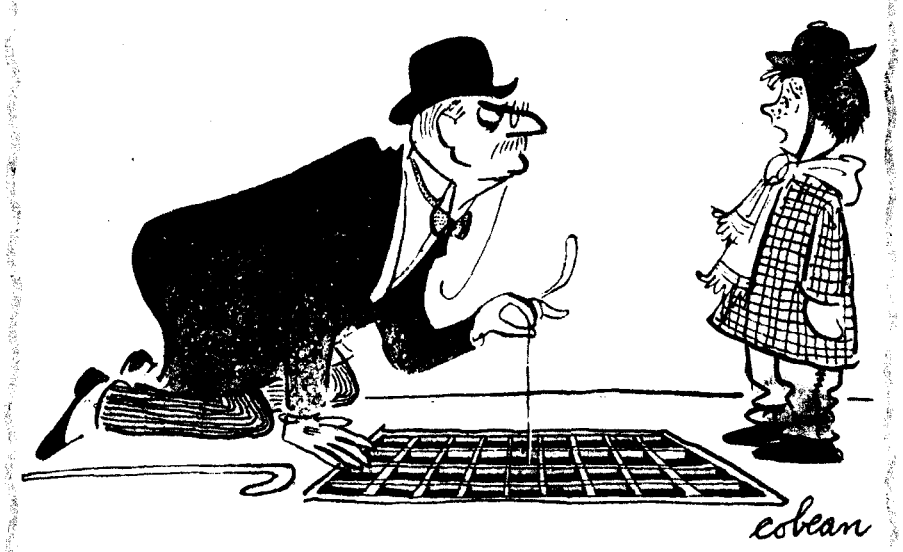
(That's all except that next morning, ash tray in pocket, he was introduced to Mr. Frobisher who looked up, shook hands, said he was glad to meet him and took him personally to his desk. Guy he was replacing was gone. So was desk.)

★ ★ ★

The tourist season is on in earnest. Millions of cars are breezing up and down the land. So this is the time to broadcast a bit of excellent advice from the tongue of Gilbert Carrel, chief of the Colorado State Patrol. Be wary of the hitchhiker. He may be okay. But again he may be a thumb bum. Don't take chances. "The professional thumb bum," says Mr. Carrel, "frequently makes his contacts at filling stations or roadside lunchstands. Don't let sympathy warp your judgment. You wouldn't invite a panhandler into your home. Why invite one into your car? Beware the thumb bum. Your life may be at stake."

★ ★ ★

A guide at Niagara Falls led his consignment of tourists down the gorge. Then clearing his throat he addressed them as follows: "And now, my friends, if the ladies will be silent for just a moment you will be able to hear the thunder of these mighty waters" . . . And Mr. L. D. Leland, clerk of the Sedgwick County (Kansas) court wants to raise divorce fees. Says it costs the county $40 to grant a divorce, whereas the costs charged to the person seeking the divorce total only $12.04. Says it's none of his business if somebody wants to lose a wife or husband, but that the county can't afford to lose $27.96 at the same time . . . One last thought from Washington: The Democrats are already seeking a campaign slogan for 1952. Ran into a Republican who offered to solve the opposition's problem. His suggestion: Don't Swap Horses in the Middle of a Mess.



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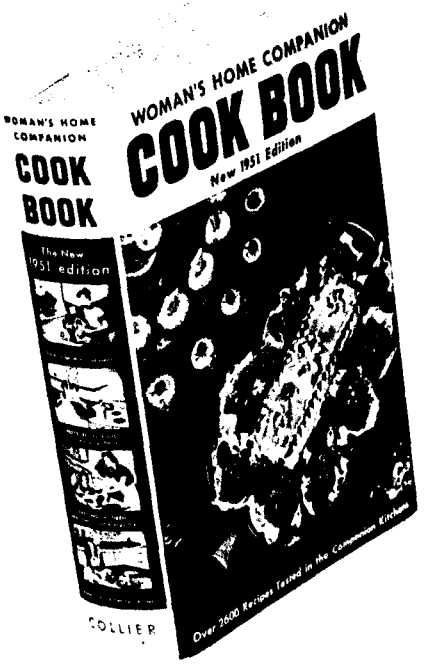

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No Hand Trembled

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Declaration of the thirteen united States of America." Curiously, it was an English publication, the Annual Register for 1776, that provided the most apt title: "Reasons assigned by the Continental Congress, for the North-American Colonies and Provinces withdrawing their Allegiance from the King of Great-Britain." This, though uninspired, was an accurate statement of the purpose Congress had in mind. That purpose was to announce the decision made on July 2d, to state the reasons for it, and to let "facts be submitted to a candid world" which would justify it. Again the people, rejecting the titles given by the author, by Congress, and by an Englishman, made their own right choice.

* * *

There are many other little-known facts about the Declaration. The ride of Caesar Rodney, a Delaware delegate, deserves to be as famous as Paul Revere's, but it is not. On the night of July 1st, when Congress had debated the fateful question nine hours without a break and when, as Jefferson later wrote, "all the powers of the soul had been distended with the magnitude of the object," it was apparent that unanimity was not possible. The decisive vote was postponed to the next day. Thomas McKean and George Read, the only delegates present from Delaware, were divided, the former voting in favor of independence and the latter against it.

McKean, according to his memory of the event nearly four decades later, said that at his own expense he had dispatched a messenger to Caesar Rodney at Dover urging him to come posthaste and that Rodney arrived at the State House door, booted and spurred, just as the members were assembling on July 4th. Thus was Delaware able to vote for independence and make the voice of Congress unanimous.

Actually Caesar Rodney did make the ride—an act of patriotism deserving applause—and he did determine Delaware's vote. But McKean's memory tricked him. Rodney arrived in time to vote on the resolution of July 2d. Also, McKean erred in thinking there was a unanimous vote on the Declaration. Pennsylvania and South Carolina were against the resolution asserting independence on July 1st, but joined the procession next day. The delegates from New York, however, could not vote, being bound by their constituents' instructions. They were not released until July 15th—hence the word "unanimous," which meant so much, could not be inserted in the title of the Declaration until after that date.

Or take the question of signing on July 4th. Trumbull's famous painting and other testimony—perhaps Jefferson's mistaken memory—have led to the belief that a signing took place on July 4th. Actually, the engrossed parchment was not signed until August 2, 1776. Jefferson himself believed that a paper copy had also been signed July 4th, but most historians believe that he erred.

Again, it is generally supposed that members present and voting on July 4th were identical with that immortal group known as Signers. But this is not correct. Robert Morris, George Read and others voted against independence on July 1st, but signed.

Others who were not present and took no part in the proceedings leading to independence became "Signers." Matthew Thornton, for example, was not even elected until the autumn of 1776 and did not take his seat until November 4th.

There are also some "facts" about the Declaration that have achieved undeserved fame. One, at least, ought to be allowed to rest in peace and obscurity, but probably will live forever on its insubstantial claims. This is the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, allegedly proclaimed in Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 20, 1775. This remarkable document was successfully concealed from history until 1819. As quoted at that time it employed such phrases as the following: "We . . . do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us . . . and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown . . . declare ourselves a free and independent people . . . are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign & self governing association . . . to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our . . . lives, our fortunes, & our most sacred honor." Since this "document" was adopted, as asserted, on May 20, 1775, and since it contained such phrases as these, it was obvious that Jefferson must have copied the Mecklenburg Declaration or at least borrowed many of its best sentences and that the little settlement on the North Carolina frontier had anticipated both him and Congress by more than a year.

Now Charlotte in 1775 was inhabited principally by God-fearing Scotch-Irish, men who knew what they were about. There *was* a meeting there on May 31, 1775, at which some stouthearted resolutions were adopted, chiefly concerning commissions of justices of the peace and of militia officers. These also pledged support to the Provincial Congress of North Carolina—and that Congress, in the spring of 1775, had protested its allegiance to the Crown. Those who believe in the Mecklenburg Declaration, therefore, are in effect asserting that the Presbyterian leaders in Charlotte were taking an illogical position—something that anyone familiar with the history of Scottish theologians from John Knox on would hesitate to assert.

The fact is that no contemporary history of the Revolution and no contemporary document ever mentioned a Declaration of Independence issuing from Mecklenburg in 1775 or at any other date. Local resolves were passed then as in many other towns throughout the thirteen states, but independence, no.

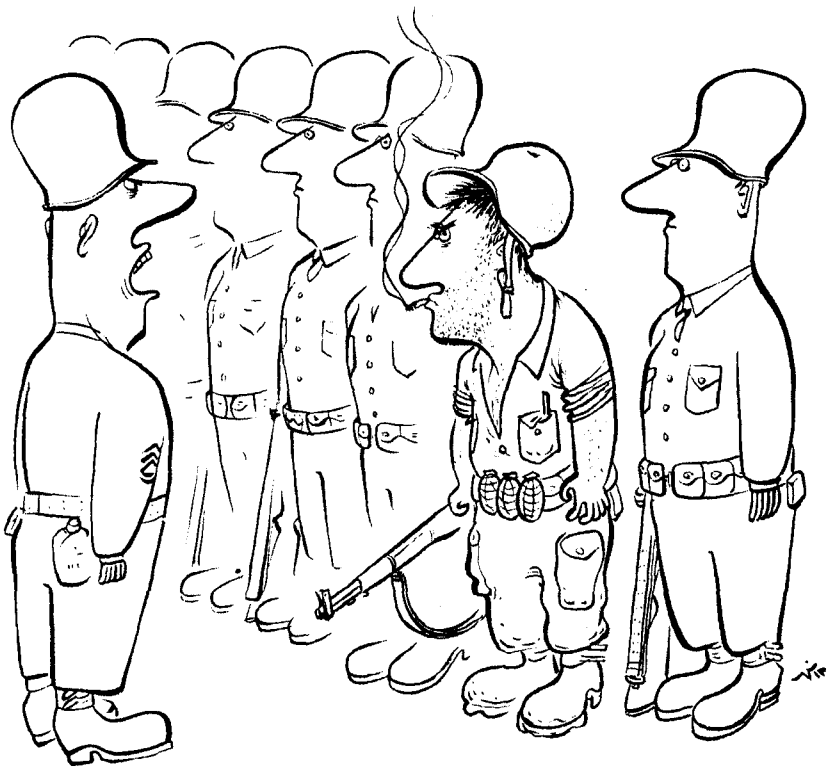
As John Adams declared in 1819 when the legend was first proclaimed (and was puffed into national fame by Jefferson's political opponents in Salem, Massachusetts), "Had such resolutions appeared in June 75 they would have Elevated the heads of t inhabitants of Boston;—and of all Ne England above the Stars—and they wou have rung a peal in Congress." But no l ter, no newspaper of the time mention any but the local resolutions of May 31 "Who can be the Demon to invent such machine after five and forty years," Adar asked Jefferson, "and what could be his m tive—was it to bring a Charge of Plagi rism against the Congress in 76, or again you, the undoubted acknowledged draught man of the Declaration of Independence- or could it be the mere vanity of producit a *jeu d'esprit*, to set the world aguess ar afford a topic of Conversation in this pipir time of Peace?" Whatever the motive, was so far accepted that the state flag North Carolina now proudly bears the da May 20, 1775, and the mythical Decl ration has thus been assured immo tality. But no historian today accepts th legend.

But the authorship, surely that is beyon all dispute? Unhappily, that has been th most bitterly debated question of al Though Jefferson prepared the origin draft, it was a committee report that h submitted to Congress, and at least tw members of the committee—Benjami Franklin and John Adams—made alter tions in the text. Then Congress hacke away at it, deleting fully a third and addin a few words of its own. Thus in one sens the text was one of composite authorshi a fact freely acknowledged by Jefferson.

* * *

These simple facts were grossly distorte by Jefferson's political enemies. A fair sam ple of what Federalists said about the mat ter was quoted by the Columbian Centine in 1811: "Only a small part of that mem orable instrument, as it passed, was Jeffer son's and what was Jefferson's he stol from Locke's Essays." Others charged tha there was nothing in it that had not beer commonplace in Congress' utterances fo two years past. What these accusation said, in effect, was that Jefferson was no original in a task where originality woul have been the worst mistake he could have made. He was the amanuensis of a people

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Well, we're not overseas *yet*, Hafner" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Others have claimed the authorship for Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Paine. The claim for Lee was based on two facts. One was that he was the Virginia delegate who, on instructions from his constituents, introduced the resolution adopted July 2d—the resolution of independence. The other was that a copy of Jefferson's extended draft of the Declaration was found among Lee's papers. But this was the copy that Jefferson himself had sent to Lee. The claim that Paine was the author rests on even less substantial grounds.

All doubts were settled in 1947 when there was discovered a fragment, in Jefferson's hand, of the indubitable original draft. This fragment, with its hesitant beginnings, its crossed-out phrases, its interlineations, shows us as nothing else can how Jefferson struggled to achieve the flowing and majestic cadences of the Declaration.

* * *

The author, in his second-floor rooms in a German bricklayer's house in Philadelphia, becomes less Olympian and more human as we note that he, too, had difficulty in choosing the right phrase and the right arrangement of his sentences. We note also that this noble fragment is associated, as great events so often are, with the lowly and the commonplace. Upside down on its face is Jefferson's indignant rebuke to a brigadier general who had abandoned his post in the field to seek a higher rank from Congress. On its back is the description of a horse stall that Jefferson saw and admired in Philadelphia. Paper was scarce in July, 1776. Only this small fragment of the earliest text of the Declaration was saved after being put to these and other uses. But it is enough to prove for all time that Jefferson was, as the world had long since rightly decided, the author of the immortal document.

In 1823, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, caused a copperplate engraving to be made of the engrossed and signed parchment text of the Declaration. It is fortunate that he did so, for it is from this prototype of 1823 that all modern facsimiles must derive—the precious original in the Library of Congress, despite every precaution known to human ingenuity, is now so faded that parts of it are irrecoverably lost. In the movie Born Yesterday, a character was greatly impressed by the fact that the rights guaranteed in the Bill of Rights were "one hundred and sixty years old." It is unfortunate at this time that such a restricted view should be expressed, for the rights expressed in the Bill of Rights and embedded in the system of political philosophy that Jefferson compressed into a single paragraph of the Declaration contain no single concept indigenous to America.

The concept of unalienable rights of the individual; the concept of "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God" on which these rights rested; the concept of government by consent of the governed—all are of ancient lineage, antedating by centuries even the discovery of America. The greatness of Jefferson's achievement is that he identified the sublime purpose of the Declaration with the roots of liberal traditions reaching back through England, Scotland and many other lands to Rome and Athens and beyond. In the statement of national purpose for a people who came to embrace many creeds and many races, nothing is more appropriate than that the assertion of the sovereignty of the individual should have drawn its justification from traditions common to all.

It is equally important to keep fresh and unfading the fact that this philosophy, in Jefferson's meaning, protected the rights of the individual against every form of tyranny. In the eighteenth century, government was the most likely source of abuse of that sacred core of right possessed by every individual. But in our day there are many other sources that Jefferson did not dream of. All, even those self-imposed tyrannies that demand conformity and threaten to stifle all dissent, are embraced in Jefferson's meaning. For he was merely expressing for himself what he had already expressed for his people, and for mankind everywhere, when he declared: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." THE END

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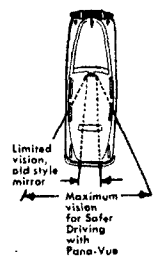

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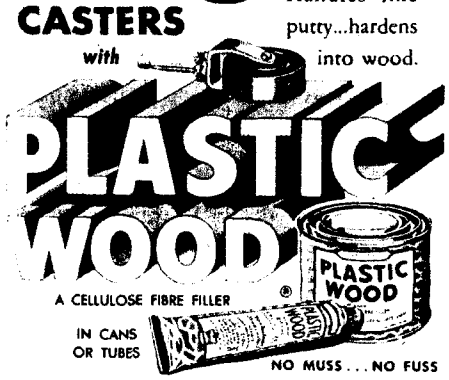

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C. C. BEALL

A Day to Be Proud Of

THEY COULDN'T KNOW, 175 years ago, that they were taking a first look at one of the great documents of human history. They couldn't know, those people of Philadelphia and New York and Trenton and Williamsburg and all the towns where the document was printed and posted, that some of the phrases they were reading would become as familiar and often quoted as the Scriptures. Nor could they know that the message of that document would enter the hearts and minds of freedom-loving men everywhere and change the history of the world.

Probably some of them read the Declaration of Independence without much appreciation of its majestic union of noble thought and noble language. Certainly some read it with apprehension, and some with anger or derision. For the bloodshed which gave meaning to the declaration was not ended. The bitterest suffering and the deepest discouragement were still to come. There were those who sensed this and feared reprisal. There were others who, even after years of arrogant and increasing abuse, could not think of themselves as anything but Englishmen and loyal subjects of the king.

Contention among Americans was by no means limited to the small fry pictured by C. C. Beall in this Williamsburg street scene. But we like to feel that most of the people first read the Declaration with pride and courage and a high heart. Theirs was an emotion that few men anywhere have been privileged to feel. They surely knew, even then, that they had "brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty." And it was their nation.

Great as the leaders were who drafted the Declaration, they were still the people's servants. Without the support and urging of the people in their fateful step, there would have been no independence. The roots of freedom were already deep in 1776. They are deeper today, and this free nation, in spite of its great growth and the growth and bureaucratic complexity of its government, is still the people's nation. They have a right to be proud of it and thankful for it on its 175th birthday.

Louder and Clearer

WELL, MAYBE the Voice of America hasn't done the best job in the world. But paring its budget requests down to the bone, as the Senate and House Appropriations Committees did, hardly seems the way to make it do a better one.

The State Department asked for a supplemental appropriation of $97,500,000 in fiscal 1952 to expand the VOA's overseas facilities. This represented a telescoping of a three years' program into one, and the purpose was to install new transmitters around the perimeter of Russia. The committees cut the request more than 90 per cent, to $9,533,939. Even if Congress eventually modifies this cut, it's a cinch that the VOA won't get anything like what it asked for.

Several reasons, on and off the record, were given for the cut. The principal official one was that the VOA was so badly managed that it couldn't accurately estimate its construction costs for this program. The Voice people's answer was that they couldn't plan the program in detail until they knew whether they were going to get some money. Installing new transmitters means acquiring sites in foreign countries, and this in turn means diplomatic negotiations with the governments of those countries. So it seems understandable that the VOA would have to come up with some rough estimates pending the assurance of funds and the final closing of negotiations.

Unofficially, members of the two houses have told us other reasons for their reluctance to vote the money. Several just plain dislike the Secretary of State. They'd be willing to cut off the Voice to spite Mr. Acheson's face. A very few think the State Department's personnel includes Communist sympathizers, or that its policies lean toward leftish appeasement. Since the VOA must conform its program to department policies these congressmen are against it.

Others believe that the Voice is doing a bad job per se, and that there is no point in giving it money to compound the felony. Still others are of the opinion that there are so few radios per capita in the Communist-controlled countries, and that so few people dare listen to the VOA on what sets there are, that an increase in appropriations would be pointless and wasteful.

But it seems to us, in spite of whatever justice there may be in some of these exceptions, that the VOA program should be expanded. First of all, propaganda is the front line of the cold war. Except for the valuable but limited work of the privately operated Radio Free Europe, the Voice of America is the last contact that the United States has with the isolated people of Russia and its satellites. It is generally agreed that in case of a world war, the free nations would need the friendship and help of those people in order to win. So it seems only good sense to keep the present contacts and expand them.

The argument that nobody listens to the Voice is refuted by the Soviet government's reaction to the broadcasts. Russia has used as many as 1,000 transmitters in jamming American programs. That means taking 1,000 transmitters, and their perhaps 10,000 operators, out of general use in a vast country which depends greatly on radio communication. It has been estimated that Russia probably has spent as much money to jam our broadcasts as the VOA requested of Congress for its expanded program.

The projected transmitters would have a value beyond their propaganda use. In case of general war they might ensure communications that otherwise would be lacking. And in a conflict involving guided missiles and similar weapons, they could have a further tactical value.

As for objections to State Department policy, it is within the power of Congress to remove the Voice of America from the department and set it up as an independent agency. This might not be an ideal solution, but it or almost anything would be better than the present policy of negation.

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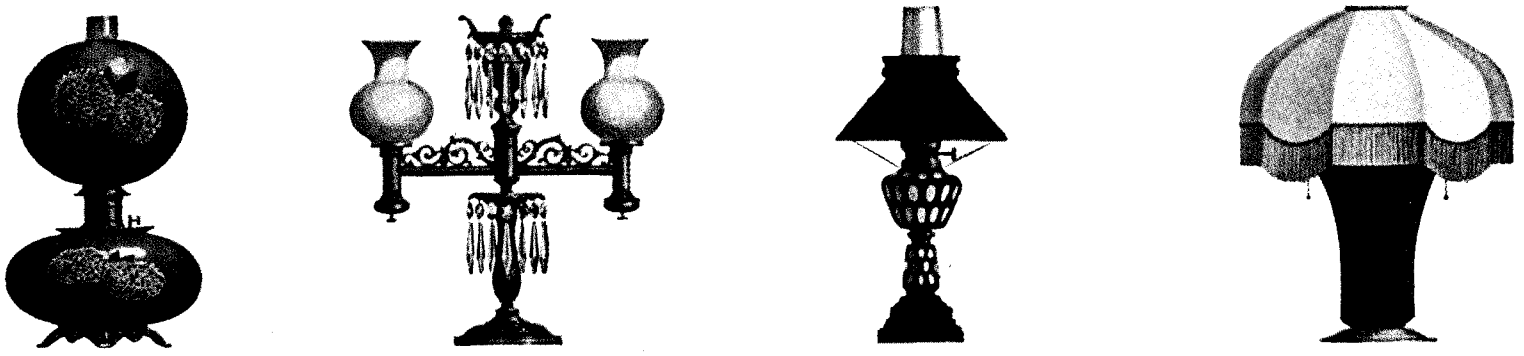

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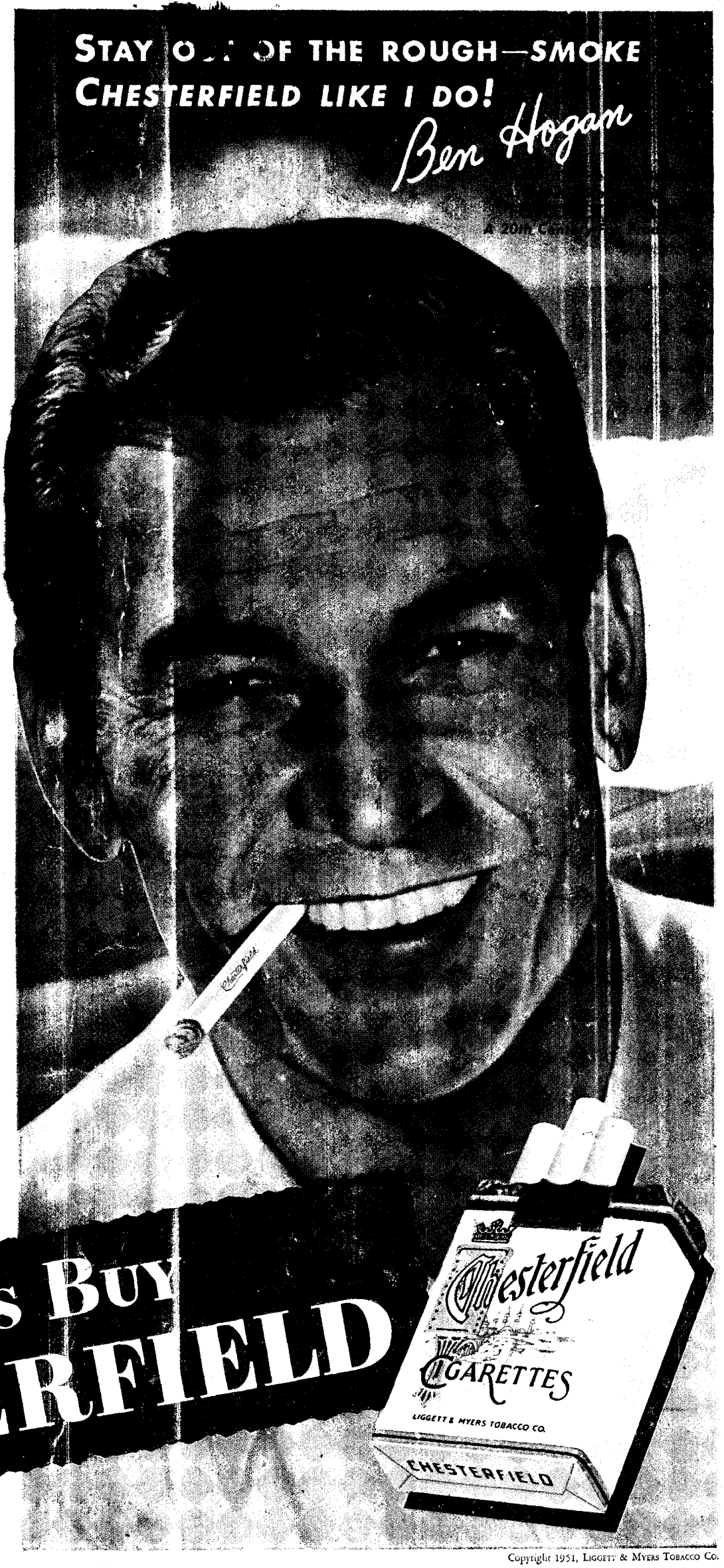

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